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EDUCATION

THE SCENT OF ROSES

Ohio State Takes a Fresh Look at Big-Time Sports

By John Scanlon

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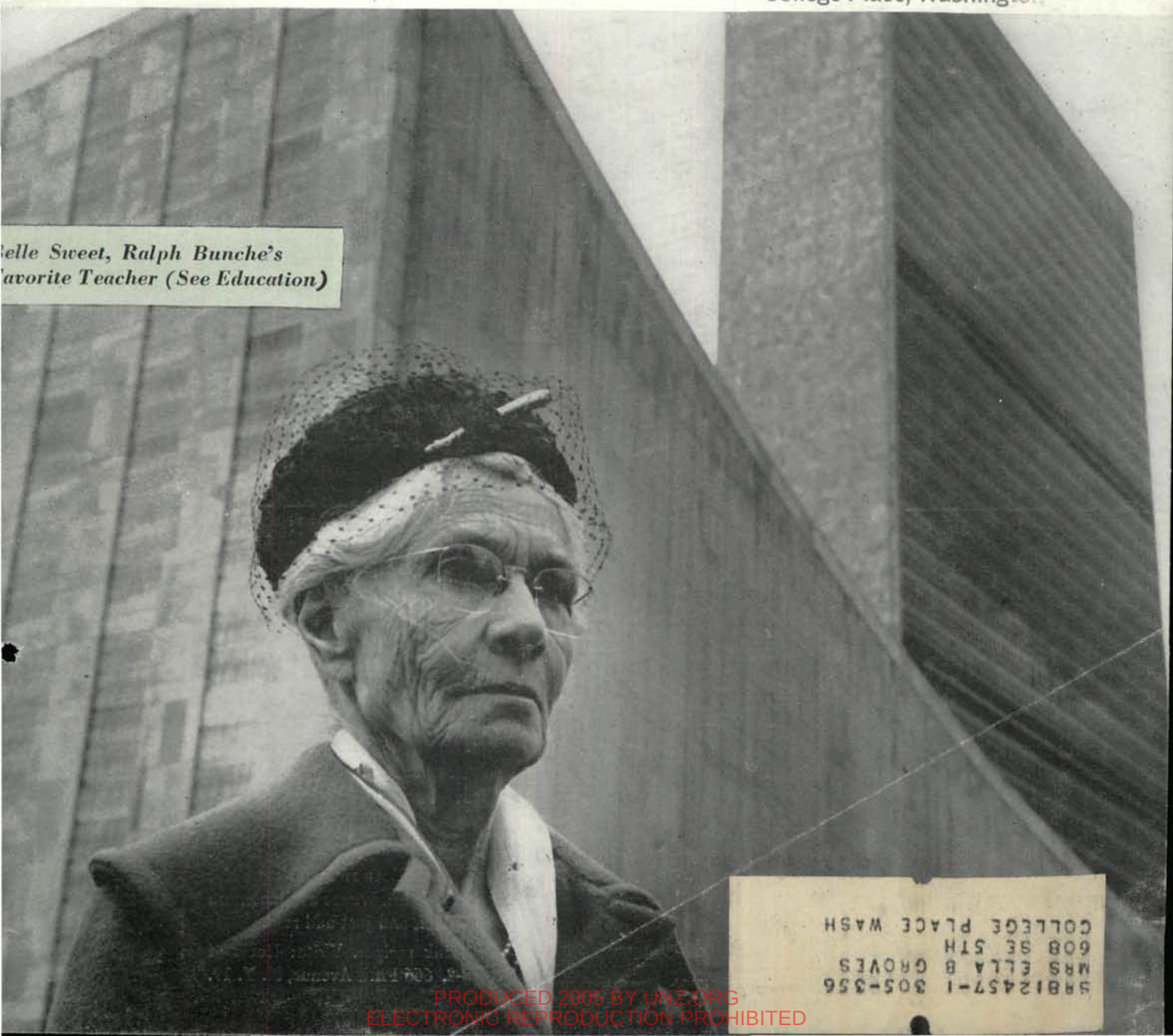

Belle Sweet, Ralph Bunche's Favorite Teacher (See Education)

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MRS ELLA B GROVES
SRBI2457-I 305-356

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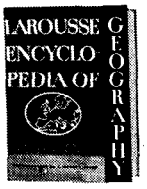

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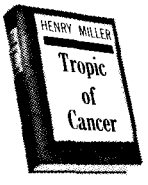

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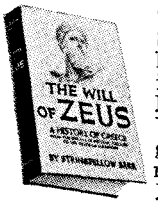

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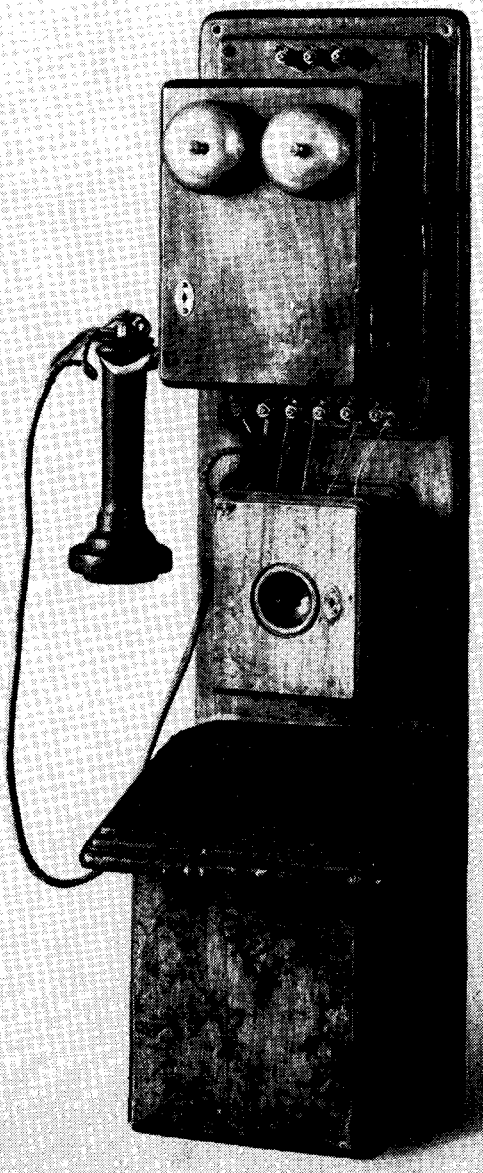

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On with Sock and Buskin!

Edited by Martin Levin

YOU ARE SO RIGHT, POLONIUS!

THIS is the story of Freddie Palmer, whose last name is a household word and is not Palmer. His family had made a large fortune by being one of the first to sell a low-priced product which could be mass-produced. Man and boy, Freddie was sweet and lovable. He never had an evil thought in his head. In truth, he never had anything in his head.

By the time Freddie was thirty he had gone through several inheritances, three wives, the patience of all his family and relatives, and the credit of all of his acquaintances. Freddie had to live on a bare subsistence allowance. He also lived on hope—upon his aged mother's death Freddie would come into a sizable part of the estate.

At thirty-five Freddie fell in love again. He wanted very badly to marry the girl and this called for money. The story of Freddie's passion and need came out in the confidence of a dentist's chair. He had never borrowed money from his dentist and he made a brave try. "Larry," he said, "if you will lend me $5,000 to get married on, when my mother dies I'll pay you $15,000." This three-to-one seemed an excellent gamble, but the dentist was himself pressed for funds at the moment and he could offer no more than $500. Borrowing less than $5,000 would, to Freddie's mind, dull the edge of husbandry. As the dentist gossiped about this generous offer to his friends an interest was aroused and slowly a syndicate was formed to raise the money.

Not all of the syndicate were willing to make a loan at these odds. Freddie was kept informed of progress and desperately bettered his original offer. To get the last few hundred dollars the odds had to be raised to seven to one, so finally a paper was drawn by Freddie's lawyer wherein Freddie agreed to pay the syndicate $35,000 when the inheritance came into his hands upon the death of his mother. It would appear that these usurers were after Freddie's blood. It turned out later to be quite the reverse. With the $5,000 which Freddie received, he married his beloved and lived happily for several weeks.

Naturally, the syndicate had a lively interest in the state of Freddie's mother's health, and so every month one of them called Freddie's lawyer to inquire into this. The old lady proved uncooperative. Mrs. Palmer continued in excellent health and seemed to grow stronger year by year. More than six years after the loan had been negotiated, there was important news. The lawyer told the inquirer that while Mrs. Palmer was still in excellent health there was something they should know—Freddie was seriously ill. Panic and fear spread among the creditors. This was an element none of them had anticipated. Daily reports of Freddie's condition grew more discouraging, and then came the day when Freddie could be kept alive only by transfusions. He needed blood. The syndicate volunteered to a man. For three weeks and more they gave their blood freely and, I must report, uselessly. Freddie died and they mourned him nervously.

And well they should. It seems that when Freddie divorced his last wife he signed over to her all his remaining interest in the Palmer estate. It must have been considerable because his fourth ex-wife had the services of a very important firm of lawyers. Freddie had left many equivocal notes of indebtedness and Mrs. Freddie Palmer's lawyers immediately started suit to have these notes declared void. The disheartened syndicate couldn't even raise enough money to defend the case.

—Howard Lindsay.

• • •

THE YEAR OF THE TOE

NO ONE was more delighted than I was when open-toe shoes healed up. Even with nails painted ice-pink or flame-red, the feminine toe lacks a lot, esthetically. There is almost nothing to be said for men's toes.

Much of my rising bitterness about toes is due to the fact that my wife has, over the years, developed a conviction that if she's not sitting in the first row of the orchestra she's not in the theatre. This is not only why it costs me a lot of money to see a Broadway show; it is the reason the dramatic season of 1961-62 goes down in my diary as The Year of the Toe.

Although, I must admit, I've seen several fine shows that had the good grace to keep all the toes of all the cast properly tucked away in sox and shoes; in the past week or ten days I've hit a run of plays—seated for each in the first row—where zillions of toes, big and little, male and female, wiggled and waggled before my spellbound eyes in an awful, fascinating, and occasionally revolting display.

It all began quietly at "The Caretaker" when Donald Pleasence took off his worn and inadequate shoes to reveal his toes squirming forth from his even more worn and inadequate sox. A trend had started.

A few nights later I went to see John Mills give his fine performance as T. E. Lawrence in "Ross." That I even knew Mr. Mills was in the play attests to the strength of his acting. For in "Ross" toes became triumphant. Not only were Mr. Mills's toes shamelessly exposed and stealing scene after scene from their owner; the toes of all the other Arab-playing actors spread their grimy, grease-painted nakedness before my transfixed eyes. It was hard to decide which set of toes to watch. Some seemed to turn up and contort themselves eloquently as their owner spoke his lines. They shared his histrionics as he switched from one emotion to another. Then there were the toes that had suffered so long in cramped shoes they'd become gnarled and twisted objects hardly recognizable for what they were. The horrified eye could no more tear itself from them than it can wrench itself from the scarred face of an unfortunate woman.

But even "Ross" was not my toe-main event. "A Passage to India" came next. Here again an assortment of shoddy toes trod the boards unshod. And as Moslems and Hindus wrestled with Caucasians for The Raj, a new parade of all the ills the foot's little tentacles fall heir to passed before me. Again, dirty by design or by accident, toes poked themselves across the footlights into my upturned face in the first row. A bird, helpless on a branch before the fixing stare of an alley tom, is no more hypnotized than I am by a vagrant little toe that seems bent on leaving its four fellows and branching out for itself at right angles to its foot.

The next toe-line to drag my eyes from place to place across a stage greeted me when the curtain rose on "Gideon." More bare feet, this time Hebrew, artistically soiled, kept taking my attention from the lines of the playwright and the action of the players. Even a confirmed toe-a-phobe, such as I, cannot begin to describe the grotesquerie rampant on a stage full of civilized, contemporary toes.

But there must be some masochistic pull somewhere, I realize, as I search for a way to end this totem of toe-matic experiences, for tomorrow I'm scheduled to see Martha Graham.

—Carroll Carroll.

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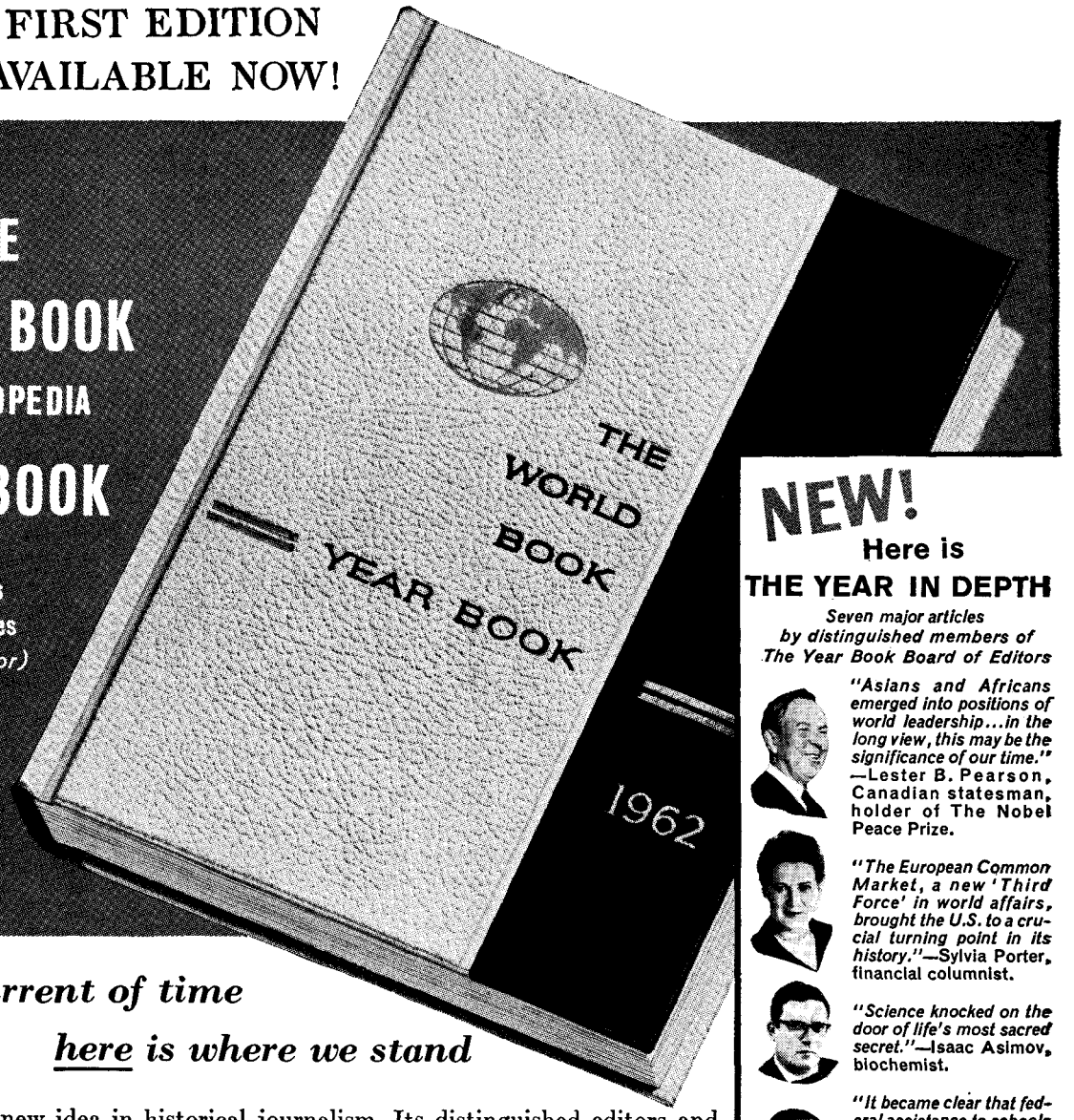

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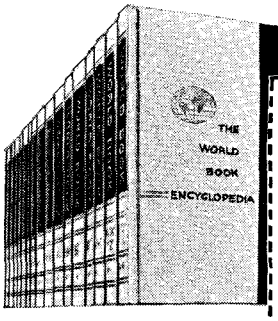

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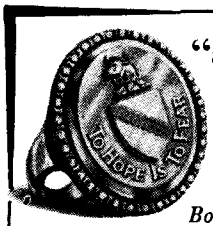

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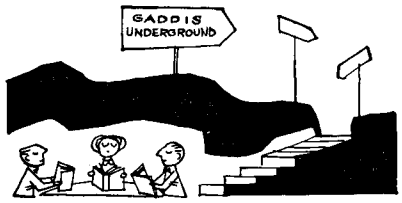
TRADE Winds

A LITERARY EVENT has taken place. "The Recognitions" has just been published by Meridian in paperback for $2.75. This is the 956-page novel by William Gaddis that was originally put out in hardcover by Harcourt seven years ago at $7.50.

Don't be ashamed if you never heard of the book. It didn't sell too well at



first, probably because of the price, the length, and the reaction of the critics—not bad, not good, but not the kind of reviews that encourage sales.

Nevertheless, there has been a sort of Gaddis underground over the years. For those who have read the book haven't forgotten it. For example, when Harcourt remaindered "The Recognitions," it became a best-seller at reduced prices! Until Meridian came through last month, the novel had been a rare, hard-to-get item.

When the book first came out in 1955, it placed fourth and later seventh in two successive *SR* polls of recommended books. Later reviewers used it as a sort of reference in discussing other books. Even though there were only a few thousand copies in existence in those days, people knew about "The Recognitions." In Cleveland, for instance, there was a little club formed, the members meeting to talk about the characters and the plot.

In a potboiling thriller called "Epitaph for a Tramp," a man chases his wife to a student's apartment. The author wants to describe a "typical student's apartment," so one thing the man sees is a sheet of paper in the typewriter, "Essay on 'The Recognitions' " typed on it.

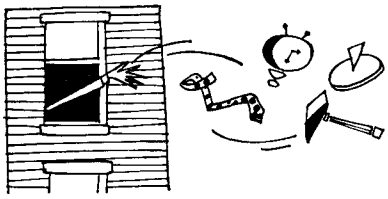
Now that the Gaddis novel is available at a decent price, people can make up their minds whether it's good.

WHEN I WAS looking into the past of "The Recognitions" I ran into the Number One Gaddis Fan. He calls himself Jack Green. He puts out a one-man publication entitled *newspaper*. (He doesn't use capital letters for some reason.) *Newspaper* consists of the opinions of Jack Green, and one of his main opinions is that "The Recognitions" is an excellent novel. He has, therefore, devoted two copies of *newspaper* to it, and is now working on a third in which he cross-indexes all the allusions and characters in the book.

"When the professors discover this book," he told me, "they'll find a gold mine for scholarly reports and papers that will keep them occupied for twenty years, now that Joyce is exhausted."

Here's how Green got going on the Gaddis book. When it first came out seven years ago he read a review which stated it was "like 'Ulysses' but not as good." This he felt, was not only a peculiar comment but high praise. How many authors, he wondered, would like to have that said about their work? So he has been reading the book over the years and plugging it. If you want to see what he says, you'll have to send 25 cents for each of issues 10 and 12 of *newspaper*, Box 114, New York 12.

IT WASN'T TOO LONG AGO that Jack Green was an assistant team captaiin in the actuarial department of a large insurance company in New York. Having been a boy prodigy in mathematics, and having majored in music at Princeton, Class of 1947, and having a fine



future ahead of him in the insurance business, you'd think he'd have been satisfied. But his desk at the office was filled with scribbled notes on matters that bothered him. One day, when he was to be the principal actor in a company-sponsored drama to show executives how to deal with chronically late employees, he walked out, taking his notes with him. That was 1957.

He threw his necktie into the Madison Square fountain. At home he threw his alarm clock, razor, and mirror out the window. He hasn't shaved or worn a necktie since. He bought a mimeograph machine and some paper and began producing *newspaper*, in which he expressed himself on such matters as how to eat peyote. An article called "How to Dodge the Draft in Russia" caused some stir. Another time he proved to his own satisfaction, from studying "Finley Wrenn," that Philip Wylie was a pyromaniac.

And don't look for Jack Green in

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the Princeton yearbook. When he threw away all that paraphernalia of conformity, he threw away his real name, too.

AND WHERE DOES William Gaddis stand? Well, he is thirty-nine years old and comes from New England. He started "The Recognitions" in Mexico City in 1947 and finished it in 1952. It's his only full-length work. But right now he works in New York for a respectable corporation and he would rather not be identified any further than that. After all, he's got a *job,* and he's probably not about to toss his necktie into the Seagram Building pool.

"The Recognitions," by the way, has as its main theme "vanity or forgery—of Old Masters, $20 bills, slings, personality, everything. It is like a painting with a few primary figures presented in depth and an army of caricatures in the background. The major characters are unforgettable. The minor characters are very funny."

SHARPS AND FLATS: Radio is better than ever. Sports announcer Stan Lomax said, "Billy Hill, Mutual's All-America center, has definitely not decided to play pro ball as yet."

►Arlene Francis, interviewing William van den Heuvel, was talking about the International Rescue Committee and Cuban refugees. When he compared it to the Hungarian refugee problem, he told how Americans had opened their hearts to these people. "Oh, yes," Miss Francis gushed, "that was such an appealing revolution."

►Mildred Jordan Brooks, the morning of Colonel Glenn's famous flight, was shopping in the glove department of a large store. She overheard two middle-aged ladies discussing him.

"I wonder if he's ever been up in a plane," one asked.

"I don't know," her friend answered. "If he hasn't this will be quite an experience for him, won't it?"

—Jerome Beatty Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1463)

MARY WEEDEN STIVER:
EARLY SPRING

A touch of yellow is showing
Along the smooth-barked osier
willows;

A trickle of water is flowing
Again through the thinning ice on the
rivers.

The grass of the meadow is shaking,
The heart of the rabbit is quaking,
And the skin of the yearling ripples
and quivers.

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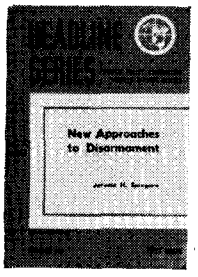

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Saturday Review
APRIL 21, 1962

What I Learned About Existentialism

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHEN I first came upon the magic word "existential" I didn't know what it meant. To be perfectly frank, I am not at all sure that I know now and I suspect that some (mind you, I don't say by any means all) of those who stick it in here and there to give weight to their utterance do either. In the Twenties when we wanted to attach a vague but inclusively laudatory adjective we fell back upon "civilized" or even "sophisticated." Sometimes at least, "existential" seems to perform the same useful function. When, for instance, I read (as I did not long ago) an art critic's comparison of two avant-garde painters and come to his summation, "By comparison with Mr. A, Mr. B is more parodistic and existential," I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt but he doesn't, as it would be fashionable to say, "communicate" very effectively.

Seeking some quick enlightenment I consulted the "Encyclopedia Britannica," where I find the following sentence: "Since existentialism is a tendency or attitude rather than a philosophical school there are few doctrines common to all exponents of it." This is putting it mildly. A designation which fits, let us say, both Paul Tillich and Samuel Beckett is not very illuminating when applied as a merely undefined label.

Why, if I am as befogged as I confess myself to be, do I have the impudence to write an article about "existential" and its ism? Faced with such a difficult question I often fall back upon Samuel Johnson, and it therefore comes to mind that he once said, when ridiculing Alexander Pope's "Essay on Man," that Pope had read Bollingbrook, and not understanding him was naturally anxious to explain him to others. No doubt I am at the moment moved by the same natural impulse.

I do know, of course, that Kierkegaard (whom it doesn't hurt to refer to from time to time) invented or popularized the term. Also that it did not spread very far outside theological circles until Sartre made it atheistic instead of Christian and thus much more "contemporary"—very much as Marx turned Hegel upside down by attaching "of matter" to "dialectic."

Moreover, if I understand both of them aright, the two transformations were almost equally transmogrifying. Kierkegaard rejected rationalist descriptions of the universe in order to make the human being free to exercise a Christian option; the Sartreian version also rejects rationalism – not in order to permit us to be Christians but to demonstrate that the universe is "absurd."

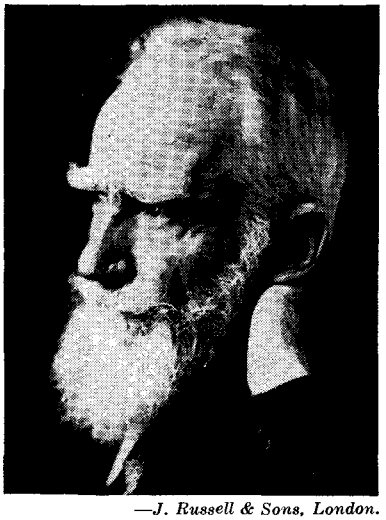
THOUGH they agree that the human being is free rather than the helpless victim of forces outside his control, Sartre, unlike Kierkegaard, uses this thesis to move "beyond good and evil" and (to quote the "Britannica" again) seems to suggest "that human freedom is sometimes best displayed on occasion by acts of singular atrocity." Kierkegaard appears to urge men to use their freedom to become rational in an irrational universe; some of the disciples of Sartre appear to urge man to abolish the distinction between the two. Thus, at least some of them plunge into nihilism.

One of the best American expositions of atheistic existentialism chooses as the epigraph of its penultimate chapter this quotation from Samuel Beckett: "Nothing is more real than nothing," and then it proceeds to amplify this statement with the mock prayer from a Hemingway story: "Our nada, who art in nada, nada be thy name; thy will be nada as it is in nada." (Nada is, of course, Spanish for "nothing.")

To me, however, the deepest meaning (or meaninglessness) of the whole doctrine lies in the metaphysical contention that "existence precedes essence."

In Sunday School, I was introduced to the mysterious statement which begins the Gospel according to John: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God"—which, I suspect, was not so very much clearer to my mentors than it was to me. Here, however, is the translation of the statement and what follows it in the somewhat more perspicuous language of the recently

Soren Kierkegaard



—J. Russell & Sons, London.
George Bernard Shaw

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A distinguished author, slightly befogged by a currently fashionable philosophy, asks some pointed questions about its meanings and implications for modern man.

published "New English Bible": "When all things began, the Word already was. The Word dwelt with God and what God was, the Word was. The Word, then, was with God at the beginning and, through Him, all things came to be." Most of us did have it explained to us in Sunday School that the Greek term translated as "word" is "logos" and that logos means not only "word," but also "idea," so that one might have translated the opening sentences as, "In the beginning was the Idea and the Idea was with God and the Idea was God." This is another way of saying "essence precedes existence."

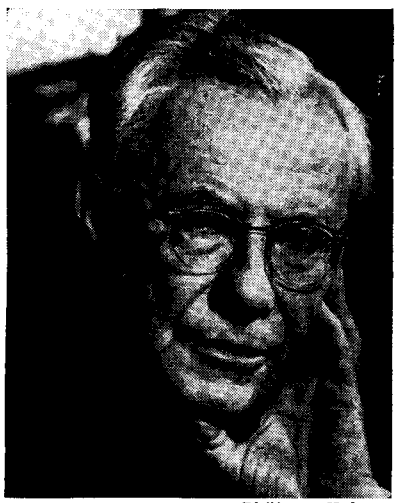
Now, I am no Greek scholar but I dare point out that the English descendent of the word logos, or rather a word already related to it in Greek, is "logic." And therefore, with all realization of my incompetence in such matters, I ask if the best translation would not be: "In the beginning was the logical and the logical was with God and the logic was God."

If this be a permissible translation it gives me my key to the meaning of existentialism. The Neoplatonism of the Gospel according to John represents one extreme position. What Sartre called atheistic existentialism represents the opposite. To him the thing, not the idea, comes first and neither God nor logic are anywhere except, perhaps, in man. Instead of saying that the universe is all meaning he says that meaning does not exist anywhere in it—except perhaps in so far as man, all alone in an absurd universe, is able to lift himself by his own bootstraps and create what does not elsewhere exist. Hence, the truest picture of human life is, one must conclude, given by such surrealistic dramas as Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" and literature must give up the struggle to find the meaning of life and resign itself to simply presenting and accepting its meaninglessness.

Whatever else you may say about this new philosophy it is certainly radical. One of the most persistent assumptions of the human mind has been exactly the opposite; namely, that there is some sort of logic and meaning to events. Man has always been aware that he could not always discover them but he has tended to assume that this was due to the defect of his mind, not to any meaninglessness in the universe itself. Now we are told not only that all the meanings we have ever read into this universe or into human life were figments of the imagination, but also that the whole search for them is that famous seeking of a black hat at midnight in a dark cellar, the hat not being there. Wisdom consists merely in knowing that it is not—though presumably we are free to supply its lack by creating out of our own imaginations a hat of whatever color we prefer.

Obviously the image of man which existentialism "projects" (this last word is, by the way, another very fashionable one) is about as contemptible as possible. It is, in fact, the latest and apparently the ultimate stage in the progressive degradation of the "image of man" which took great leaps forward under the influence of Marx and Darwin—or at least under the influence of the simplifications and misunderstandings of their doctrine.

When Darwinism pictures man as the climax of the development of living organisms which took place as an inevitable process with which aspiration, purpose, and so forth have nothing to do, it plainly foreshadows the existentialist doctrine that the universe is without meaning or purpose. And if, on the other hand, existentialism seems to re-



—*Philippe Halsman*

Paul Tillich

—*Philippe Halsman*

Samuel Beckett

—*Photo Pix*

Jean-Paul Sartre

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store that freedom to choose which Marxism deprived us of, it then reaches by its own different route an equally gloomy conclusion; namely, that though man can choose, his choices are purely arbitrary and can be justified as good or bad by no external criteria.

The dead end of the tendency represented by Darwin and Marx is reached in some such pronouncement as the following by Professor Skinner, professor of experimental psychology at Harvard. Denying categorically and absolutely that man has any control over his destiny, that he has any power to choose or determine, Professor Skinner writes in his "Science and Human Behavior": "The free inner man who is held responsible for the behavior of the external biological organism is only a prescientific substitute for the kinds of causes which are discovered in the course of scientific analysis. All these causes lie outside the individual. . . . It has always been the unfortunate task of science to dispossess cherished beliefs regarding the place of man in the universe."

From this dead end, existentialism seemed at first to offer an exit by restoring free will to the human being. But it seems to close promptly another door behind him. Though man may, by the exercise of a purely arbitrary option, create purpose and establish morality and meaning in a universe where neither exist, it is impossible to decide except by an arbitrary choice *which* purpose or *which* morality should be chosen. There seems to be no reason why an individual should not, like Milton's Lucifer, exclaim: "Evil be thou my good." And thus we are back again in a world of moral nihilism.

This explains those "unmotivated acts" which play a conspicuous part in some of the imaginative literature created by the existentialists and which are typically what the "Britannica" refers to as "acts of singular atrocity." The reasoning seems to run thus: Man's most important characteristic and that which bestows upon him his dignity is his freedom to choose. But this freedom is as adequately exercised in an act of arbitrary atrocity as it would be in one of arbitrary benevolence. Therefore man may demonstrate his essential freedom and dignity by being a monster.

Very ingenious, no doubt. It is as ingenious, indeed, as the argument advanced by the expounders of that early Christian heresy who maintained that Judas should be revered as much as Jesus because, without his betrayal, Jesus would not have been crucified and would not have been able to bring salvation to mankind. But does the argument of either the existentialist or the Manichean really deserve to be taken seriously?

Of all the theories which attempt to account for man's aspirations, sense of purpose and of right and wrong in a world which does not clearly correspond at all times to all of them, the existential theory seems to me the most improbable and indeed to be a logical monstrosity. On the one hand transcendental religions assert that man is not merely part of a natural world and is capable of exhibiting characteristics found nowhere in it because a God of one sort or another has bestowed them upon him. On the other hand, various species of naturalism reject everything transcendental but maintain that the seemingly unique characteristics of the human being are in fact not absolutely unique since in one form or another they are actually somewhere existent in nature itself. Either of these theories is at least logically tenable. But to say that the transcendental does not exist, that man is nothing but a part of a meaningless universe, but that, nevertheless, he can create meaning and purpose, seems to me to involve a self-contradiction. Where did he acquire that remarkable capacity?

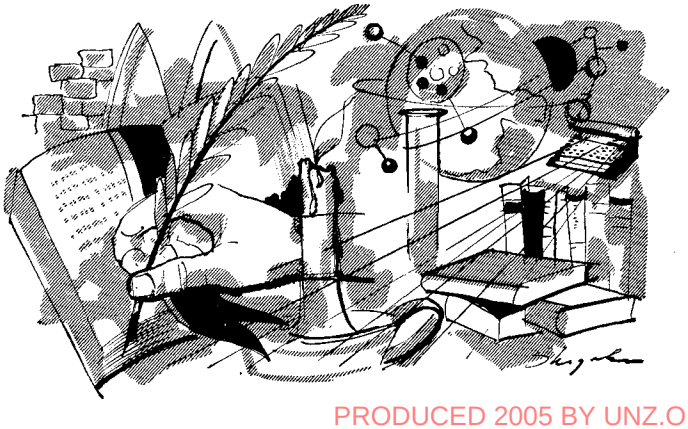
Those who scorn the poet and all creators of imaginative fiction regard them as spinners of more or less pleasing fancies. Literature itself then becomes largely what Oxford used to be called—"The Home of Lost Causes"—and no more than a retreat for those who do not have the courage to face reality. To some of us, on the contrary, it seems that modern literature has been rather too ready to surrender its claim to be a method for pursuing truths which escape the scientist and even the formal philosopher.

The naturalistic novel from Zola to Dreiser accepted the determinism of the psychologist and the sociologist. It was thus the child of Darwin and Marx and it anticipated Professor Skinner. The hero of Dreiser's last major work, "An American Tragedy," presents us with a hero who murders the girl he has seduced, not because he is weak or evil, but simply because the forces of society to which he was subjected made it inevitable that he should do just this and that he could not possibly have done anything else. Now the most "advanced" contemporary literature has moved away from determinism to Sartrean "freedom" which leaves man, if possible, worse off than determinism had left him.

PERHAPS the last major literary voice to be confidently raised in either England or the United States against the drift toward the degraded image of man and the acceptance of a meaningless universe was that anti-Darwinian evolutionist and somewhat un-Marxist Marxian, Bernard Shaw. In "Back to Methuselah" he presented his own version of evolution and in the first section, which takes place in the Garden of Eden, Raphael, paying a visit, explains it all to Adam. The two capacities inherent in the living creature which account for the development of man and which reach their highest point to date in him and assure him a glorious future are these: first, Imagination, which enables him to dream of what might be; second, Will, which enables him to see to it that what might be shall become what is.

How neatly and how completely this disposes of the determinism of Marx. How it gives us again a glorious image of man by putting his fate once more in his own hands, and how it restores to the universe a "word" or a "logos."

Is Shaw's theory actually more difficult to accept than the inherent paradoxes of existentialism? Like the latter it assumes for man the power to choose. But by the very fact that it assumes also a direction inherent in the evolutionary process it implies that the choices man is now free to make are not arbitrary or neutral. He may choose to become either more or less human and one of these choices is more desirable than the other. The universe is no longer "absurd." We need only (though it is a big "only") dream the right dreams and accept the fact that the reality of Will can free us from the predestination of all determinisms—including that of "evolving technology."



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HOW FAST SHOULD A PERSON READ?

By GEORGE CUOMO, *poet and novelist who teaches English at Victoria College in British Columbia, and is the author of a textbook, "Becoming a Better Reader."*

IT'S PROBABLY futile to hope to talk sensibly any more about so-called speed reading. The extremists have overrun the field and, as usual, preposterous statements and foolish misconceptions make good copy. Amidst the din, quieter voices go unheard.

The extremists of the left—using such effective platforms as the Jack Paar show—tell us we should be reading at ten thousand words a minute, fifteen thousand, twenty thousand . . .

Their right-wing counterparts thunder back with equal irrelevence. George Stevens's piece in the August 26, 1961, issue of this magazine, entitled "Faster, Faster!" is typical. Why not, he suggests, keep reading faster and faster until we can read all of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" over a cup of instant coffee?

Why not, one could suggest in turn, carefully train ourselves to read slower and slower until it takes us a minute to read a single word? We could then blissfully spend something like 21,000 solid hours—or 2,625 eight-hour days—reading "Decline and Fall."

To some, not knowing your reading rate is a source of pride. They don't want to know. One's reading rate is God-given, and to measure or question it or, heaven forbid, to try to improve it, is blasphemy. The assumption, of course, is that everybody's reading rate is just dandy as it is. Perhaps. But the facts scarcely encourage such blitheness of spirit.

At the other end of the scale, we have those whose pride springs from rates measured in rapidly multiplying tens of thousands. Bosh and foolishness, I say. Semantic humbug. Up in the rarified stratosphere of twenty or thirty thousand words a minute, a person is skimming, or surveying, or "getting the gist of the thing," but he isn't reading with anything resembling full or specific comprehension. With few exceptions, most people cannot read effectively at much better than two thousand words per minute.

Perhaps it would pay us to leave the extremes where they belong and look at the whole question realistically.

The average adult, for instance, reads about 250 words a minute. This is also the average I've found among college freshmen. But the variations in my classes run from 125 to 900. This means some students were reading over *seven* times as fast as others. There's probably an even greater spread among the general public.

All right, one is tempted to reply, some people are simply faster readers than others, as they may also be taller, fatter, or better looking.

But speed itself does not tell the whole story, and no one except the figure-worshippers of the left and the figure-haters of the right is concerned with speed alone. What counts is a person's overall reading ability, agreed. But in this, speed plays an important and usually misunderstood part. Every reputable study has shown that reasonably fast readers perform not only as well as their slower equivalents, but often better.

Probably the most common and groundless misconception about reading is the one that equates even moderate speed with sloppiness. Actually, the slow readers are the sloppy ones. They read aimlessly and passively and have more trouble concentrating than do faster readers. In addition, they do not understand as much, do not evaluate as well, and do not remember as effectively. The person who says he always reads slowly because he is being careful is just fooling himself. He is neither as careful nor as diligent as he likes to think. He is simply inefficient. He's driving along a smooth, clear highway in the same low gear he uses to get his car out of the mud.

THE fast reader is fast because he is alert and skilful. He has been trained—or has trained himself—to use his ability and his intelligence effectively. Thousands of persons, including President Kennedy, have proved that such training is both possible and practical.

The methods used cannot be fully explained in a brief article, but they are based on sound principles and have been approved by many respected and conservative educators. More important, they have consistently worked. A person is taught, for instance, to read several words, or a phrase, or perhaps a whole line, at a single eye-stop, in-

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stead of making such a stop for every word. A person with a rate of less than 250 words per minute almost always reads word by word. This method is so slow and inefficient that it actually hinders comprehension. In learning to read by meaningful word groups, a person enables his brain to function much closer to its capacity and almost invariably improves his comprehension.

There are of course additional ways of improving both speed *and* comprehension, all of them based on nothing more outrageous than a basic understanding of the reading process. For no matter how hard some people try to ignore the fact, reading—for all its ethereal possibilities—is a learned process, in which certain techniques operate more successfully than others. No one is born knowing how to read; he must be taught. He can be taught well or poorly. What most often happens, however—and this seems to be what the "slower, slower" people are fighting for—is that he is not taught at all. Left to his own devices, he typically develops a surprising number of bad reading habits, among which is the habit of reading too slowly for maximum comprehension or enjoyment.

Ironically, the strongest opposition to the teaching of effective reading techniques comes from those who base their arguments on "literary" considerations. Yet these are the same people who complain that the schools aren't spending enough time teaching students how to write well. Give them more spelling, they demand, more punctuation, grammar, sentence structure, paragraph development. A knowledge of fundamental writing techniques thus seems most desirable, but any attempt to teach comparable reading techniques is considered immoral. Obviously, technique alone will not make a person a good writer *or* a good reader, but if training and knowledge help in one discipline, might they not also help in the other?

The real issue here is not whether a person should or shouldn't read twenty thousand words a minute, or even whether he can or can't. The real issue is much more mundane than that, and much more important. It is whether the average person—now reading 250 words a minute—would not be a better reader in every way if he learned to read effectively at 600, 800, or a thousand words a minute. The evidence is quite convincing that he would.

A person whose rate is 250 words a minute is not only kept from reading well, but is often kept from reading at all. Let's take another look at "Decline and Fall." At 250 words a minute, a person will take eighty-three hours to read it. How often does he, faced with such a task, simply decide he hasn't got time for it? Rightly or wrongly, this is often his decision, for he has only two alternatives: to spend eighty-three hours on it, or no hours.

And this brings us to an important and generally neglected point. In actual fact, a person does not have a single reading rate. He has—or should have—many rates. He should be able to read as fast or as slow as he wants, or as the situation warrants.

But all people have what can be considered a "base" rate—the rate at which they normally read more or less average material. It is from this base rate that they should speed up or slow down in accordance with the demands of the material.

However, the reader with a low base rate—around 250—rarely does this. He reads Shakespeare and Spillane at essentially the same pace (which makes the "literary" arguments for slow reading that much more absurd). And even when he does try to shift gears, he isn't very successful. He can't get much faster because he's too unskilled, and he can't get much slower without coming to a dead halt.

THE reader with a better base rate—say 800 words a minute—has a far broader range of potential variation. He can easily move up to a thousand words or better for casual reading, and can always slow down as much as he wants for studying, or for the reading of difficult or specialized material. The rapid reader is not a slave to speed; the slow reader *is* a slave to slowness.

Thus it's absurd to argue about "speed reading." The term is meaningless, because critics insist on interpreting it to mean that a person must read everything as fast as he possibly can, must race headlong through Yeats and Milton and Donne and dash madly through "Moby Dick." Quite the contrary. For if a person learns his lesson well, he will not be limited, if he wants to read a good-sized novel, to a choice of either no hours or ten hours. He can spend on it any number of hours in between. He can spend on it as much time and effort as he feels it deserves. More than that no writer, not Gibbon, nor Shakespeare, nor Spillane, can fairly ask of any reader.

Now, for the life of me I can't see why encouraging sensible reading techniques, and pointing out that most people read too slowly for satisfactory comprehension or appreciation, should be considered evil or anti-intellectual. Perhaps the explanation lies in the startling emotional investment most people have in their reading habits. Almost everyone who has worked in the field has noticed this. You can with impunity criticize a person's ignorance of arithmetic or spelling or sex or politics, but mention his reading techniques and immediately he's insulted. Good, bad, or indifferent, they're his and he loves them.

The whole question can really be put quite simply. If someone can prove to me that a reasonable increase in a person's reading rate causes resultant disadvantages—such a loss of comprehension, or a lessening of that person's appreciation or enjoyment—I'll happily throw the whole business over and learn all the chants of the "slower, slower" crowd.

By the same token, I'd like to see these people agree that if a person *could* read faster—without any such losses, and usually with appreciable gains—then the increase in speed would be a desirable good, and worth working for.

This doesn't seem too much to ask. But the radicals will probably howl anyway.

"So he's a great humanitarian . . . what else has he done?"

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TOWARD A NEW SPIRIT FOR NATO

By ELMO ROPER

WHEN representatives of fourteen nations sit down to discuss their mutual problems, some disagreement can be expected. When the citizen delegates to the Atlantic Convention of NATO nations met in Paris in mid-January (see *SR*, Jan. 6, 1962), we brought with us all the equipment of disagreement. We came from business, government, and academic life, taking two weeks out of busy lives to see whether, as concerned citizens rather than professional diplomats, we might shed new light on chronic Atlantic problems.

We came from different countries, from different backgrounds, with different ideas. Some were skeptical that the convention could accomplish anything at all; some had made up their minds beforehand precisely what it should accomplish. Some wanted it to produce a blueprint for the Atlantic future; others came opposed to any change in existing institutions.

But we left in agreement. There wasn't a single "No" vote on the final "Declaration of Paris," although there were three abstentions on the grounds that the convention didn't go far enough in the direction of outright Atlantic federation. We agreed on a document which expressed our conviction that "our survival as free men, and the possibility of progress for all men, demand the creation of a true Atlantic Community within the next decade" and which outlined concrete and far-reaching steps to achieve that goal. I suppose this unlooked-for harmony came about for a number of reasons. I suppose it was partly because we were seated by alphabet rather than by nation, so that an American whose name began with A sat next to a German whose name also began with A and soon discovered they were both alumni of Williams College, forgot national differences to become just two Atlantic citizens with a lot to talk about. But I think it was mostly because the things that drew us together were so much more urgent and pressing than the things that kept us apart. We were united, very simply, by centuries of shared experience, by a common belief in the dignity of man, by a common civilization, and by the Communist threat to the survival of that civilization.

We did not stop at brave words about a "true Atlantic Community." We went further to recommend to our governments how that community might be brought into being. The Atlantic Convention called upon "the Governments of the NATO countries to draw up plans within two years for the creation of an Atlantic Community suitably organized to meet the *political, military* and *economic* challenges of this era. To this end they should, within the earliest practicable period, appoint members to a Special Governmental Commission on Atlantic unity. The Commission should study the organization of the Atlantic Community . . . and it should be instructed to propose such reforms and simplifications of existing institutions, and such new institutions, as may be required."

Nor did the Convention stop there. It went on to indicate what changes. in its opinion, *were* required, in these three recommendations:

1. "To create, as an indispensable feature of a true Atlantic Community, a permanent High Council at the highest political level, to concert and plan, and in agreed cases to decide policy on matters of concern to the Community as a whole. . . ."

2. "To develop the NATO Parliamentarians Conference into a consultative Assembly which would review the work of all Atlantic institutions and make recommendations to them."

3. "To establish an Atlantic High Court of Justice, to decide specified legal controversies which may arise under the Treaties."

WHILE stressing political measures, the Convention recognized that Atlantic unity must include unity in the economic and cultural spheres. It praised current economic developments and saw in them the germ of something more: "The expanding European Economic Community is an economic advantage not only for its members, but for North America and the free world as well. The Convention welcomes the spirit of President Kennedy's recent statement that a trade partnership be formed between the United States and the European Economic Community. We hope that the negotiations envisaged by President Kennedy succeed in establishing a relationship which would constitute the nucleus of an Atlantic Economic Community. . . ." It also recognized the sterility of hoarded Atlantic prosperity and urged that "the Atlantic Community increase its already considerable participation in development programs" for developing nations.

The Convention also sought ways to overcome those barriers that separate the Atlantic peoples on the deepest, most intimate levels: the barriers of language and consequent differences in mentalities and ways of thinking. Specific proposals were offered, such as organizing "a bold Atlantic Plan for Youth and Education with the aim of furthering the study of languages and the widest possible exchange of students, teachers, and youth leaders and of workers in industry and agriculture." Another proposal was for "a program of scientific cooperation among the scientists and the scientific institutions of the countries of the Community."

The convention also reached out beyond its specific Atlantic focus to assert its responsibilities to the surrounding world: ". . . It is essential that mutual understanding be developed between men with different ways of thinking from all parts of the free world, including those of emergent nations. This program should in the first place benefit university students, as many as possible of whom should be enabled to spend at least one year of their course in a university or other advanced training establishment where teaching is in a language other than their own. . . . However, in the case of the most promising citizens of the emergent nations this program should have a special priority, since their intellectual hunger must be satisfied at all costs."

There were other recommendations, but those I have quoted show the range and scope. In a time when many international meetings are records of discord and stalemate, these proposals are heartening signs that individual citizens of different nations can reach out to one another in a cooperative spirit of friendship as well as try to push each other off the map. They will now be submitted to the fourteen NATO governments, in hopes of breaking up the frozen masses of narrow nationalism and creating a new Atlantic spirit.

It will not happen overnight; but it is worth hoping that the next few months will see a beginning.

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Hostages to Fortune

SOME wild and wonderful things have been happening lately on the peace front. Take, for instance, the recent history of Stephen Daniel James, a thirty-six-year-old Manhattan advertising man.

Several months ago Mr. James, the father of four children, began mailing to newspapers and government officials a letter which said, in part, "I propose, as one step toward peace . . . a massive exchange of Peace Hostages with Russia and other nuclear and potential nuclear powers. Exchanges should be made at all levels of society for . . . from six months to two years."

Mr. James's reasoning is that an exchange of "hostages" would discourage nations from starting a war, and would be an education for both sides. His open letter not only called for volunteers, but urged anyone who had any ideas for peace ("no matter how 'far out' ") to write to Peace Hostages, Box 2737, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

When they learned what he was up to, political sophisticates among his friends assured James that his project was visionary, unworkable, and in every way an act of naïveté. Mr. James is a stubborn man, however, so he kept right on mailing letters and buttonholing people.

Soon Mr. James's statement began finding its way into the letters to the editor pages, including *SR*'s. Then radio stations and the domestic and foreign press began running interviews with him.

Meanwhile, hundreds of letters were turning up each week in the Grand Central Station box. To his surprise and embarrassment a number of those who wrote, including a New York song writer, a physicist from Boston, and a free-lance author from Philadelphia, pointed out cordially that they had been publicly advocating such population-exchanges for several years.

What struck James about most of the letters he received was that they were neatly typed or hand-written, well-reasoned, and sympathetic. Somehow, he says, he had expected lots of hostile lunatic-fringe correspondence, written on wrapping paper with a dull pencil. Instead, most of the letters either expressed great interest in the Hostage plan, volunteered for it outright, or offered such ideas for peace as the following:

►A minister from New Brunswick, New Jersey, pointed out that at least seven nations have, or will soon have, the Bomb. He proposed that America therefore precipitate the already imminent "Nth-country" situation by giving away to other nations most of its present overkill capacity. With perhaps forty nations under nuclear arms, nothing short of an effective world organization, he contended, would be able to maintain the peace.

►A Brooklyn man proposed that the State Department encourage elderly U.S. citizens of Eastern European origin to visit their native countries. After decades of living in America they would, he contended, be first-rate ambassadors, capable of answering questions frankly and without the intermediation of translators.

►A Columbia University professor urged Mr. James to remember that no peace plan would be workable if it presupposed thoroughgoing, fundamental changes in human nature or in the structure of society. An industrial mathematician wrote James invoking the theory of games to demonstrate his belief that peace-hostage exchanges would sharply reduce the chances of war.

►An elderly man working as a messenger in Brooklyn phoned James to suggest that the world's leaders should reside for at least part of each year on an island which would serve as the prototypical world capital. This arrangement, he contended, would facilitate exchanges of ideas, provide a neutral atmosphere, and make the leaders in effect hostages to each other.

►A correspondent from New York City felt that hostage exchanges should also be arranged between the city's various ethnic groups, which in some cases are as antagonistic to each other as the various nations are.

►A woman from Marion, Ohio, proposed that we make the fallout from test-bombs both visible and mildly itchy, as an object lesson to hotheads here and abroad. A correspondent from a New York City suburb suggested "Operation Snowball," in which chain-letters and postcards decrying testing would be sent in ever-increasing numbers to President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev.

Since the Peace Hostage mailbox is still overflowing, Stephen James is not sure where it will all end. He does feel that the "hostage" idea is in the air. Former Vice President Nixon has spoken favorably of the need for population exchanges, and Presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger and Soviet leader Aleksei Adzhubei are said to be considering "exchanging" their children for a brief period. Though Mr. James sent his plan to both men some time ago, he has no idea whether it is influencing their thinking.

By holding down his advertising job in the daytime and sitting up half the night answering his Peace Hostage mail, Stephen James is staging his own sort of peace marathon. In the process, he is becoming a one-man encyclopedia of novel approaches to peace. He is also demonstrating what can be accomplished by the man who, in Napoleon's phrase, consults his hopes instead of his fears. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHALLENGE AND OPPORTUNITY

To date, the Institute for International Order has received some 1,500 inquiries as a result of John F. Wharton's reference in his article "The Threat and the Promise" [*SR*, Mar. 31] to the study program on "World Peace Through World Law." The size of this response is indicative not only of the widespread and deep concern of *many people, but, more important,* of the continuing vitality of the American democratic process, which is so strongly rooted in the principle of citizenship responsibility on matters of public policy.

It is quite clear, however, that *effective* citizenship participation in bringing about a disarmed world under law requires thorough understanding of the many aspects of this difficult and challenging problem. Furthermore, it is clear that this kind of understanding and knowledge can only come from serious and prolonged study and discussion. The study materials that we offer are designed for those who are willing to undertake this kind of study.

In Ambassador Stevenson's words, "The National Seminars on World Peace Through World Law are at once a challenge and an opportunity. For I am convinced that the future lies with these beliefs and with those who—in our own country and around the world—are ready to go out to do battle for them."

Harry B. Hollins, Chairman,
Fund for Education Concerning
World Peace Through World Law.*
New York, N.Y.

AMERICAN BARD

John Ciardi's discussion of Robert Frost as American bard [*SR*, Mar. 24] will be gratefully received and enjoyed by the countless admirers of Mr. Frost and his poetry. His suggested nomination for Nobel Prize consideration is welcome and timely.

David M. Marvin.
Three Rivers, Mich.

LIGHT AND HEAT

As faithful readers of *McCall's* as well as *Saturday Review*, we were stunned by A. Edward Miller's letter to the editor [*SR*, Mar. 31] about Harvey J. Bresler's review of John G. Fuller's "The Gentlemen Conspirators."

Indeed, it was Mr. Miller's letter that made me go back and read the review about which he complained, and which I had missed before.

Without making any judgment as to the merits of "The Gentlemen Conspirators" (which I have not read), it strikes me as fantastic that Mr. Miller would attack its author, and the reviewer, on a side issue without even mentioning the chief issue. That is, this is a book about proven, admitted malfeasance on the part of several big business firms and not, as Mr. Miller would have the reader of his letter believe, about the relative merits of competition among few, or many, companies. In fact, the review does not even mention this matter. It is merely quoted in a box, separate from the review. . . .

Henry C. Alter.
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

In reply to A. Edward Miller's letter, here is one complaint for him about the value received in light bulbs. Granted I have become accustomed to shoddy products and don't complain often, but when one after another light bulb has to be replaced every couple of months I do—bitterly!

Mrs. G. H. Neyman.
Tampa, Fla.

I should like to advise A. Edward Miller that I am a member of the "insignificant minority" of which he speaks, because I have been complaining about light bulbs for years. It is true everyone gives me blank looks when I carp and whine about light bulbs, but let it be known that here is one person who complains about them aplenty.

Esther Perin.
Allentown, Pa.

Let's examine those questions asked by A. Edward Miller about John G. Fuller's "The Gentlemen Conspirators" and its reviewer, Harvey J. Bresler.

Take the lamp bulbs. Mine now cost me, on a strict accounting basis, exactly three times as much per service-hour as they did ten years ago. The "anticipated life" has been reduced 60 per cent and *the retail price increased 50 per cent.* If Mr. Miller has heard no complaints, he is not a householder. . . .

John M. Fishell.
St. Louis, Mo.

Light bulbs in 1962 present much greater value to users than bulbs did ten years ago. While bulb prices have increased, the total cost of lighting, including the price of the bulb, has decreased during a period when the cost of living, on the other hand, has risen.

The design life of popular household light bulbs is exactly the same today as in 1952. In this period, the customer has gained value, for today's bulbs are more efficient than those of ten years ago. The 100-watt bulb, for example, the most popular household size, produces 7 per cent more light than its earlier counterpart, and has exactly the same design life. Thus the cost of lighting with 100-watt bulbs is actually 14 per cent lower in 1962 than ten years ago.

Value in any product is not determined by price alone. In light bulbs, where the cost of operating them is seven times the price of the bulb itself, good value comes from bulbs that give the lowest total cost of light.

Arthur C. Barr, Manager,
Product Planning and Application,
Large Lamp Department,
General Electric Company.
Cleveland, O.

"Well, it's my house and I like it."

*A special educational project of the Institute for International Order, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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The Importance of Being Bold

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WHIT AND HALLIE BURNETT, having revived *Story* in 1960, have also revived that magazine's annual college short story contest, which was held, with some wartime interruptions, from 1934 to 1948. The result is "**The Best College Writing, 1961**" (Random House, $3.95), a collection of seventeen stories chosen by the editors and a special board of judges out of more than 800 entries. (Graduate students as well as undergraduates were eligible, and they predominate in the volume.) In their Introduction the editors speak of earlier prizewinners who are now well known —Elizabeth Janeway, Budd Schulberg, Norman Mailer—but, as one looks through the list, one observes that most of the winners have not been heard from since. One wonders what will happen to the contributors to the present volume.

Most of the stories show, as I should have expected, a high degree of competence. There are many able and knowing teachers of writing scattered through our universities, and much sound work is being done. Perhaps some of the teachers are too knowing for their students' good, at least in the short run. It seems to me that several of the stories in the book have had the life squeezed out of them, and there is nothing left but a carefully acquired craftsmanship. Emotions are always understated and subtlety has become a game. Yet the writers have learned a lot about form and style, and we can hope that they will go on to make more effective use of their skills.

The best of the stories, of course, are a good deal more than formal exercises. The story that won the first prize, "I Saw the Moon Go," by C. E. Botner of the University of Arizona, is a vigorous portrayal of a stubborn old man, seen through the eyes of a grandson who loves him. It is one of the stories in which emotion makes itself felt. Quite as good, though very different, is Arnold Schubert's "Layover from St. Louis," a lively account of the adventures of a petty gambler, told in the first person with a sound feeling for the vernacular. Almost the only funny story in the book is Margaret Hagler's "Here It Comes—There It Goes," which is wholly successful. Based on a simple anecdote, the kind that might have been handed down from generation to generation in a Jewish family, it is elaborated just enough to give it substance and make the climax effective. I also like Edith Konecky's "Turn Your Back and Walk Away," which presents a familiar enough situation—the miseries of an old woman in a nursing home and her daughter's sense of guilt—but gives it power through the evocation of emotion.

Few of the stories strike me as downright bad, but there are two or three that I shouldn't have bothered to include in the anthology. Juanita Williams's "The Flaw" describes an unhappy wife, who turns out to be so appallingly naïve that she would be completely uninteresting even if she were credible. Carolyn Miller's "The Bird in the Bottle" is bad in another way. Several of the stories deal with the friction between children and their parents, a natural theme for young writers and one of which something can be made. Miss Miller, however, reduces her situation to such simple terms that the story comes close to mawkishness.

IT may be instructive to compare "The Best College Writing, 1961" with "**The Best American Short Stories, 1961,**" edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett (Houghton Mifflin, hardbound, $5.50; Ballantine, paperback, 75¢). As one would, of course, expect, the latter is on the whole greatly superior to the former; but it is not the general superiority that interests me. "Best American Short Stories" contains two pieces of writing that show the heights to which the short story can reach. These are stories on which the young writer might profitably meditate for a long while.

One of them is Tillie Olsen's much praised "Tell Me a Riddle," the story of an old Jewish couple, forty-seven years married and quarreling over the way they are to spend what remains of their lives. For the woman, it turns out, what remains is little enough, and the story deepens into an account of her last weeks that is beautiful, rich, and lyrical. Although it is about death, it is full of life, becoming in the end a cry of triumph. There is no timidity in Mrs. Olsen; she gives herself without reservation to the story; and yet she is always in control, always finds the means that will achieve her end.

James Baldwin's "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon" is also a bold, complicated sort of story, one that powerfully stirs the reader. The narrator, a young Negro singer who has been living for eight years in Paris with his Swedish wife and their child, is about to return to America. He describes some casual incidents that take place on the eve of his departure, and he thinks about his last stay in the United States. More and more we come to feel and understand his apprehension; indeed, the whole story vibrates with it. In the end we know as well as we can ever know what it means to be a Negro in America.

IN addition to these two remarkable stories, which will be remembered for a long time to come, there are others that I admire. None of these, it goes without saying, is the kind of neat, tight, well-organized, self-restrained story that so many of the contributors to "Best College Writing" have produced. Ivan Gold's "The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown" is wild and sometimes funny and deeply pathetic. Jack Ludwig's "Confusions" and Thomas Pynchon's "Entropy" approach surrealism. John Berry's "The Listener," Jeannie Olive's "Society," and Peter Taylor's "Miss Leonora When Last Seen" are more conventional in form, but there is a strangeness about them.

The young writer might learn two lessons from "Best Short Stories." The first is that there are a lot of subjects to write about. I think that perhaps Miss Foley and Mr. Burnett went out of their way to eliminate stories about Madison Avenue, suburbia, academic life, marital friction, and the sorrows of childhood; but, whether they did or not, they turned up some fine stories on other subjects. I am not saying that good stories can't be written on these themes, but greener pastures abound. The second lesson is the importance of boldness. The stories by Mrs. Olsen and James Baldwin exist in the realm in which craftsmanship is transformed into mystery, and criticism comes close to irrelevance; but other stories, without achieving greatness, are startlingly good. Almost nowhere does one find the kind of self-conscious tightness that I have complained of in the college stories. Discipline, of course, is essential for the apprentice, but it is only a beginning.

(*For reviews of additional short story collections see page* 30.)

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Critics' Choice for Spring

MORE than one of the fifty-two reviewers who responded to SR's semi-annual poll of the nation's leading newspaper critics commented on the difficulty in limiting their recommendations this spring to three titles. Echoing his fellows, Stanton Peckham of the Denver *Post*, wrote, "I can't remember a time when there were so many really outstanding books to pick from." Nevertheless, in an unprecedented landslide of ballots, Katherine Anne Porter's "Ship of Fools" topped the tally with twenty-seven votes. America's poet laureate, Robert Frost, came in second with sixteen for his collection of verse, "In the Clearing." Two biographies—"Scott Fitzgerald," by Andrew Turnbull, and "O'Neill," by Arthur and Barbara Gelb—received, respectively, thirteen and eleven votes, and thirteen critics were also for Reynolds Price's "A Long and Happy Life," which, like "Ship of Fools," is a first novel. "The Blood of the Lamb" was popular with eight critics—especially Hoke Norris of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, who gave triple yeas to the poignant De Vries novel.

These, and other titles, receiving from one to five votes, are listed below.

TWENTY-SEVEN VOTES

SHIP OF FOOLS. By Katherine Anne Porter. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.

The eagerly awaited first novel by a masterful short story writer recreates, on an Atlantic crossing, the ominous world of 1931. (Barkham, Benson, Bingham, Bond, Brady, Bradley, Brunk, Copeland, Cross, Culligan, Gorn, Hobby, Hogan, Holden, McSherry, Menn, Nordell, Peckham, Perkin, Powers, Reid, Rogers, Sandrof, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

SIXTEEN VOTES

IN THE CLEARING. By Robert Frost. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

Published last month on Frost's eighty-eighth birthday, this is the first collection of new poems in fifteen years. (Alexander, Bradley, Brady, Brunk, de Morinni, Derleth, Kirsch, Kirwan, Klein, Laycock, Nordell, Perkin, Rogers, Tinkle, Troy, Willard.)

THIRTEEN VOTES

SCOTT FITZGERALD: A Biography. By Andrew Turnbull. Scribners. $5.95.

A candid and compassionate account of the talented writer, whose life reflected in many ways the tragedy and optimism of the American dream of success. (Beatty, Cady, de Morinni, Hobby, Holden, Lawrence, MacGregor, McAdory, Menn, Pasley, Powers, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE. By Reynolds Price. Atheneum. $3.95.

This impressive first novel indelibly portrays one of the most appealing young heroines ever to appear in a Southern pastorale. (Barkham, Beatty, Bingham, Chaney, Derleth, Hobby, Hogan, McSherry, Menn, Pasley, Peckham, Troy, Wyllie.)

ELEVEN VOTES

O'NEILL. By Arthur and Barbara Gelb. Harper. $12.50.

Showing how persistently his troubled personal life became part of his work, this long biography stresses the historical significance of O'Neill's role in world theatre. (Brunk, Copeland, Culligan, Douglas, Freedley, McSherry, Powers, Reid, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle, Willard.)

EIGHT VOTES

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB. By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown. $4.

A moving story of a father's struggle to accept the death of his young daughter. (Bradley, Copeland, Cromie, Kirwan, Lawrence, Lucchese, Norris, Reid.)

OTHER SELECTIONS

ASSAYS. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. $4.50. Paperback, $2.35.

BEYOND YOUR DOORSTEP. By Hal Borland. Knopf. $5.95.

THE BULL FROM THE SEA. By Mary Renault. Pantheon. $4.95.

CEZANNE. By Henri Perruchot. World. $6.

CONTEMPORARIES. By Alfred Kazin. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50.

DOWN THERE ON A VISIT. By Christopher Isherwood. Simon & Schuster. $4.75.

THE EDUCATION OF JONATHAN BEAM. By Russell Brantley. Macmillan. $2.95.

EMBATTLED CRITIC. By John Canaday. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.

FIA FIA. By James Ramsey Ullman. World. $4.95.

GEORGE: An Early Autobiography. By

The Newspaper Reviewers

HOLMES ALEXANDER, *Tampa Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
FLOYD W. BEATTY, *Nashville Tennessean*
C. A. BENSON, *Fort Worth* [Tex.] *Star-Telegram*
MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville Courier Journal*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
CHARLOTTE BRUNK, *Des Moines Sunday Register*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus* [Ohio] *Dispatch*
JAMES A. CHANEY, *Raleigh News & Observer*
EDITH COPELAND, *Sunday Oklahoman* [Oklahoma City]
ROBERT CROMIE, *Chicago Tribune*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
GLENDY CULLIGAN, *Washington Post*
MARGARET DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier-Express*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Capital Times* [Madison, Wis.]
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
GEORGE FREEDLEY, *New York Morning Telegraph*
LESTER GORN, *San Francisco Examiner*
DIANA HOBBY, *Houston Post*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
THEODORE L. HOLDEN, *Hartford Times*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
TOM KIRWAN, *Fresno* [Calif.] *Bee*
FRANCIS A. KLEIN, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*
SAM F. LUCCHESE, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
MARTHA MACGREGOR, *New York Post*
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RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN, *Springfield* [Mass.] *Republican*
ELIZABETH A. MCSHERRY, *Hartford Courant*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City* [Kan.] *Star*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun-Times*
VIRGINIA PASLEY, *Newsday* [Garden City, N.Y.]
STANTON PECKHAM, *The Denver Post*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Rocky Mountain News* [Denver]
DENNIS POWERS, *Oakland Tribune*
MARGARET WALRAVEN REID, *Wichita Falls* [Tex.] *Times*
W. G. ROGERS, Saturday Review Syndicate
IVAN SANDROF, *Worcester* [Mass.] *Sunday Telegram*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
LAWRENCE F. WILLARD, *New Haven Register*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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Emlyn Williams. Random House. $5.95.
THE GUNS OF AUGUST. By Barbara W. Tuchman. Macmillan. $6.95.
THE HANDS OF ESAU. By Hiram Haydn. Harper. $7.50.
THE HIDDEN REMNANT. By Gerald Sykes. Harper. $4.
ISLAND. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $4.
JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Robert Aron. Morrow. $4.
THE LAST OF THE WHITFIELDS. By Elise Sanguinetti. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.
THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by Harry T. Moore. Viking. Two Vol. $17.50.
THE LEGACY OF HIROSHIMA. By Edward Teller. Doubleday. $4.50.
THE LOVE GUY. By Frederick Darling. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.75.
THE MAN FROM MISSOURI: The Life and Times of Harry S. Truman. By Alfred Steinberg. Putnam. $6.50.
MASSACRE AT MONTSEGUR. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated by Peter Green. Pantheon. $6.95.
MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY. By Leicester Hemingway. World. $4.95.
THE NATURAL WORLD OF LOUISE DICKINSON RICH. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Dodd, Mead. $5.
NIGHT DROP. By S. L. A. Marshall. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.
NINE HOURS TO RAMA. By Stanley Wolpert. Random House. $4.95.
THE NORTHERN PALMYRA AFFAIR. By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper. $4.95.
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. By Leslie Groves. Harper. $6.50.
OH, MARY, THIS LONDON. By Michael Campbell. Orion. $3.95.
THE OWL'S ROOST. By Helga Sandburg. Dial. $4.95.
PATRIOTIC GORE. By Edmund Wilson. Oxford. $8.50.
PENGUINS HAVE SQUARE EYES. By Patrick Trese. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.
PHAROS AND PHARILLON. By E. M. Forster. Knopf. $2.95.
PIGEON FEATHERS AND OTHER STORIES. By John Updike. Knopf. $4.
PLOESTI: Great Air-Ground Battle; 1 August 1943. By James Dugan and Carroll Stewart. Random House. $6.95.
THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER. By the Earl of Birkenhead. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.
PROHIBITION. By Andrew Sinclair. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95.
A RADICAL'S AMERICA. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown. $5.
RUSSIA IN MY LIFE. By Thomas P. Whitney. Reynal-Morrow. $6.
A SAD HEART AT THE SUPERMARKET. By Randall Jarrell. Atheneum. $4.50.
THE SELECTED WORK OF DJUNA BARNES. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.95.
SIX CRISES. By Richard M. Nixon. Doubleday. $5.95.
A SPIRIT RISES AND OTHER STORIES. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking. $3.50.
A WORKING FRIENDSHIP: The Correspondence between Strauss and Von Hoffmansthal. Random House. $10.

The Literary Sampler

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING SPRING TITLES

Ideas in Limbo

APART from the influence of religious obscurantism, our century generally seems less interested in ideas than the last, seems to care about them less and to take them less seriously. Some of this is an unfortunate effect of the discounting Marx and Freud have taught us; it is so easy now to dismiss any idea as an ideology or a rationalization. Some of it is due to the fact that our sciences have become incomprehensible to the layman. Darwin's successors now write in genetic tabulations, Freud's in experimental statistics. The great twentieth-century revolution in physics inaugurated by Albert Einstein and Max Planck, at least as important as those we have chronicled, cannot be understood except in the dimmest and most general fashion without extensive training in science and mathematics. No layman can read Einstein's publications and agree or disagree, as he can with "The Origin of Species" or "The Golden Bough." The fact that the true intellectual revolutions of our century are going on behind the back, so to speak, of the humanistically-educated probably explains the popularity of such spurious historical lawmakers as Oswald Spengler and Arnold Toynbee, or such intellectual shoddy as Immanuel Velikovsky's catastrophism or J. B. Rhine's parapsychology. In some of our social sciences, particularly in anthropology, the accumulation of data has become so overwhelming that it can now be used to justify any generalization, and many anthropologists are so wary of any theory or law that they flee into atomism.

—From "The Tangled Bank: Darwin, Marx, Frazier and Freud as Imaginative Writers," by Stanley Edgar Hyman, published this month by Atheneum.

Naughtiness Forsworn

ALAS, my peace of mind was soon to be shattered. The thick venom of envy began squirting at me as soon as academic suburbia realized that John Shade valued my society above that of all other people. Your snicker, my dear Mrs. C., did not escape our notice as I was helping the tired old poet to find his galoshes after that dreary get-together party at your house. One day I happened to enter the English Literature office in quest of a magazine with the picture of the Royal Palace in Onhava, which I wanted my friend to see, when I overheard a young instructor in a green velvet jacket, whom I shall mercifully call Gerald Emerald, carelessly saying in answer to something the secretary had asked: "I guess Mr. Shade has already left with the Great Beaver." Of course, I am quite tall, and my brown beard is of rather rich tint and texture; the silly cognomen evidently applied to me, but was not worth noticing, and after calmly taking the magazine from a pamphlet-cluttered table, I contented myself on my way out with pulling Gerald Emerald's bow-tie loose with a deft jerk of my fingers as I passed by him. There was also the morning when Dr. Nattachdag, head of the department to which I was attached, begged me in a formal voice to be seated, then closed the door, and having regained, with a downcast frown, his swivel chair, urged me "to be more careful." In what sense, careful? A boy had complained to his adviser. Complained of what, good Lord? That I had criticized a literature course he attended ("a ridiculous survey of ridiculous works, conducted by a ridiculous mediocrity"). Laughing in sheer relief, I embraced my good Netochka, telling him I would never be naughty again. I take this opportunity to salute him. He always behaved with such exquisite courtesy toward me that I sometimes wondered if he did not suspect what Shade suspected, and what only three people (two trustees and the president of the college) definitely knew.

—From "Pale Fire," by Vladimir Nabokov, to be published next month by Putnam.

Baked Beans at Tea Time

I MYSELF am not a gentleman. If I were, I would almost certainly not be writing this book, for one of the marks of a gentleman is that he seldom mentions the question of gentility, himself. There are a number of reasons why I am not a gentleman, some of which will become abundantly plain in the following pages; but chief among them is that I have no sense of obligation. I am happy to enjoy privilege; I am also prone to evade or even totally to ignore its implicit commitments. This

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defect would not necessarily disqualify me from being "upper-class," but it does mean that I can never be a gentleman, which is a very different thing.

As it happens, I am not "upper-class" either. The reasons for this range from middle-class parentage, through chronic and perpetual lack of ready money, to a sneaking fondness for baked beans on toast at tea time. But somewhere among them lurks the most powerful reason of all—guilt. For although I am prepared to arrogate privilege and disown obligation (in itself a very upper-class way of behaving), I always feel guilty about so doing. This is not to say I make any attempt to mend my ways—I am much too fond of comfort for that—but it does mean that I am uneasy about the advantages which I receive and so cannot enjoy them with the full relish and assurance proper to an uncompromising member of the upper class. Thus I have the worst of both worlds. Exiled forever from the courts of gentility by a kind of ingrowing dishonor, I am yet ineligible to play the shameless aristocrat, even when I have the means, because I am sadly conscious of that dishonor and so must always be making groveling gestures to allay my guilt. For example, I always overtip; not out of a desire to show off, which would be tolerable, but because deep down inside me I am afraid that the waiter has in fact detected my vileness and may, unless heavily bribed to refrain, at any moment turn and rend me for it.

—From "The Decline of the Gentleman," by Simon Raven, to be published this month by Simon & Schuster.

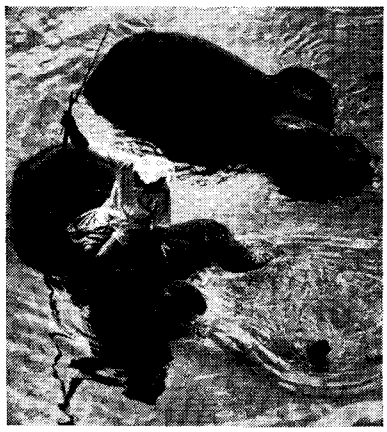
A Sickness of the Soul

THERE is abroad a malaise that is too complex to be defined easily. Students and interpreters of this uneasiness, this insecurity, this sickness of the Soul, abound; but most of them spell out their interpretation in terms exclusively religious, psychological, political, scientific, sociological or economic. It is that we have lost our religious sense, one says; another: our understanding of science has outstripped our understanding of ourselves; still others blame the pace of twentieth-century life, the competitive nature of our society, or the loss of faith in traditional ethical values. Some believe that the sense of inner emptiness that assails so many of us leads us to a search for God; others, to the psychological search for the Father (or Mother); still others, to that for a classless society or a discovery, on some new frontier, of that heroic life so pitifully absent in an age replete with comfort and mediocrity.

I believe, flatly and simply, that we

(*Continued on page* 37)

ELEPHANTS AND KANDYAN DANCERS: Legend has it that when Adam and Eve were driven from Eden, they went to Ceylon; and the Buddha is supposed to have ascended to heaven from the mountain called "Adam's Peak." Known to the Greeks as "Taprobane," the country has 2,400 years of recorded history, and impressive ruins of even greater age. Reg van Cuylenburg, a photographer born in the Europeanized capital, Colombo, journeyed to the lesser-known areas to produce the "**Image of an Island: A Portrait of Ceylon**" (Orion, $12.50). Though marred by the absence of captions, and accompanied by a text that is more poetic than informative, the many superb pictures convey a vivid sense of a way of life whose roots are lost in the mists of remote antiquity.



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Of Theology and the Faiths

The Relevance of Religion in Contemporary Life

The coincidence of Easter and Passover has prompted a selected survey of religious literature published during the preceding twelve months. Preferring not to compartmentalize the three major creeds, Robert McAfee Brown considers in the following article titles in a broad spectrum of inquiry, including studies concerned with contemporary America and the past, the dialogue between the faiths, and the relationship of theology and culture. The Auburn Professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Brown is himself the author of "The Spirit of Protestantism," published by Oxford University Press.

By ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

MARTIN LUTHER, who was not noticeably restrained in setting pen to paper, comments in his "Table Talk": "The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or limit to this fever for writing. Everyone must be an author. . . ."

When one confronts the annual output of "religious books," one is tempted to let Luther's indictment stand unchallenged, until one realizes that out of "this fever for writing" books do emerge that are good and worth-while and enduring. Although only a few of these can be mentioned, they can serve as indices of the interests and concerns of numerous other volumes.

Many writers are convinced that the current religious boom is far from healthy, and sociological analyses are supplementing the theologians' own questions. Two books that have had particular impact are by sociologist Peter Berger: **"The Precarious Vision"** (Doubleday, $3.95) and **"The Noise of Solemn Assemblies"** (Doubleday, $1.75). The former is witty, far-reaching, and jarring, the latter earnest, compact, and jarring. Berger suggests that "the religious establishment" is a hindrance to the Christian message, and that many Christians may need to disengage themselves from it. A more hopeful sociological view of the institution of the church is James Gustafson's **"Treasure in Earthen Vessels"** (Harper, $3.50). Another sociological inquiry is **"The Religious Factor,"** by Gerhard Lenski (Doubleday, $5.95), based on interviews in the Detroit area, and leading to a variety of conclusions about the influence (and lack of influence) of the church on the way people involve themselves in politics, integration, education, and culture.

On the other hand, Gabriel Vahanian's **"The Death of God"** (Braziller, $5) is an intuitional rather than sociological analysis and discusses the culture of the "post-Christian era" (a popular phrase someone must soon dissect), underlining the disparity between modern man and what passes for Christian faith. Likewise disturbing is **"The Faith of a Heretic,"** by Walter Kaufmann (Doubleday, $4.95). The author has "tried" both Lutheranism and Judaism and found them wanting, and his trenchant critique is required reading for the religiously complacent.

Confusion about the place and relevance of religion in contemporary American life has probably been one reason for attempts to appraise the role of religion in America's past. The basic resource work for years to come will be the "Religion in American Life" volumes, edited by James Ward Smith and A. Leland Jamison, published by Princeton University Press. These volumes include **"The Shaping of American Religion"** ($8.50), a historical survey with chapters by H. Richard Niebuhr, Perry Miller, Oscar Handlin, and others; and **"Religious Perspectives in American Culture"** ($7.50), dealing with religion in relation to education, politics, law, literature, music, and architecture. Also included is a definitive two-volume set, **"A Critical Bibliography of Religion in America"** ($17.50 for the set), compiled by Nelson Burr of the Library of Congress.

Two smaller books in the same area are **"American Protestantism,"** by Winthrop Hudson (University of Chicago Press, $3.95), a survey in the Chicago "History of American Civilization" series, and **"From State Church to Pluralism,"** by Franklin Littell (Doubleday Anchor Book, 95¢), both of which will be useful to specialist and nonspecialist alike.

That a "Protestant-Catholic dialogue" is emerging on the American scene is one of the facts about "pluralism" to which Dr. Littell's title refers. The most important contribution to this dialogue has been **"Christianity Divided,"** edited by Daniel Callahan, Heiko Oberman, and Daniel J. O'Hanlon, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, $6), a collection of top-level articles by top-level theologians both Catholic and Protestant, such as Karl Barth, Oscar Cullmann, Gustav Weigel and Hans Kung. Father Louis Bouyer has raised some of the same issues in his brief **"The Word, Church and Sacraments, in Protestantism and Catholicism"** (Desclee, $2). Roman Catholic writers are giving increasing attention to Protestant theologians, as evidenced by Father George Tavard's **"Paul Tillich and the Christian Message"** (Scribners, $3.95), and Father Jerome Hamer's **"Karl Barth"** (Newman, $4.75), a translation with a new introduction by the author to bring it up to date. From the other side, **"Reformation and Catholicity,"** by Gustaf Aulen (Muhlenberg, $3.75), is a Lutheran attempt to recover the concept of "catholicity" for Protestantism.

THERE is also a recognition that a "dialogue" must proceed between Jews and Christians. **"The Jews and the Gospel,"** by Father Gregory Baum (Newman, $4.50), is a careful study of the New Testament attitude toward the Jews, trying to show that the anti-Semitism found in later church history cannot properly be traced back to Scripture. From the Protestant side, F. W. Foerster, a German Lutheran, has written a moving testimony, **"The Jews"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95), which shows with particular vividness how grievous have been the sins of the Christian community against the Jews.

Within Judaism itself, a variety of volumes have appeared, ranging from

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a stress on the life of reason in Leon Roth's **"Judaism: A Portrait"** (Viking, hardbound $4, paperback $1.85) to the rearticulating of some of the older sources of Jewish life and experience in **"The Rest Is Commentary,"** edited by Nahum Glatzer (Beacon, $6), a sourcebook of Jewish literature from the first century of the Christian era through the Talmudic age. Also noteworthy is the reprinting of **"Aspects of Rabbinic Theology"** (Schocken Books, $1.95), an earlier work by one of the most eminent Jewish thinkers of recent times, Solomon Schechter.

The attempt at interfaith understanding is extending across even broader lines, and the six-volume set **"Great Religions of Modern Man"** (Braziller, $4 each) offers interpretive accounts, chiefly through excerpts from their own documents, as follows: **"Buddhism,"** by Richard Gard; **"Catholicism,"** by George Brantl; **"Protestantism,"** by Leslie Dunstan; **"Hinduism,"** by Louis Renou; **"Islam,"** by John Williams; **"Judaism,"** by Arthur Hertzberg. While no small book can do full justice to a large faith, these volumes have enough primary source material and bibliography to show the reader where to turn next. **"Christian Faith and Other Faiths,"** by Stephen Neill (Oxford, $4.25), is one of the best recent attempts to deal with the subject, and wisely includes Marxism and Existentialism with "other faiths."

Among movements within contemporary Roman Catholicism few are as interesting as the growing concern with the laity. Father Arthur Alonso's **"Catholic Action and the Laity"** (Herder & Herder, $4.50) is a careful and cautious delineation of proper and improper interpretations of "Catholic Action." **"The Lay Apostolate,"** papal teachings selected and arranged by the Benedictine Monks of Solesmes (Daughters of St. Paul, hardbound $5, paperback $4), is a collection of papal utterances from Benedict XV through Pius XII, with elaborate indexing, and constitutes an indispensable sourcebook on this topic.

Another important event in Catholic publishing is the increasing availability in English of the writing of Karl Rahner, S.J., one of the foremost contemporary Catholic theologians. His **"Theological Investigations,"** Vol. I (Helicon, $10.95) is a collection of essays dealing with God, Christ, Mary, and Grace. Father Rahner is also represented in two less formidable works, pamphlets in the series "*Quaestiones Disputatae*": **"Inspiration and the Bible"** and **"On the Theology of Death"** (Herder & Herder, respectively $1.95 and $2.25).

France has been a center of openness in Roman Catholic thinking (sometimes more open than the church has desired), and two interpretive accounts of men and movements there are William Bosworth's **"Catholicism and Crisis in Modern France"** (Princeton University Press, $8.50), a full treatment of modern French Catholic groups, which is complemented by James Connolly in **"The Voices of France"** (Macmillan, $5.50), a consideration of theological movements and of individual theologians such as Henri de Lubac, Yves Congar, and Teilhard de Chardin.

No account of Catholic writing would be complete without reference to **"The Twentieth Century Encyclopaedia of Catholicism,"** published by Hawthorn Books, ultimately to comprise 150 volumes, in uniform format and size, each selling for $3.50, and appearing at the rate of two a month. The set will cover the main areas of Catholic belief and practice and the relationship of Catholicism to almost every area of modern life. The books are written with lay readers in mind, and many will be of interest to non-Catholics. Among the volumes published during the last year (in addition to those cited elsewhere in this article are **"Do Dogmas Change?,"** by Henri Rondet, S.J.; **"The Basis of Belief,"** by Illtyd Trethowan, O.S.B.; **"Death and the Christian,"** by Jean-Charles Didier; **"What Is Man?,"** by René Le Troquer, T.S.F.; **"What Is Redemption?,"** by Philippe de la Trinité, O.C.D., and **"Catholic Charity in Action,"** by Michel Riquet, S.J. The existence of these volumes removes all excuse for ignorance or misinformation about the Catholic faith.

There is increasing concern by religious writers to explore the relationship of faith and culture. John E. Smith, for example, examines the relation of theology and philosophy in **"Reason and God"** (Yale University Press, $5), and a similar interest from a historical perspective is found in Werner Jaeger's **"Early Christianity and Greek Paideia"** (Harvard-Belknap Press, $3.25), a work completed just before the author's death, and setting forth conclusions he had hoped to document in a later, larger volume. **"Language, Logic and God,"** by Frederick Ferré (Harper, $3.50), is a careful study of varying types of linguistic analysis and their implications, for good and ill, upon the possibility of theological discourse. Jacques Maritain's **"On the Uses of Philosophy"** (Princeton University Press, $2.75) is notable particularly for the second essay, a luminous discussion of "Truth and Human Fellowship."

The relationship of theology and literature is an area of continuing interest. **"Perspective on Man: Literature and the Christian Tradition,"** by Roland Frye (Westminster, $4.50), is a discussion by one who has had training both in English literature and theology. In **"The Theology of Romantic Love"** (Harper, $5) Mary McDermott Shideler provides the first full-scale study of Charles Williams, a remarkable English man of letters whose own writing illustrated the overlapping of literature and theology.

The **"Westminster Studies in Christian Communication"** series extends the

THE MASTERS TRANSMUTED: "An account of a journey with drawings by the author" is the subtitle of Raphael Soyer's **"A Painter's Pilgrimage"** (Crown, $3). Revisiting the great museums of Europe, Mr. Soyer sketched some of their masterpieces, including the Raphael "Madonna di Tempi" ("deep insight") and Michelangelo's "Pietà" ("not the proud disdainful figures of his youth but compassionate and sorrowful."), affording a unique glimpse of how an artist looks at art.

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conversation into such areas as art in **"Art and the Message of the Church,"** by Walter Nathan ($5), and the mass media in **"The Improper Opinion,"** by Martin Marty ($3.50). As a further exploration of the relationship of faith and art, Westminster Press has contributed what is surely the most beautiful book of the year, **"The Cross as Symbol and Ornament,"** by Johannes Troyer ($4.50), with a hand-lettered text and drawings of more than 100 different types of crosses.

The relation of religion and culture is amply represented in "The Twentieth Century Encyclopaedia of Catholicism," cited above. The following titles are indicative: **"Man and Metaphysics,"** by Régis Jolivet; **"Early Christian Art,"** by Eduard Sindicus; **"Atheism,"** by Etienne Borne, S.J., and **"Christianity and Science,"** by Jean Abelé.

The increasingly close collaboration between the disciplines of psychiatry and religion is well illustrated in the posthumous collection of essays by Gregory Zilboorg in **"Psychoanalysis and Religion"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50), which shows familiarity with both disciplines. From the theological side, Daniel Williams writes out of much association with men in the psychiatric field in **"The Minister and the Care of Souls"** (Harper, $3.50), while from a theological perspective close to that of Karl Barth, Eduard Thurneysen offers **"A Theology of Pastoral Care"** (John Knox Press, $5.50), giving particular attention to the role of pastoral "conversation."

Much writing in the field of religion has concerned itself with the precarious situation of twentieth-century man. The ethical issues posed by the nuclear age have been most disturbing, and the best introduction to these problems is "Nuclear Weapons and the Conflict of Conscience," edited by John Bennett [*SR*, April 14]. Paul Ramsey, one of the contributors, gives a fuller elaboration of his point of view in **"War and the Christian Conscience"** (Duke University Press, $6), which re-examines the traditional concept of the "just war." From a Catholic perspective, Peter Hodgson in **"Nuclear Physics in Peace and War,"** a volume of "The Twentieth Century Encyclopaedia of Catholicism," explores a broad range of problems.

There is an economic as well as a scientific revolution in process, and two excellent studies of Christian responsibility in underdeveloped areas of the world are Egbert de Vries's **"Man in Rapid Social Change"** (Doubleday, $4.50) and Paul Abrecht's **"The Churches and Rapid Social Change"** (Doubleday, $3.95). The former describes what is happening today in Asia, Africa, and South America, while the latter suggests ways in which the church can come to grips with the problem. By contrast, D. L. Munby concentrates in **"God and the Rich Society"** (Oxford, $6) on Western culture and examines the ethical dilemmas faced by those living in a society of abundance.

The above books deal with specific areas of Christian ethics. A wise, overall conspectus of the problems facing modern man in relating liberalism, Marxism, and democracy is Eduard Heimann's **"Reason and Faith in Modern Society"** (Wesleyan University Press, $6.50). The man most responsible for the recovery of ethical concern in American theology has been Reinhold Niebuhr, the subject of June Bingham's **"Courage to Change"** (Scribners, $7.50), a book that is particularly helpful in relating the various phases of Niebuhr's developing position to the events of his own life.

In the field of liturgical studies a book useful to both Protestants and Catholics is **"Liturgies of the Western Church,"** by Bard Thompson (Living Age Books, $1.95), which includes the major texts from the early church to the eighteenth century. In many cases new translations have been made. Horton Davies has published two volumes of Princeton University Press's projected five-volume study on "Worship and Theology in England": **"From Watts and Wesley to Maurice 1690-1850"** and **"From Newman to Martineau 1850-1900"** ($7.50 each). Written in engaging style, with extensive documentation, the completed set will be a standard work in the field. Hans Urs von Balthasar is the author of what may become one of the few enduring books on its topic, **"Prayer"** (Sheed & Ward, $5), a work useful to both Protestant and Catholic.

A few studies of more specialized interest must also be noted. Among them is a new edition of Soren Kierkegaard's **"Philosophical Fragments"** (Princeton University Press, $6.50), with extensive commentary and introduction by Niels Thulstrup, and a revised translation of the original Swenson translation by Howard Hong. Kierkegaard scholars will also be aided by the interpretive essays in **"A Kierkegaard Critique,"** edited by Howard Johnson and Niels Thulstrup (Harper, $6). Another major influence in contemporary Protestant thought is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and in supplementation of a number of his works already available in English, his doctoral dissertation, **"Act and Being"** (Harper, $3), has recently been translated. Examples of outgoing scholarly concern within the Lutheran and Calvinist tradition are Edmund Schlink's **"Theology of the Lutheran Confessions"** (Muhlenberg, $5) and H. Jackson Forstman's **"Word and Spirit: Calvin's Doctrine of Biblical Authority"** (Stanford University Press, $4.75).

Religious thought in the Western world, whether stemming from Luther or Calvin—or Aquinas—is finally rooted in the Bible, and although space is not available to detail the Biblical studies that have appeared in the last twelve months, this survey can most fittingly conclude with reference to a major event in Biblical translation, the appearance of the New Testament portion of **"The New English Bible"** (Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, $6), which has recently been made available in a paperback edition ($1.45), and is likely to become one of the most widely used recent translations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An examination of works dealing with the ecumenical movement will be published in an early issue of Saturday Review.*

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AN OCTET OF DAYS

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here eight titles (novel, play, short story), each containing a day of the week, and asks you to match them with their authors. Answers on page 35.

1. "A Beautiful Sunday in September"	( ) Maxwell Anderson
2. "Come Back on Monday"	( ) Leopold Atlas
3. "Friday's Footprint"	( ) Ugo Betti
4. "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"	( ) G. K. Chesterton
5. "Saturday's Children"	( ) Agatha Christie
6. "Wednesday's Child"	( ) Nadine Gordimer
7. "The Man Who Was Thursday"	( ) Sheila Solomon Klass
8. "The Tuesday Club Murder"	( ) Alan Sillitoe

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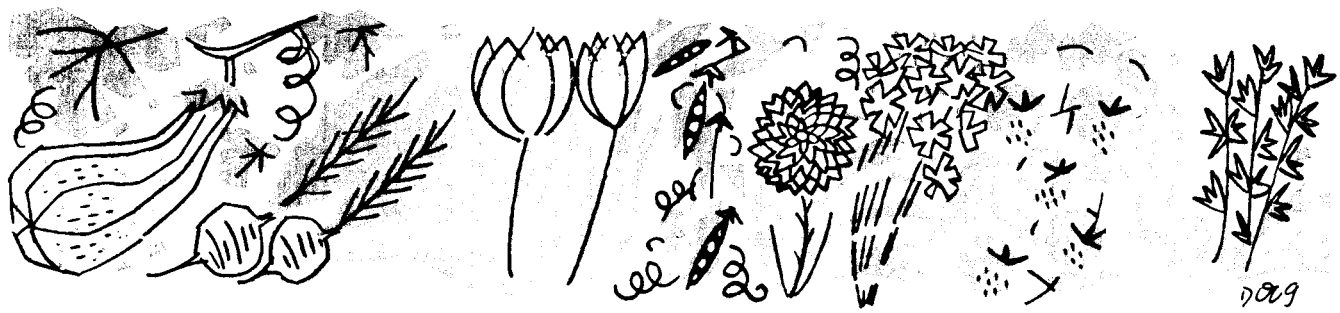
For Thumbs Smudged and Green

In the Spring One's Fancy Turns to Tulips and Turnips



By VIRGINIA KIRKUS, *director of the Virginia Kirkus Service, which provides pre-publication reviews to guide bookstores, libraries, and periodicals throughout the country.*

GARDEN books, to this practical and not very expert gardener, fall into various categories: those I like to read during the months when nature demands that the garden—if not the gardener—rest; those that light a spark of adventure and make me jot down notes for future garden plans; those that are strictly practical, that suggest solutions for my problems and that, shamelessly marked, will be carried to the garden and smudged with garden dirt. And finally there are the garden books that I yearn to own, just for their sheer beauty of bookmaking (if not of garden-making), for their superb photography, or for the thought that someday, perhaps, I'll have time to use them as they should be used and make an expert out of a rather bungling amateur. But as the years go on—and I become expert in no area of gardening—my hopes fade and I turn again to recipes for gardening without an aching back.

In the practical area, Ruth Stout's **"Gardening Without Work"** (Devin-Adair, $3.95) is a must for those who adopted her mulching program so eagerly, only to find certain questions unsolved. Some of those questions are honestly answered here, in her informal, chatty, person-to-person style. But not content with Ruth Stout as mentor, I turned to Edwin Steffek's **"Gardening the Easy Way"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) only to find that he had attempted too much and treated real problems too glibly. His lists are comprehensive, too much so for the average home-owner. I found Jean Hersey's **"Carefree Gardening"** (Van Nostrand, $4.95) vastly more to my taste. Any garden-loving home-owner with limited time and funds would find this just the right book when confronted with a new home, a new garden, new problems. It takes some know-how to get the most out of it. Let's define it as a book for the gardener who has his initial mistakes behind him.

Speaking of initial mistakes, have some of you found that the garden you planned for sunshine is now a shady plot? You will be grateful—as I was—to know that once again Harriet K. Morse's **"Gardening in the Shade"** (Scribners, $5.95) is available in a new, enlarged, and revised edition, which has some new ideas, new lists, new suggestions for this special problem.

Have you long cherished the hope that you can have, if not a rose garden, some roses in your garden, without too many difficulties? John Milton—out of a practical home rose-garden experience (amplified by working for Conard-Pyle, whose Star roses are widely known)—has published this season **"Rose Growing Simplified"** (Hearthside, $3.50). He starts with the stipulation that one must know how to dig a big enough hole, and must know how to read directions. And then he goes on to make it all seem very matter of course, applicable to one's dreams, and rewarding. There are lots of photographs to urge you on.

Every garden bookshelf should add a good reference work or two each year. One in a new direction, published last fall, was **"Miracle Gardening Encyclopedia,"** by Samm S. Baker (Grosset & Dunlap, $5.95). This book is oriented to a better comprehension of the new plant materials, the chemical fertilizers, conditioners, preventatives and cures for the pests and diseases that plague the gardener; there is also a satisfying amount of basic instruction here. Miracle gardening does not eliminate either the dedication or the hard work, so Mr. Baker offers no panacea. However, he does bring important current factors into proper perspective. Robert W. Schery's **"The Lawn Book"** (Macmillan, $5.95) is also for the reference shelf, for it provides not only step-by-step directions that should lead to a better lawn, but dispels lots of misconceptions about maintenance and makes the know-how seem within the average home-owner's reach. Montague Free assumes some experience in the gardener who will use his **"Plant Pruning in Pictures"** (Doubleday, $4.95). The principles are here: basic information on tools and how to use them, specific instructions on when, where, how, why and why not to prune. With 321 photographs and 78 linecuts this is really a reference book for serious gardeners. Another manual is in the offing: **"The Home Owner's Tree Book,"** by John S. Martin (Doubleday, $3.95; to be published June 1st), which details the facts of life about trees, the physiology, the requirements, the pests and parasites, the rates of growth of various species, the hazards and rewards.

One of the events of the season is the reissue of a classic long out of print, Homer D. House's **"Wild Flowers"** (Macmillan, $17.95). To those of us who have used it week in, week out, for identification, for increasing our

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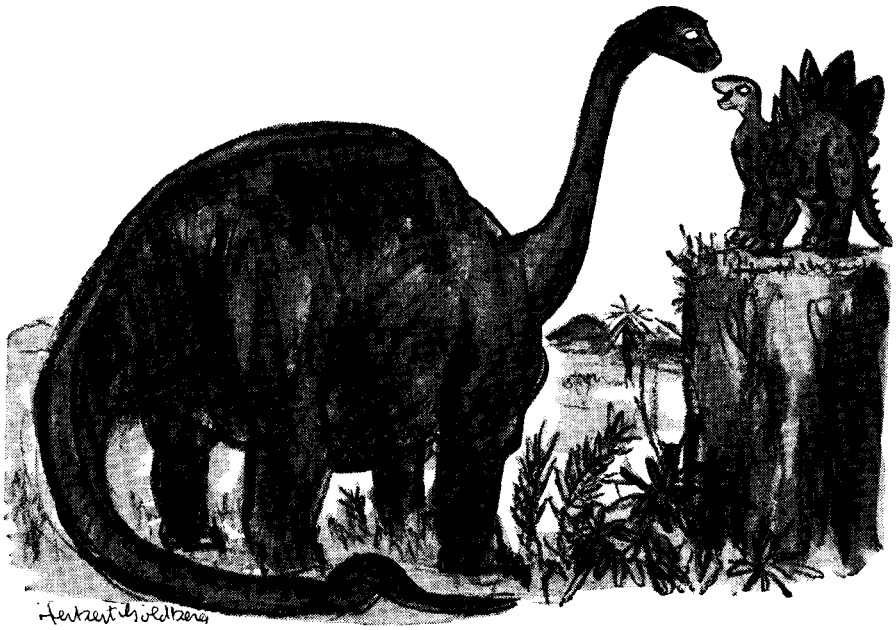

"I'm certainly relieved to know you're herbivorous."

knowledge of our native wild flowers, being without it seems impossible to conceive. And yet nowadays many do not know it. Here in one volume is a superb pictorial presentation of some 400 wild flowers, of which 364 are in color that is extraordinary for fidelity and showing the salient features. Index cross reference sends the inquirer to the descriptive data: popular name, botanical name, family, roots, stalks, leaves, flowers, fruits, variants, heights, something of soil and habitat, range, season of bloom. Moreover, the introductory section succinctly presents the botanical structure of plants, and there is sufficient data as well on changes taking place and the essentials of conservation to provide a warning to those who would strip our wilderness heritage.

These are the days of specialists, and this is as true in gardening as elsewhere. The herb gardener has a special treat in store in Elizabeth S. Hayes's "**Spices and Herbs Around the World**" (Doubleday, $5.95) though it is not strictly speaking a garden book. Here are legends, historical data, and information on the cultivation and uses of herbs dating back to "Gerard's Herball" (1597-1633). Besides a fragrant miscellany of unusual recipes, wit and fancy, the book also contains a Herb Growing Chart. Not so new is a more comprehensive garden-cum-cookbook in this field: Dorothy Childs Hogner's infectiously charming "**A Fresh Herb Platter**" (Doubleday, $3.95), which discusses vegetables and herbs, garden salads, and the possibilities of herbs in pots, window boxes, and terrace gardens. Other areas of specialization are covered in Roy Genders's "**Miniature Roses**" ($3.95), "**Gladioli and the Miniatures**" ($4.95), H. Clifford Crook's "**Campanulas and Bellflowers in Cultivation**" ($2.50), Paul Fischer's "**Variegated Foliage Plants**" ($3.50), A. T. Johnson's "**Hardy Heaths**" ($2.50)—all published by St. Martin's Press. They are practical in approach and factual regarding selection of species, cultivation, propagation, and directions when and where to plant them. A final recommendation in a special field is Bernice Brilmayer's "**All About Vines and Hanging Plants**" (Doubleday, $5.95). Everything one needs to know about vines and the increasingly popular hanging plants is here—how to use them, what to use and where, propagation, pests and culture, habits of growth, handling, pruning—including much information I have sought in vain elsewhere. A useful group of lists and sources makes this a practical addition to the garden shelf.

There's a warm spot in my heart for those books that don't quite qualify as garden books, though they are the very soul of gardeners. An example is Buckner Hollingsworth's "**Her Garden Was Her Delight**" (Macmillan, $4, to be published May 21). John Bartram, an internationally known American botanist before the Revolution, wrote the title words about Martha Logan, an early Charleston florist, and here, in this wholly unexpected sort of book, are brief stories about notable women gardeners, botanists, agriculturists, artists, from the days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony almost to the present. It makes a composite picture, drawn from fragmentary evidence, sometimes too hesitant, sometimes verging on the sentimental, but providing piquancy and unusual fare.

And now for those tempting books one buys to give to a very special friend and then duplicates because one cannot part with the first. Edwin A. Menninger, who belongs to a family famous in medicine but is himself a naturalist, plant explorer, and journalist, with a special hobby of tropical horticulture, shares a lifelong passion in his fascinating "**Flowering Trees of the World**" (Hearthside, $18.95). And to those of us who have yearned for just such a book on returning from the tropics, here is a dream fulfilled. Mr. Menninger describes 1,000 species in 500 genres; he tells his reader what he needs to know and recounts a great deal of personal and botanical history. For practical use, he also discusses the adaptability and the use, culture and limitations of some of these trees for other climates. It is a valuable book in an almost untouched area. Another book both practical and lavish is the long-awaited "**Rhododendrons of the World,**" by David G. Leach (Scribners, $25), The author is a widely known hybridizer; the illustrator, Edmond Amateis, is equally equipped for his contribution: diagrams, sketches, maps, charts in color, and sixteen pages of halftones. For amateurs there is all the information they could ask on suitable varieties, where to get them, how to use them; for professionals 148 species are described, and chapters are given to propagation, nutrition, production, and landscaping. And, finally, Georgina Masson, whose "Italian Villas and Palaces" delighted us several years ago, has produced its companion in "**Italian Gardens**" (Abrams, $17.50), illustrated sumptuously with 213 beautiful photographs. Its fascinating text progresses historically and regionally, evidencing scholarship and a sense of the unity of architecture and landscaping. It is a fitting book with which to end our garden tour.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 977

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 977 will be found in the next issue.

QDK XQ XHLNGKCBRGK, RFL

LDBL XQ DKC NHGA MBFGL.

LBGGKACBHT.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 976

Your ignorance cramps my conversation.

—Anthony Hope.

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Before the Clash with Aaron Burr

"Alexander Hamilton: The National Adventure, 1788-1804," by Broadus Mitchell *(Macmillan. 555 pp. $12.50), the concluding volume of a major biography, presents the first Secretary of the Treasury in a more sympathetic light than he has customarily been accorded. Trevor Colbourn teaches colonial history at Indiana University.*

By TREVOR COLBOURN

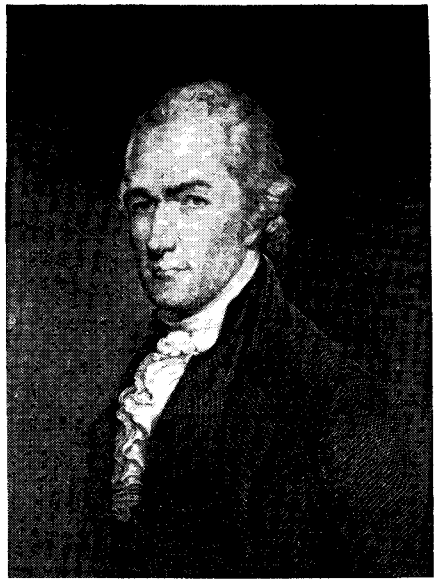
FIVE years ago Broadus Mitchell published the first volume of his Hamilton biography. Ironically, 1957 was also the year selected by the Congress of the United States to celebrate the Bicentennial of our first Secretary of the Treasury. The Congress, as Professor Mitchell demonstrated, was two years late. Now, with his biography completed, we can attempt an evaluation of his subject and his treatment.

Mitchell certainly has little serious competition. The few Hamilton biographies predating his are either too brief to be adequate or too partisan to be accurate. Alexander Hamilton has not enjoyed a very good historical press. Too often he has been known for the modern political company he keeps: when right-wing politicoes look for a patron saint of greater antiquity and less radicalism than Lincoln, Hamilton usually gets their votes. His contempt for democracy (not so unusual in the eighteenth century) has added to his notoriety. While he may not have said, "Your people, sir, your people is a great beast," he had no respect for "the majesty of the multitude." There is, as one recent writer observed, no way around "the unflinching bluntness of Hamilton's conservatism."

What, after all, can be said for Hamilton? He was born in 1755. His mother was not married to his father for the simple reason that she was already married to another. (One imaginative soul suggested George Washington sired Hamilton, which would have made for an interesting West Indian version of "George Washington slept here.") Hamilton participated in the American Revolution and served as aide de camp to General Washington until he found the role inconvenient. He disapproved of the democratic tendencies of the Constitution of 1787, but reconciled himself to fighting for its ratification. Without Hamilton's efforts New York would not have entered the new Union, and his contribution to the Federalist Papers is not to be disregarded. The final sixteen years of his short life form the subject of Mitchell's newest volume. This covers Hamilton's important if controversial work at the Treasury, his various contributions to partisan diplomacy and politics, the Maria Reynolds affair, and developments leading to the final fatal clash with Aaron Burr.

The ingredients that have made Alexander Hamilton so unappetizing a biographical dish are readily apparent. As Gouverneur Morris recorded, Hamilton was "indiscreet, vain, opinionated . . . opposed to republican and attached to monarchical government." Just as Morris had difficulty composing the funeral oration in 1804, so has Mitchell had to struggle with Hamilton's many "human flaws." The result is a lengthy, detailed biography that reads often like an extended apology for its subject.

This is not to deny Mitchell's study its many virtues. The treatment of Hamilton's background is probably the best yet. The account of his financial program is particularly helpful, and Mitchell does well in explaining his hero's collectivist notions. Hamilton owed much to mercantilism and had little use for the *laissez-faire* views of later admirers. But this hardly qualifies Hamilton for the "liberal" tag Mitchell tries to hang on him. The author makes an interesting case for Hamilton's using the wealthy ("for noble purpose") rather than being used by them. And he stresses the pressures under which the Secretary labored at the Treasury: even the gallant Henry Lee tried to take advantage of Hamilton's friendship to secure tips for speculation. Perhaps, admitted Lee, such inquiries may be improper, but "I do not think them so." Hamilton gently demurred, and reminded Lee of Caesar's wife: "The most innocent things may be misinterpreted." Hamilton may have entertained dangerous friends, but he had a powerful regard for his personal integrity. Mitchell's study suggests that where his honor was concerned Hamilton was too thin-skinned for a public man; the marvel is not that Burr shot Alexander Hamilton in 1804 but that someone else failed to oblige earlier.



Hamilton—"collectivist notions."

If it is possible to argue for Hamilton's "sharp vision of an infant nation's need for national strength, both economic and military," it is more difficult to explain away Hamilton's ill-judged excursions into personal politics. His patriotism does not excuse his usurpation of the functions of the Department of State. Mitchell admits Hamilton *may* have been indiscreet in his conversations with British Minister Hammond, but he then tries to justify Hamilton's behavior with the remark that "the health of the Treasury depended more on foreign affairs than successful conduct of foreign relations hinged on Treasury operations." This is a little like suggesting that Douglas Dillon should today be telling Dean Rusk what to say to the Russians.

Mitchell's handling of the Reynolds affair is in a similar vein. Hamilton's liaison with Mrs. Reynolds is spun out over some twenty sympathetic pages, the upshot of which is that "passion set aside intelligence and judgment," but that Hamilton's "voluntary" public confession five years later was "so explicit as to disarm censure." In fact, Mitchell marvels at Hamilton's fertile contrivance in carrying on this amorous intrigue at the same time he met his public responsibilities. "The episode," concludes Mitchell, "is strange on several counts," but one count omitted is Hamilton's profession of proud innocence because Mrs. Reynolds's blackmailing procurer of a husband was denied the Treasury job he demanded. Hamilton and his newest biographer really seem to believe that this was "a conspiracy of vice against virtue."

Mitchell has every obligation to explain Hamilton's side of controversial issues, and no one has done it so well. But a biographer has a greater obliga-

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tion to objectivity. When Hamilton's conduct is inexcusable, Mitchell explains it as due to a temporary lapse: "Hamilton fretted, got into mischief." On the other hand, there is no such alibi for President Adams, who fired Hamilton's henchmen from the Cabinet (belatedly), and opposed Hamilton's military preferment: "Examples of [Adam's] self-absorption (to give it the mildest name) abound in his papers." Nor can Mitchell forgive Adams for his famous reference to Hamilton as "a bastard Bratt of a Scotch Pedlar"; the extreme provocations Adams suffered are ignored in Mitchell's reproof; Adams "should have possessed sufficient gentility not to stigmatize another less fortunate in regularity of descent."

It is this sort of obtrusive bias that weakens Mitchell's ambitious biography. The uninformed reader will find here a Hamilton larger than life, a misunderstood martyr. Mitchell even suggests that his hero was opposed to the oppressive Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, an idea completely disproved in James M. Smith's "Freedom's Fetters" several years ago. For all that Hamilton was an undoubted partiot he was also a politician of unsteady judgment and powerful ambition. Hamilton once told Jefferson that one of the greatest men who ever lived was Julius Caesar, and, as more than one scholar has since noted, "the devotion to the image of Caesar does much to explain Hamilton's character." When Professor Mitchell began his biography he complained that Hamilton had been the victim of "an undiscriminating enthusiasm or suspicion." The present enthusiasm is at least discriminating.

French President with Halo

"The Triumph of Integrity: A Portrait of Charles de Gaulle," by Duncan Grinnell-Milne *(Macmillan. 329 pp. $5), shows the controversial general as he would see himself. Alexander Werth, author of "France 1940-1955," "The de Gaulle Revolution," and other books, is a leading British authority on France.*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE, the blurb tells us, served with distinction as a fighter pilot in World War I and was then a regular officer in the RAF until his retirement in 1926. After that he joined the BBC and, following the fall of France in 1940, "he was attached to General de Gaulle as air liaison officer and was with him at Dakar." The author must therefore be a contemporary of de Gaulle's, or perhaps even his senior. His approach to the French President is a little that of an elderly gentleman remembering the good old times—with just this difference: instead of telling us what he personally remembers of de Gaulle in 1940, especially at Dakar, he tends to repeat what de Gaulle himself has already told us about the unhappy fiasco, and the *année terrible* generally.

To Mr. Grinnell-Milne, de Gaulle is always right, while anyone who attacked or criticized him is invariably wrong. If the author is reasonably charitable to Churchill (who, though he found de Gaulle difficult, still had a sneaking admiration for him), he is altogether savage about Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Admiral Leahy, and others who either (like Leahy) wholly misunderstood de Gaulle, or disliked him personally and distrusted him politically (as FDR did—wrongly, but not perhaps entirely so).

Mr. Grinnell-Milne calls his book a "portrait." It would be more appropriate to have called it a stained-glass window. If such a book had been issued, say, in 1944 (and at that time dozens of such "portraits" or popular biographies of de Gaulle were published for the benefit of the French people, who still knew very little about their new leader), its publication would have been understandable. Today it seems a curious anachronism. For, far from being a stained-glass window, de Gaulle is now, both historically and politically, one of the most controversial figures of our time. Certainly, during the war he showed courage and political perspicacity, but to approve of everything de Gaulle has done since 1944 is, surely, going a little far. For there is a big debit side in de Gaulle's record, and this is something Grinnell-Milne entirely overlooks.

By appointing that super-Blimp, Thierry d'Argenlieu, to Indochina, and by encouraging him to start there one of the bloodiest, longest, and most useless wars of colonial reconquest, de Gaulle took on a very grave historical responsibility. This is just not mentioned in the book. Similarly, the author says next to nothing about the RPF, the "French People's Rally," that abortive but fundamentally very dangerous totalitarian movement which de Gaulle headed in 1947.

Mr. Grinnell-Milne is disdainful about the Fourth Republic and enthusiastic about the Fifth. No doubt at present de Gaulle is a much more "liberal" man than he was in the days of the RPF, but it is still more than doubtful whether the *apolitisme*, the daddy-knows-best moods he has encouraged in France during the last four years, will prove such a good thing in the long run. And although, threatened with complete chaos in Algeria, he has been in a hurry of late to wind up the hostilities there, is it not true that he

(*Continued on page* 34)

—From the book.

Charles de Gaulle—daddy knows best.

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Chopping at Racial Barriers

"Diary of a Sit-In," by Merrill Proudfoot *(University of North Carolina Press. 204 pp. $5), and* ***"Freedom Ride," by James Peck*** *(Simon & Schuster. 160 pp. $3.50), concern the nonviolent challenging of denials to some citizens the basic human rights accorded to others. John LaFarge, S.J., associate editor of America, was an originator of the Catholic interracial movement in the United States.*

By JOHN LAFARGE

WHEN the Reverend Merrill Proudfoot decided to challenge the segregated seating arrangements at the lunch counters of the leading department stores of Knoxville, Tenn., he brought to the task an anxious and questioning heart. His day-by-day narrative of just what happened to himself and his associates reminds one of the sentiments of the Apostle Paul in his journeyings and perils by land and sea: "fighting without and fear within" (2 Cor. 7,5). "Diary of a Sit-In" records a sensitive man's experiences when involved in a perfectly harmless and legal project, yet one that runs counter to the habits and prejudices of most of the good people of his own community.

The "Diary" flushes a covey of vexatious ethical choices, such as the rightness of using economic pressure to achieve moral ends. With a delicately poised aim, the author's conscientious inquiry tries to bring them down one by one, yet leaves some of the more durable dilemmas still mildly fluttering. It is no mere pleasantry when a devout minister of the Gospel is accused of being a wilful law-breaker.

Southern towns, the author reminds us, are for the most part peaceful, tranquil places—in so many ways more neighborly, more humanly cordial than their Northern counterparts. An essential ingredient in that tranquillity is the cheerful acceptance of a positively second-class status by the Negro element in the population. It is therefore terribly disturbing when the young graduates of nicely equipped, separate-but-equal Negro high schools and colleges discover mountainous obstacles barring employment in the very skills—professional or technical—that they have so laboriously learned. No amount of lecturing and bullying by segregationist governors, state officials, or legislators can blind these young people to the barbed-wire barriers that loom between them and the rights of ordinary citizenship. And lunch-counter *Verbotens* are a perpetual reminder of that barbed-wire barrier. Why is it that The Wall in Berlin so shocks us yet becomes a sacrosanct relic of good times long forgotten when erected at—of all places—a public eating counter right here in the land of liberty?

A specially sour note is added by the continually suasive murmurings of our national advertising industry directed at *all* citizens, and selling all "facilities." It's a most curious world for young black people to grow up in. We rightly preach to them a sense of responsibility, yet we canonize irresponsibility at the lunch counter's edge.

James Peck's "Freedom Ride" deals with the same basic theme: the nonviolent challenging of denials of ordinary human rights and decencies in a segregation-minded community. The

(*Continued on page* 39)

—*UPI.*

"A curious world for young black people to grow up in."

—*Fred Powledge*

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FICTION

The Indecisive Denouement

'A Spirit Rises,' by Sylvia Townsend Warner *(Viking. 210 pp. $3.75), displays the varied wares of a gifted storyteller. Hallie Burnett, who teaches creative writing at Sarah Lawrence College, is co-editor of Story magazine.*

By HALLIE BURNETT

SINCE it is the sharpest and briefest form in dramatic literature, and since there is room in the short story for humor or pathos, realism or symbolism, it has, as shown by Sylvia Townsend Warner in "A Spirit Rises," something for everyone.

Take the story "Barnby Robinson," where the wrongdoer in a triangle becomes the victim in an unforeseen way. At the beginning the situation is conventional enough: a playwright is leaving home for another woman, an actress, and a sad little scene takes place between him and the patient wife he forsakes. "On both their parts it was an expedient not to look at each other," we are told, and here, as always, Miss Warner shows us both her hands; no tricks up her sleeves. Yet as the story progresses we become increasingly disturbed by the very qualities we have admired in the wife, until these lead her, finally, to act as a monstrous hand of justice. After that the "other woman" has her revenge; and no doubt if the story were to be continued another paragraph the tables would be turned again, quite as effectively.

In "In a Shaken House" we see a familiar Katherine Mansfield-type character, Miss Turner, inspecting a furnished bed-sitting-room-and-kitchenette, which happens to be beside the railroad tracks. "Nobody ever notices the trains after the first week," says the owner of the house; and indeed this is so. But wait, now. Where Katherine Mansfield might have shown Miss Turner as a fortuneteller being cast out by a "good family" and growing from youth to middle age; where she might have even provided the final ironic touch of a brother who comes to Miss Turner to have his own fortune read, hoping she will predict the early demise of their stepmother, we go on from there. For the fate of this Miss Turner is more than an ironic justification of her choice of a profession; the small, almost unnoticed subplot produces a final trap, ending the story on a note of impending disaster.

In "A Dressmaker" there is a memorable application of the Chekhovian method for presenting incidental character vividly to the eye of the reader—as when the Honorable Mrs. Benson appears at the dressmaker's rooms, first to order and then to model her magnificent ball gowns—but turns out, unfortunately, to be quite mad.

"The Snow Guest" tells about a young adolescent's jealousy of his mother's sentimental urge to shelter an escaped convict; but, true to Miss Warner's probing view of life, the mother has the last word.

The title story is a delicately bitter vignette in which Ellie, the daughter of a teacher who is remembered with reverence by his pupils, reveals the tragedy of her own life to one of them. She was, she says, "her father's Cinderella, [who] went barefoot like the cobbler's child in the adage."

There is a variety of other fine stories in this book, all but two of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*—but no matter. These are tales that can be reread, if only for the delight of observing Miss Warner's lucid prose and savoring the grace of her one-step-beyond endings—in the style of the best short story writers today. For if some part of each story always seems left for the future to resolve, the immediate objectives are concluded tidily enough, and it is unlikely that any reader will leave the collection unsatisfied.

Porter and the Promising

"Prize Stories 1962: The O. Henry Awards," edited by Richard Poirier *(Doubleday. 284 pp. $4.50), gives reassurance of the healthy condition of American fiction as manifested in the work of younger writers. William Peden is director of the University of Missouri Press.*

By WILLIAM PEDEN

THIS current O. Henry Awards volume, the second under the able editorship of Richard Poirier, is highlighted by the work of new or recent young writers. A notable and almost isolated exception is Katherine Anne Porter, whose story "Holiday," originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is the editor's selection for first prize.

Miss Porter's account of life and death in the household of a patriarchal German family in the blackland Texas farm country shows no diminution of her sure command of characters. As always, she is concerned with realities above or beyond her specific narrative framework of time and place; as always, she suggests these realities in prose as richly textured as fine velvet. Her picture of a family of prosperous landowners bound together by their devotion to work sets in high relief the figure of Ottilie, a deformed daughter relegated to the position of kitchen slavey. Ottilie and the Müllers are unforgettable; but "Holiday" seems to me slightly topheavy and burdened in places by the intrusion of the narrator's personality.

Thomas Pynchon heads the impressively large group of newer writers. His "Under the Rose" is a complex story about a British professional spy engaged in a now nearly forgotten international crisis in turn-of-the-century Egypt. It is almost a novel in miniature, with many effectively drawn characters, swift narrative turns, and serious socio-political implications. It is written in a curiously mannered style (initially, I must confess, I found his crowded opening sequence almost as unreadable as the first pages of "War and Peace"); the reader will soon discover, however, that this not only works but is necessary and inevitable.

Another very good writer, new to me, is David Jackson. The biographical notes concerning him are tantalizingly incomplete; whether he has published before I don't know, but he will be heard from again. His "The English Gardens" is a humorous presentation of an academic young American poet's involvement with some wryly observed American intellectuals in Europe. Also noteworthy is Tom Cole's politics-conscious portrayal of an American student's brief encounter with a Russian girl, "Familiar Usage in Leningrad," which is the winner of the third prize

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and the author's first published story. Other effective stories include "Sled," by Thomas E. Adams; "The Aztec Dog," by John Graves; "The Star Blanket," by Shirley W. Schoonover; "Professorio Collegio," by David Shaber, and "The Warrior Princess Ozimba," by Reynolds Price, whose first novel, "A Long and Happy Life," has recently received wide acclaim.

Such work by these and other young writers underscores the healthy condition of American fiction, and tends to repudiate the wild cries of the literary Jeremiahs who, each season, bewail its sickness and impending death without, it would appear, always taking the trouble to keep up with it.

As usual, nearly all of these stories originally appeared in the small-circulation magazines. *The Atlantic Monthly*, which published the first- and third-prize-winners, heads the list; others include *The Colorado Quarterly*, *Noble Savage*, and *The Sewanee Review*.

SEARCHLIGHT ON THE ANONYMOUS: In "The Best of Everything," one of the eleven short stories in **"Eleven Kinds of Loneliness"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50), Grace and Ralph are about to be married, and in his description of the day before their wedding Richard Yates tells us just about all we need to know of the young New York couple. The choice of detail is so unerring, the dialogue so utterly recognizable, it is impossible for the reader not to feel a sense of pain, even though he knows that Grace and Ralph will make the best of a miserable compromise. The story was rightly included in one of the O. Henry prize collections—and it might be mentioned, too, that Yates (author of the highly praised "Revolutionary Road") got to the title well ahead of Rona Jaffe.

Grace and Ralph aren't important people; in fact, they are typical people, the kind found anywhere and everywhere. Mr. Yates depends on our recognizing his characters, and many of his stories gain strength not because they are unique, but because he has thrown a searchlight on the lives of the more or less anonymous ones. And after he has pierced their defenses he allows them a moment of compassion (*our* compassion), as befits their helpless state. He does it, too, with a smooth and accurate style that never fails to be readable. Begin reading his stories and you don't put them down until the end, not because the characterizations are colorful and the incidents tricky or surprising, but because he cleverly, effortlessly involves us in them.

There is Miss Snell, sixty-year-old third-grade teacher, hopelessly mired in her old-fashioned instruction and disciplinary methods, whose "clothes seemed always to exude that dry essence of pencil shavings and chalk dust that is the smell of school." An absolutely forgettable person, and yet you don't forget her. There is Sergeant Reece, who tried to make soldiers out of the recruits in his platoon, and might have succeeded if his efforts hadn't got him transferred elsewhere. And Walter Henderson, who can't quite make it in the narrow-lapelled milieu of Madison Avenue. None of Mr. Yates's people ever quite make it. They give what they can of themselves, and usually discover it isn't enough, and the concern of the author is to show the heartbreak behind the façades of their lives.

The range of these stories of loneliness is, however, narrow; and after a time one begins to wonder why, over the span of ten years in which they were written, Mr. Yates didn't explore farther. What is done is done exceedingly well—and it is all of a piece, too—yet Mr. Yates confines himself to a scale of a relatively few notes. "But where are the windows?" asks the narrator of the final story in the volume. "Where does the light come in?" Good questions, for in all the eleven stories the impression is left that the light is rather gray, rather hopeless.

—Hollis Alpert.

THE PRECARIOUS AGES: For two stirring summers, plus the winter in between for hunting and ice-fishing, a lively colony of city folks, grown-ups and their young from several walks of life, sets up vacation headquarters somewhere on the shore of Lake Michigan.

But it's not so much vacation, in Helga Sandburg's new novel, **"The Owl's Roost"** (Dial, $4.95), as it is the stormy and hectic ways of going on living, for the older, and beginning to live, for their offspring. Among the adults we meet an evangelist, a doctor, a celebrated newsman, a hard drinker, and the native who builds and rents the cottages. Among the children, who have mostly reached the precarious age when one more step will speed them out of ignorance and innocence into happiness or disaster, we find those characters whom the author had in mind, and in heart, when she quoted Wordsworth on her title page:

> . . . see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Clara Olson, daughter of Doctor Bill and Elizabeth and sister of Gus, oc-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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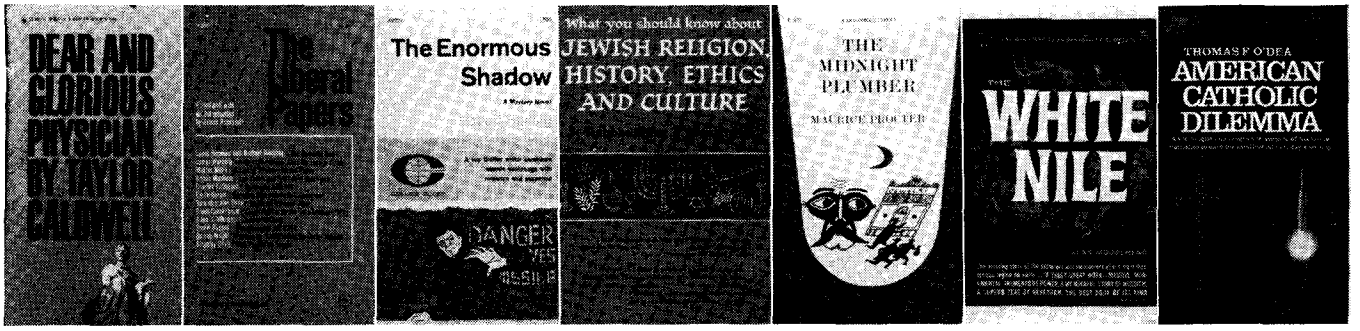

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WE'RE ALWAYS fascinated by advertising promotions, especially the tiptoe subliminal approach. One of the neatest promotion jobs is designed to publicize Taylor Caldwell's **"Dear and Glorious Physician"** (60¢), a novel which in hardcover snuggled securely on the bestseller list for sixty-three weeks. Its paperback publishers, Bantam, aren't taking any chances. All Curtis personnel in key cities across the country have been requested to carry the book to and from work, letting the public know that everyone's reading "DAGP."

Dell has a prize to give—$5,000 for the best novel submitted, which will appear this fall in Delta books, a new quality paperback series. Mary McCarthy, Leslie Fiedler, and Walter van Tilburg Clark are the judges; deadline is May 31.

All it takes is an hour a day of reading and your yearly total will be: eight "light" books, seventeen of average difficulty, ten of solid reading, and five requiring close study—that's forty books a year. Anyway, that's what Walter B. Pitkin reports in **"The Art of Rapid Reading"** ($1.25), a new Universal paperback.

A lot of fuss and feathers have been stirred by **"The Liberal Papers"** ($1.25), an original paperback, edited by James Roosevelt, containing essays on foreign policy by such outspoken men as David Riesman and James Warburg. Certain Republicans have seized upon it as evidence of the "far left" attitude of certain Democrats. But the publishers, Anchor, are unperturbed. They plan to publish another volume, dealing this time with domestic affairs.

New American Library has been doing handsprings ever since President Kennedy gave a nod of approval to Ian Fleming's suspense novels. The Fleming thrillers, featuring secret agent James Bond, who chooses his caviar and his women with equal care, have always sold well. Now sales are booming. **"Live and Let Die,"** **"Casino Royale,"** and **"Goldfinger"** (50¢ each) have been reissued, and now more than 2,500,000 copies of Fleming books are in print. Meanwhile Mr. Fleming—smoking, we're sure, only Uppman cigars—sits in Jamaica, dreaming up new exploits to keep the champagne flowing.

GREEN THOUGHTS IN A GREEN SHADE: It's planting time, and to those would-be gardeners bemoaning the lack of a green thumb: don't despair. The thumb is superfluous now that **"Taylor's Garden Guide"** (Dell, 95¢) is around. This encyclopedia of horticulture discusses it all, from the lowliest groundcover to the stateliest scarlet oak . . . Edwin F. Steffek's **"Gardening the Easy Way"** (Pyramid, 60¢) is another all-season planting guide, crammed with diagrams, charts, and kindly advice. You don't need a fat country acre, either; Mr. Steffak has some neat tips for city dwellers who hanker for a bit of greenery.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

LIGHT READING

One man's light reading is another man's Sunday dinner. We know people who define light reading as "words to doze by in a hammock on a sunny afternoon." The books below are not, in any case, especially recommended for collateral reading in Senior English.

In the event that you like to laugh in that hammock, Ogden Nash's **"I'm a Stranger Here Myself"** (Universal, $1.45) affords ample opportunity. While most of his works are too long to quote, here is a rare limerick: "There was a young belle of old Natchez/Whose garments were always in patchez./When comment arose/On the state of her clothes,/She drawled, 'When Ah itchez, Ah scratchez'." And if limericks amuse you, **"Out on a Limerick"** (Cardinal, 35¢), collected by Bennett Cerf, includes, for example: "The bottle of perfume that Willie sent/Was highly displeasing to Millicent./Her thanks were so cold/That they quarreled, I'm told,/Through that silly scent Willy sent Millicent."

And there is no gainsaying the wit and humor of Cornelia Otis Skinner in **"That's Me All Over"** (Apollo, $1.85), which collects the best of her work, including such sparkling pieces as, if you remember, "Pour le sport," "Platform Performance," and "Wednesday Matinee."

Among the recent thrillers and suspense stories that entertained us is Geoffrey Household's **"Watcher in the Shadows"** (Bantam, 50¢), an ingenious tale of a man hunted down by an unknown assailant for a crime he didn't commit. **"I'll Be Judge, I'll Be Jury"** (Dell, 40¢), by Elizabeth Hely, follows a young widower on a search through the south of France for his wife's murderer. **"Marnie"** (Crest, 50¢), by Winston Graham, an old hand at the romantic suspense story, has an exciting plot about a girl who makes her living stealing. But of course what's really interesting here is the news that Princess Grace K. will appear in the Hitchock-directed film made from this story.

Robert Harling's **"The Enormous Shadow"** (Collier, 95¢) is another demonstration of the ease with which so many English writers turn out first-rate espionage stories. This one was undoubtedly inspired by the Burgess-MacLean and Klaus Fuchs episodes. It's good. Two other polished English suspense story writers are well represented: Andrew Garve with **"The Narrow Search"** (Collier, 95¢) and Maurice Procter (the John Creasey of Manchester) with **"The Midnight Plumber"** (Dolphin, 95¢).

RELIGION

There is a fairly prevalent attitude that once ritual and tradition are cleared away, all religions are pretty much

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alike. The contributors to **"Patterns of Faith in America Today"** (Collier, 95¢) disagree. In essays on Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism, and Natural Humanism they are concerned with essential differences. Editor F. Ernest Johnson has written a wise and thoughtful introduction.

Another book having to do with religion in America is Franklin Hamlin Littell's **"From State Church to Pluralism"** (Anchor, 95¢), which follows the winding path of Protestantism from Colonial days to its modern role.

In **"The American Catholic Dilemma"** (60¢), sociologist Thomas F. O'Dea delves into such complex questions as parochial schools, censorship, and American Catholics in intellectual life. This is one of the new Mentor Omega books, a series devoted to Catholic scholarship.

Theodore Maynard's **"Great Catholics in American History"** (All Saints Press, 50¢) traces the development of the Church in the U.S. in twenty-one brief biographies, ranging from the seventeenth-century missionary Saint Isaac Joques to Alfred E. Smith.

From St. Thomas Aquinas's Five Proofs of the Existence of God to Thomas Merton's notes on the contemplative life, **"A Treasury of Catholic Thinking"** (Apollo, $1.95), compiled by Ralph L. Woods, samples—sometimes too succinctly—the Catholic viewpoint.

One aspect of George Santayana's "The Life of Reason," now published in five paperback volumes (Collier, 95¢ each), is the philosophical discourse **"Reason in Religion."** The volume so titled discusses faith, the nature of religious belief, and its relation to charity, piety, and mythology.

Rabbi Sidney L. Markowitz's **"What You Should Know About Jewish Religion, History, Ethics and Culture"** (Citadel, $1.75) is as all-inclusive as its title indicates. It's a handbook to bar mitzvahs, kosher foods, world Jewry, rites, rituals, festivals. There's also a lively section on the wisdom of the Talmud.

The discovery in 1947 of the Dead Sea Scrolls has given rise to vast quantities of scholarly writings, some of which have already found their way into paperback: Frank Moore Cross, Jr.'s **"The Ancient Library of Qumran"** (Anchor, $1.25), Jean Danielou's **"The Dead Sea Scrolls and Primitive Christianity"** (Mentor Omega, 60¢), and A. Dupont-Sommer's **"The Essene Writings from Qumran"** (Meridian, $1.95). The last is a heavily annotated translation of those texts so far available; from the Hymn Scroll comes this poetic passage: "I give Thee thanks, O Adonai /for Thou has placed me as a fount of rivers in a dry place/and as a spring of waters in an arid land/and as garden waters in a wilderness!"

THE AMERICAN WEST

Among the favored literary genres of the past century were tales of real-life capture by Indians. "Reader, imagine my feeling: the desolate white woman in the power of revengeful savages, not daring to speak, lest their fury fall on my defenseless head," writes nineteen-year-old Fanny Kelly in **"My Captivity Among the Sioux Indians"** (Corinth, $1.75). First published in 1871 (and this volume contains the original illustrations), Mrs. Kelly's prose may be purple but her observations of Indian life are keen, vivid, and terrifying.

Thomas Henry Tibbles has a far happier recollection of his Indian adventures. In his memoirs, **"Buckskin and Blanket Days"** (Bantam, 60¢), Tibbles recalls his experiences as circuit preacher, advocate of Indian rights, and Populist Party candidate.

Jesse James was one of those who heard Tibbles speak and tossed silver "for the Gospel" after a hymn-sing, a fact not altogether surprising after one has read his autobiography **"The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James"** (Collier, 95¢). James himself had once taught a hymn-singing class, remained to the end a gentle husband, father, and all-around family man. In fact, he was helping his wife with the spring cleaning when he was shot to death.

George A. Custer, the youngest general in the Union Army, retained his yellow curls and boyish exuberance right up to the finale at Little Big Horn. In **"My Life on the Plains"** (Citadel, $1.95), which appeared in 1872-74 as a series of articles, he paints a blazing picture of frontier days.

Carl P. Russell's **"Guns on the Early Frontiers"** (University of California, $2.45) is more than a history of firearms; in its story of muskets and rifles and of the men who owned them and traded them it reflects the conquest of the West.

AFRICA

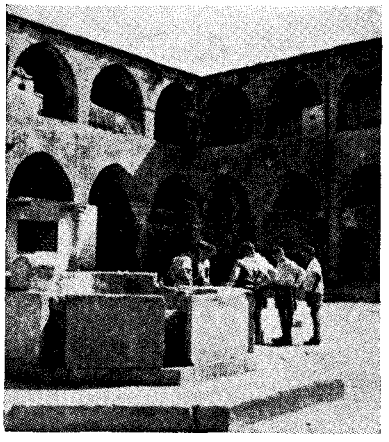
For the newly emerging African states, today is only a moment in time, somewhere between an ageless past and an unknown future. In a far-reaching study, **"Continuity and Change in African Cultures"** (Phoenix, $1.95), edited by William R. Bascom and Melville J. Herskovits, various specialists discuss Africa—its peoples, languages, religions—during this critical period of transition.

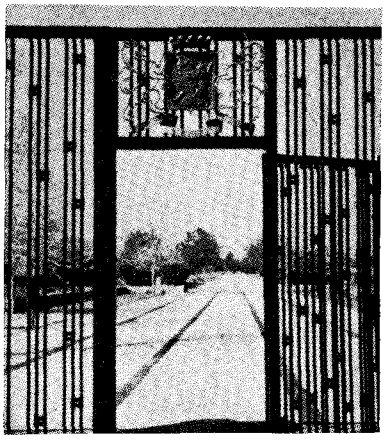
Jomo Kenyatta, leader of African nationalism and grandson of a medicine man, typifies the new Africa. In **"Facing Mt. Kenya"** (Vintage, $1.45), Kenyatta explains the complicated tribal system of the Kikuyus in central Kenya.

"Africa and the West" (Praeger, $1.95), by Arnold Rivkin, director of the U.S. Economic Mission to Nigeria, examines Africa's manifold needs.

It's almost with a sigh of relief that one comes to Alan Moorehead's **"The White Nile"** (Dell, 75¢). Here, in an account of last century's explorations of Central Africa, the worst perils were jungle beasts and desert riders. Tame fare indeed when compared to the present-day African dilemma.

A LEISURELY JOURNEY through an ancient—and new—land is experienced in **"Exodus Revisited"** (Bantam, 75¢), written by Leon Uris and illustrated with Dimitrios Harissiadis's 250 photographs. "Israel is a land of contrasts—of modern hotels and ancient olive trees; of young girls in slacks and elders with traditional beards. . . . Israel is the common homeland of the Jew, the Christian and the Moslem. It is a nation with a living history, a memory of violence and pain, a hope for the future. . . ."





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History Makers

Continued from page 28

wasted nearly four years on incoherent shilly-shallying and overclever finessing in his handling of the Algerian tragedy? Grinnell-Milne's assertions that the Algerian "nationalists" (his quotes) are responsible for the breakdown of the Evian conference or that Bourguiba is wholly to blame for the Bizerte blood bath are, to say the least, misleading. He might also have checked some of his other facts more carefully: the Russians were driven back from Warsaw not in 1921, but in 1920; Hitler came to power not in 1932, but in 1933; these, however, are minor details. What is disappointing is that in the large—and admittedly highly readable—section of the book devoted to World War II Mr. Grinnell-Milne should give us little more than a rehash of de Gaulle's own story, instead of drawing on his own wealthy experience and telling us what he himself saw and heard during his own months of association with de Gaulle. I suggest he write another book, much more personal and much less hyperbolic. It might make a valuable contribution to history.

He Led the Boot with Black Shirts

"Il Duce: The Life of Benito Mussolini," by Christopher Hibbert *(Little, Brown. 367 pp. $6), underscores the dramatic highlights of the dictator's youth and career. Gabriel Gersh is a free-lance writer who specializes in Mediterranean affairs.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

THERE have been two major interpretations of Mussolini. One is that of the statesman of genius who mesmerized prewar Europe and won the praise of Winston Churchill and others for the new spirit he instilled in the Italian people and for the zeal with which he fought Communism. The other is that of an arrogant, impulsive, and ruthless man whose Fascist creed, despite feeble attempts to present it as a dynamic new political philosophy, was never more than a transparent disguise for his own political ambitions.

Seventeen years have passed since the degrading end of Mussolini in 1945, and it is now possible for us to probe without rancor the paradoxes in the man. Christopher Hibbert's biography performs this task with admirable skill. The author has maintained an intelligent balance between the various interpretations of Mussolini, and without diminishing the evil in the dictator—though perhaps the evils of the regime are understressed—has made him into a human being.

Mr. Hibbert's testimony is compiled from many witnesses, and it shows that, stripped of the trappings of propaganda, Mussolini really had several positive qualities. He was widely but haphazardly educated; he could speak French and German with reasonable fluency; he was an able polemical journalist, especially in his early Socialist days; he was a magnetic orator whose rise to power was a triumph not only of will and ruthlessness, but also of insight and flexibility.

The author is not primarily concerned with the politician who, if he did not dominate Europe, cast a shadow over it with his bluster and showmanship. Mussolini's maneuvers are lightly sketched, and we are told more about his personal life, his turbulent youth, his bouts of sexual promiscuity, his desire for self-assertion, which led him to indulge a passion for physical fitness, sport cars, and planes.

For those who recall Mussolini at the height of his power Mr. Hibbert's narration of events will revive many memo-

—From the book.

Mussolini—with bluster and showmanship, he cast a shadow over Europe.

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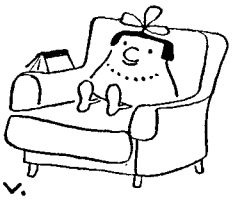
ries: the brutalities he committed against his enemies; his glorification of Italy as a Great Power; the anti-Semitic measures that he adopted from the Nazis, but which he never really carried out; his encounters with Hitler, whose gospel of force he learned to obey and imitate.

If Mr. Hibbert has a fault as a biographer, it is that he is very eager to underscore the dramatic highlights of Mussolini's life. He carefully examines the ouster of Il Duce, the arrest, the daring rescue by the Nazis, the flight from Milan, and the capture. The death scene, which culminated in the defilement of his body, is given in slow, vivid detail.

However, this emphasis on the climax of Mussolini's career throws the biography out of proportion. Surely one



must find fault with an author who devotes half of his book to the war years, when Mussolini was in the throes of physical and mental decline and Italy ceased to be an important factor in European power relationships. Some idea of the lack of balance that results may be gained from the fact that, whereas the last two days of Mussolini's life extend over twenty-four pages, the Abyssinian crisis rates only four. And yet, apart from its intrinsic importance, the Abyssinian adventure was in many ways the turning point in Mussolini's career. It led to his rift with Britain and impelled him toward his alliance with Hitler.

Mr. Hibbert's biography shows knowledge of the available sources as well as scholarship in the use of them. And he has provided as memorable an image of Mussolini as the reader is likely to find in English. Yet one cannot help feeling that Il Duce still awaits his Alan Bullock or William Shirer, who will show him against the background of European power politics, and Fascism itself against the background of the Italian people.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: **5, 6, 1, 7, 8, 3, 2, 4.**

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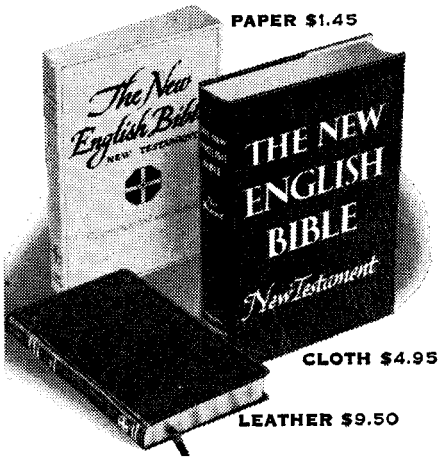

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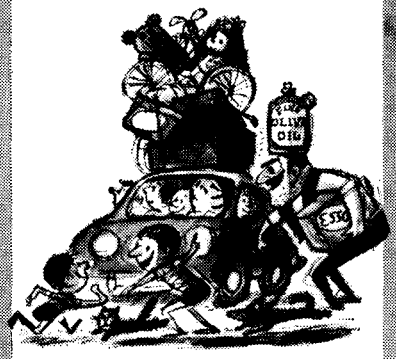

First aid for battered tourists

TO ALL AMERICAN TRAVELERS: If you have felt abused, cheated or misunderstood, this account of a Good Natured American abroad will come as consolation. With a shrewd eye for human absurdity, Gerald Green tells the wry, often hilarious, saga of what happened when he took his wife and children to the Italian Riviera.

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SCRIBNERS

Honest Abe—A to Z

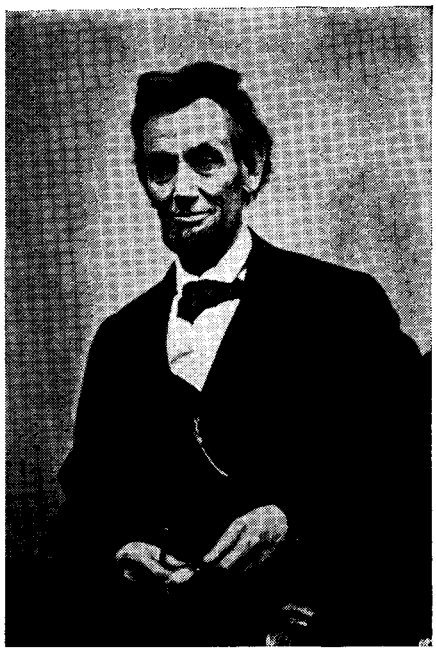
"Lincoln: A Contemporary Portrait," edited by Allan Nevins and Irving Stone *(Doubleday. 226 pp. $4.50), assembles essays by a wide diversity of writers, including Norman Corwin and Marianne Moore, on our many-faceted sixteenth President. David M. Potter is author of "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis," which Yale University Press will reissue later this year.*

By DAVID M. POTTER

IN 1936, in an essay well known among historians, the late J. G. Randall asked a famous question: "Has the Lincoln Theme Been Exhausted?" Fortunately for his own reputation as a prophet, he said that it had not. Ever since then books on Lincoln have continued to accumulate in quantity, while the law of diminishing returns on quality has persistently refused to set in.

The twelve essays that make up "Lincoln: A Contemporary Portrait" offer striking evidence of the wide range of interest in Lincoln, while the variety of authors bears witness to the diversity of people who share this interest. Only four of the twelve essayists are professional historians. Along with them, one finds Marianne Moore, the poet; Norman Corwin, the radio writer; Fawn Brodie, the biographer, and also a United States district judge, a television producer, an expert on the history of the American Indians, a retired businessman, and an investment executive. Is there any other subject, one wonders, on which one could get together such a panel?

The topics covered run the gamut, encompassing Lincoln's humor (Mort Lewis), his biographers (Andrew Rolle), his debates with Douglas (Norman Corwin), his relations with Thaddeus Stevens (Fawn Brodie), his suspension of *habeas corpus* (Sherrill Halbert), his policy toward the Sioux after their 1862 uprising in Minnesota (David Miller), his role in the abortive peace conference at Hampton Roads in February 1865 (Justin Turner), and the books and libraries of his time (Jay Monaghan). Harold Hyman and William E. Marsh devote themselves to the rehabilitation of two of Lincoln's chief advisers, Edwin M. Stanton and Henry W. Halleck respectively. Both essays



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Lincoln—his prose is a "Euclid of the heart."

are well argued, but neither, in my opinion, is entirely successful. Hyman has recently developed his views much more fully in a biography of Stanton.

This variety might be called Lincoln *à la carte*, and each item on the menu is likely to suit the taste of some particular group of readers. But those by Allan Nevins and Marianne Moore will probably have widest appeal. In appraising Lincoln's democratic ideas, Nevins shows cogently that they were practical rather than theoretical. Although Lincoln contributed very little to pure thought on democracy, he believed in it and cleaved to it, without idealizing or overestimating what could be expected of it. Miss Moore, writing on "Lincoln and the Art of the Word," demonstrates with apt quotations his unique combination of rigorous logic and evocation of feeling. Reminding us that he studied six books of Euclid intensively, she observes that Lincoln's prose is a "Euclid of the heart."

In the Introduction, Irving Stone remarks that, although the separate pieces were not designed to form any kind of pattern, nevertheless as each one came in it "seemed to fit as an integral part of a design. Lincoln emerged as a man unified in mind, spirit, and action; we were tempted to title the book: *"United He Stands."*

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 21

are searching for ourselves, our selves—that, through whatever complex of factors, most of us have lost the clear identifying sense of just who and what we are—each of us, just what his real potentialities and limitations are, what that peculiar hallmark of identity that enables him to feel that he not only inhabits but *fits* his skin, all of a piece, body, mind and spirit, thought, word and action one, so that he has made, each to his degree, his peace with himself and gained sufficient self-knowledge to be ready to turn outward to move among others with good will and genuine interest; to engage, in a spirit of mutuality and with a sense of discreteness, friendly otherness, the individuals he meets.

—From "The Hands of Esau," by Hiram Hayden, to be published by Harper in June.

Cheers for Surratt

KATE STONE of Louisiana—whose diary was published in 1955, under the title "Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone, 1861-1868"—is the typical Dixie heroine, as approved by the Southern tradition. In her opinions, she is perfectly orthodox. When the Federal fleet arrives, she declares that the Yankee gunboats "are polluting the waters of the grand old Mississippi." "Is the soul of Nero reincarnated in the form of Butler?" she asks, when General Ben Butler in New Orleans has a Louisiana gentleman shot for tearing down the flag of the Union. "I wonder what will be the result of this diabolical move," she writes of the Emancipation Proclamation. "I think there is little chance of a happy hereafter for President Lincoln." And of Lincoln's assassination she writes, "All honor to J. Wilkes Booth, who has rid the world of a tyrant and made himself famous for generations. Surratt has also won the love and applause of all Southerners by his daring attack on Seward, whose life is trembling in the balance. How earnestly we hope our two avengers may escape to the South, where they will meet with a warm welcome."

—From "Patriotic Gore: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War," by Edmund Wilson, to be published this month by Oxford.

Boom-lay, Boom! at Prep

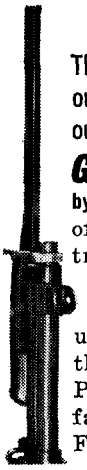
THE PLAYING fields of Princeton, so accessible in my fancy, seemed hopelessly remote then in fact, for I was only just setting foot in the world of blackboards, books, and other boys. This world opened for me one September day when I was put in the car, taken to Great Neck Preparatory School with my sisters, who were already sprinkled through the upper grades, and installed in kindergarten. Great Neck Prep was a private country day school, several miles from home, which was founded in the early 1920's by B. Lord Buckley. Mr. Buckley must have been quite a figure in primary education, for he founded four or five other schools in and around New York. I remember him faintly from one of my first school assemblies—an old man in black, dangling and snapping his gold watch to amuse the youngest boys and girls. Another old man I remember from the same misty period was Vachel Lindsay, the poet, who came to give a "recital." To us moppets in the front row he seemed like some grotesque prophet, his white hair astray, his voice intoning "Boom-lay, boom-lay, boom-lay, boom!" We tittered, and were hustled back to our classroom to be disciplined for not recognizing culture when we saw it.

—By William Zinsser, from "Five Boyhoods: Howard Lindsay, Harry Golden, Walt Kelly, William K. Zinsser and John Updike," edited by Martin Levin, to be published this month by Doubleday.

Slavish Habits

THERE was no mistaking the bitterness and hopelessness which may have been long housed within [Morris Lindsay], thinly guised with an easy affability, an ever-ready badinage.

"You came here expecting to find us all practically standing on our heads in an ecstacy of freedom gained. Freedom! You heard or perhaps read of others fighting and dying for freedom and you thought that if other parts of Africa are like that, Sierra Leone cannot be different. You couldn't be more wrong. We're different because we never fought for anything. I'm talking about the Sierra Leone the world knows, that little piece of it which is called the colony because the protectorate is still mostly unknown territory. The freed slaves who settled here never really got over being slaves; they persisted in their slavish habits and treated the indigenous Africans as badly, if not worse, than they had once been treated. To them the British settlers and traders were not oppressors or exploiters, but examples which they assiduously copied in dress, speech, religion and attitudes. There is no genuine background of mistrust and antagonism here between the black settlers and the white, and not very much between the black indigenes and the white administrators either. But the indigenes had had very little reason to love the creoles, who were



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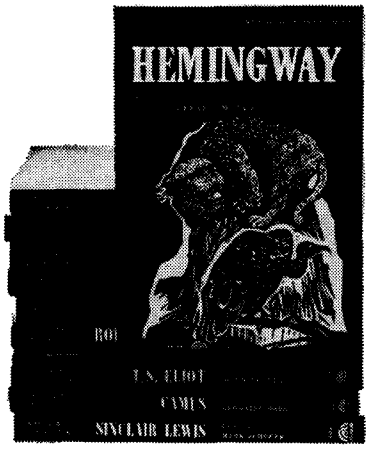

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for the most part Western educated and maintained a kind of black elite group in the colony."

—From "A Kind of Homecoming," by E. R. Braithwaite, to be published this month by Prentice-Hall.

Frustrating the Sharks

IT IS funny that people always think of the Arctic as a place of snow and frost and terrible winters. They forget, or perhaps they have never heard, about the summers when the sun is in the sky both night and day, when your eyes get tired even when you wake up in the morning because the tent is so bright and when it is too hot to cover your head with caribou skins to get some darkness. In such a smiling summer there is dead calm weather for weeks at a time. There is not wind enough to blow out a match, and not a cloud is in the sky. Such things are hardly known in other places of the world. I have spent days and days in the Arctic at such a season sitting out in a kayak, waiting for seals to pop up to the surface of the water so that I might either hurl my harpoon into them or shoot them with a gun. In the latter case I always hope that I can get close enough to them to get my harpoon into their bodies before they sink, because a seal is lean at that time of the year. It has been sleeping on the ice throughout the spring instead of eating, and does not have enough blubber to buoy it up, so it sinks to the bottom—to the great delight of the sharks, but not the hunter.

—From "Peter Freuchen's Book of Arctic Exploration," edited and with a preface by Dagmar Freuchen, to be published this month by Coward-McCann.

Fiction

Continued from page 31

cupants of the "Owl's Roost," is the first to catch our fancy, and she stays with us loyally to the end. She finds the drowned body of a Potawatomi Bible Club girl, and finally she will have to endure the tragedy of another death. In the meantime, she runs onto a scene of dalliance between her mother and the dashing reporter, father of the boy she will grow fond of; she manages to slip her supple, youthful shoulders out from under the heavy arm of bold

Monk Ardway; she charms you with her abundant mixture of the sweet, eager, naïve, fearful, and adventurous.

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—W. G. Rogers.

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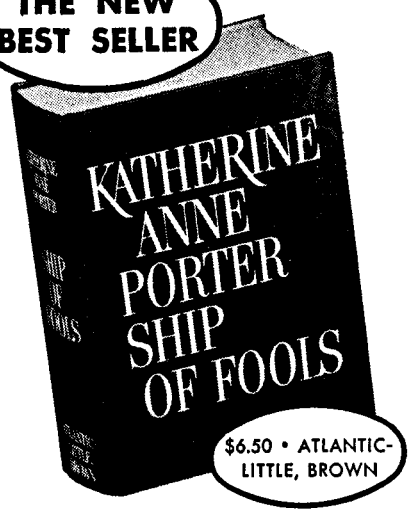

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Books in the News

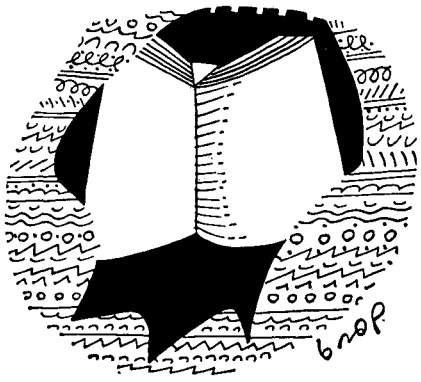
Continued from page 29

tests were purposely carried out in several most bitterly contested sections. Distinctive are the jail and road-gang experiences of young nonviolent volunteers in such places as Tallahassee, Fla., Rock Hill, S.C., Montgomery, Ala., and elsewhere. The author, incidentally, is honest enough to mention that the Catholic school in Rock Hill, S.C., "was desegregated without incident, and without outcry from segregationists." (May I add that this action took place before the Supreme Court decree of May 17, 1954.)

Some of his story's effectiveness is marred by the fact that Jim Peck and other Freedom Ride pioneers were old pacifist hands and habitual protesters. Pacifism is another question, and you may argue it on its own merits, but (save for the nonviolent method employed), it is not pertinent to the Freedom Ride movement as such.

From a practical point of view, the example of Knoxville is impressive; there the movement was planned and executed by the local educators, clergy, and other responsible persons of both races. The mayor himself was sympathetic, and the police, whatever their personal convictions, did in the main a good job of preserving order. In Mr. Proudfoot's analysis, the Knoxville experience pointed out the need, a universal one, for a wide program of popular education both within the churches and outside them. Without such an educational program, much of a protest's vigor is sapped at the roots. Not every objective was achieved, but a goodly number were.

Reverend Proudfoot is a bit vexed by the difficulty of getting his sympathetic clergymen to work out a coordinated plan. I regret the sudden note of bitterness with which he concludes his story, and judge it as rather a bit of rhetoric. Certainly he and his brave, kindly associates came off much better than did the fiery prophet Amos at the hands of the pompous Amaziah (Amos 7, 10-17).



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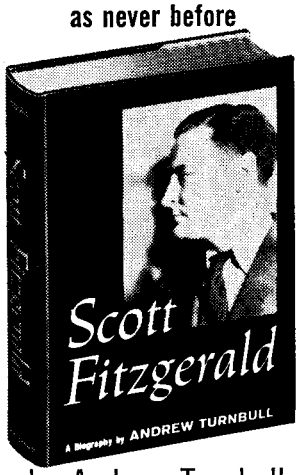

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The study of all branches of zoology is important to a fuller knowledge of biology which, in turn, is essential to a better understanding of the human body. Unfortunately, many potential zoologists may never pursue this science because they may never go to college. Already many of our colleges are overcrowded and in 10 years applications will double. We will need more and better college laboratories and thousands more of the highest quality professors.

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Bernstein Conducts Nielsen, Gould Plays Brahms—Munch

BEING as articulate as he is may have its problems for Leonard Bernstein, but it also has its advantages—as a way of avoiding ulcers, say. Rather than repressing his disagreement with a soloist's conception of a work they recently performed with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, or swallowing his pride (than which there is nothing more indigestible) and sharing the critical consequence, he simply prefaced the performance with a verbal statement of his disagreement, praised the player as a "valid and serious artist" with a right to his views, and got on with the job.

Unorthodox as this procedure may be, it may be the orthodox way in the future for a conductor to deal with the problem of collaborating—as the expression goes—with the unquestionably talented, wholly individualistic Glenn Gould. When he first came into view (1955), the range of his eccentricities, whether conducting with one hand while he played with the other, singing in an undertone, or slumping cross-legged at the keyboard, did not intrude on the rectitude of his musical impulses, their vitality, and, with rare exceptions, their justice. But time, and success, have given him the aspect of a musical Don Quixote tilting at windmills of conformity.

On this occasion vitality was the one element conspicuously lacking in his performance of the Brahms No. 1, which (like some solo pieces of this composer he recorded a while back) was slow to the point of sluggishness. Even if his view of the first movement could be indulged, it imposed (by a percentage of contrast) a funereal pace on the following adagio which left it gasping for breath. The fundamental fact is, however, that Gould didn't show the breadth of pianistic style or the technical resource to play this work impressively at any tempi, even his own.

One by-product of this by-product of the evening's music was to detract attention from the first half of the program, which, being devoted to works of Carl Nielsen, was unique in itself. First there was the spirited "Maskarade" overture efficiently performed under the direction of John Canarina, one of Bernstein's assistants this season, then the Fifth Symphony of 1921, not previously performed by this orchestra. Not the most approachable of the six for a listener unversed in the Dane's vocabulary, it has the practical merit of being highly performable. Its thematic seeds are nurtured into orchestral growths of radiance and power, it proceeds from movement to movement with a sure sense of direction.

As Gould rejects the strain of playing the full Philharmonic sequence, Andre Previn had the opportunity for an appearance at the Saturday night concert as soloist in the Shostakovitch Piano Concerto No. 1. Musically, Previn qualified without question, and pianistically he commands this work. But the sound he produces—dry, percussive, and a little shallow—speaks the tonal accent of his jazz and pop orientation in a way that is hard to disguise.

The musical equivalent of the changing of the guard occupied the attention of two audiences in Carnegie Hall during the week as Charles Munch directed his final concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With him went the tradition of a Saturday matinee, for in Philharmonic Hall, next season, the orchestra will have two evening concerts.

Those who recall the similar departure of Serge Koussevitzky in 1949 from the orchestra he led for twenty-five years would describe that as a wrench, this merely as a separation. An unquestionably attractive personality (attested by the long-continued applause at the end of his final "Daphnis et Chloé" as he stood beside a huge gilded wreath dispatched by a subscriber of sixty-five years' devotion) as well as a genuinely modest man, Munch will be remembered more for the strength of his narrow affinities than the depth of his broad sympathies. Nor, for that matter, is the Boston "primacy" among orchestras of the world what it used to be. It has, of course, status; but its stature is in need of attention.

Arousing, as always, were the performances of Berlioz's "Symphonie fantastique," Debussy's "La Mer," and the Ravel which comprised both programs. Something of the character of the man, however, was revealed in his insistence on sharing the applause with Richard Burgin, retiring as the orchestra's concertmaster after a career that began in 1920, and with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, for her part as solo flutist in the Ravel. Indeed, Munch's introduction of her as the first female soloist in the Boston Symphony's history may be among his most remembered deeds.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Public Interest Advertisement Addressed to the Readers of *Saturday Review*

President Kennedy's call for physical fitness has alerted many of us to a major health problem facing most Americans. But what can each of us do about it? Here are some specific recommendations.

WE MAY BE SITTING OURSELVES TO DEATH

by FRANK R. NEU,

Director, Public Relations, American Dairy Association

ACADEMY

The Human Machine Needs Regular Physical Activity To Function At Its Very Best

The subject of physical fitness has received much publicity and a great deal of lip service in recent years. President Kennedy has issued another call to the nation to become alarmed about and to take some action to correct the apparently poor state of physical well-being in this country.

There is a note of urgency behind this latest call for action to build physical fitness. At a time when the nation faces a growing need for strength in its people as well as in its machines, the record for physical fitness is not one to be proud of.

The Selective Service system has been rejecting one out of each two young men called for duty in the Armed Forces because of physical, mental, or moral unfitness. Physical unfitness ranks high, and it is very likely that some of the mental and moral unfitness may be the result of the physical problems.

Studies among American youths, in comparison with European youths, have been conducted by Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber in the Posture Clinic of the New York Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. Six tests for muscular strength and flexibility were given to more than 4,000 American children and to almost 3,000 children in Switzerland, Austria, and Italy. The results show that almost 58% of the American youths failed one or more of these tests while less than 9% of the European children failed one or more.

Yale University also reports a steady decline in the state of physical fitness of freshmen entering each year. While 51% of the class of 1951 passed the fitness tests at Yale, 43% of the class of 1956 passed, and only 38% of the class of 1960 were able to perform satisfactorily.

But physical fitness, or the lack of it, is not a problem confined to youth alone. It is a growing health menace to young adults and middle aged adults, and we might understand why this is true if we take a look into the life of Mr. Joe Citizen, middle class suburban dweller, on an ordinary day.

JOE MOVES FEW MUSCLES

Joe drags himself out of bed at 7 a.m., showers, shaves, gulps down a hasty and nutritionally inadequate breakfast. His lovely wife drives him to the railroad station. Even if Joe drove himself, he wouldn't get much exercise because his car has power steering, power brakes, power window lifts, power seat controls. Less vigorously than she might desire, Joe's wife receives a goodbye kiss as Joe slides out of the car, walks a few steps to board the 7:47. Half an hour later he walks almost half a block to catch a bus which deposits him 22 steps from his office building door.

Joe is likely to sit at his desk until noon. If he's having a busy day, he may ask his cute blonde secretary to bring in a sandwich and a cup of coffee for his lunch. On the other hand, Joe may be one of those tycoons who closes big business deals over "martinis-and-rich-food" lunches, following which he returns to the office and sits some more until quitting time. Arriving home, Joe feels the need of a drink or two before dinner to "unwind."

After eating a heavy meal, Joe decides that tonight he needs relaxation because of his rough day at the office. He proceeds to relax by slouching into a chair before the television set. After sitting through the late movie, he crawls into bed, awakens at 7 a.m. the next morning to start all over again.

Along comes Saturday. Joe feels that his tough week of rowing an oar in the stream of commerce and industry has earned him a few hours on the golf course. He drives to the country club, mounts an electric golf cart, plays 18 holes, joins the boys back in the clubhouse for a few drinks. Feeling good about all the exercise he's had, Joe drives home and eats a big

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dinner, knowing that he has used extra energy playing golf, of course.

JILL LIVES LONGER

Let's consider Jill, Joe's wife, for a moment. Chances are, on the basis of current statistics, Jill will outlive Joe by anywhere from five to 25 years. Medical science is not sure yet whether this is because Jill has different hormones from Joe or whether it is a result of the different roles which Joe and Jill fulfill in our society because of these different hormones.

The average suburban Jill is likely to be a homemaker responsible for rearing two or more children. It is safe to assume that any woman with this responsibility is going to get a lot of daily exercise no matter how many gadgets she has to help her do the housework. A homemaker does a lot of walking each day merely to push the buttons and start the machines that wash the clothes, cook the meals, and remove the dust. And she also does a good deal of bending each day to pick up after Joe and the junior members of the family. All in all, Jill is likely to get much more exercise than Joe. This may have a significant relationship to Jill's outliving Joe, who no longer hikes the dusty trail to bring home the buffalo meat and hides to feed and clothe his family.

So much for Joe and Jill. Does all the hue and cry about our low state of physical fitness really have any rational basis, or is this merely an effort to sell more gymnasium equipment that will gather dust after a week of use?

SUPERIOR MENTAL POWER IS NOT ENOUGH

If one accepts the theory that man rules the Earth because he has, thus far, at least, won the race among the species in the "survival of the fittest," why should we be worried? Is it not mental agility, rather than physical fitness, that should concern us because it is his brain power, not his muscles, which has enabled man to control enough of his environment to master his planet and prepare to explore others?

Obviously, superior mental development is chiefly responsible for making man what he is, but we should not overlook that man's brain is encased within a body that has certain needs that must be met. Medical science has learned to control most of the diseases of childhood and many of the other diseases which formerly cut short many human lives. The major challenges to medicine today are to solve the problems of cancer and various forms of cardiovascular disease, and, perhaps most important of all, to teach human beings that the human body, adaptable as it is to a variety of environmental conditions, does require certain minimum standards of care.

It is perhaps conceivable that through the process of evolution there may eventually develop a human or super-human species that is largely brain, with only enough additional physical development to provide one finger for pushing buttons. If computers are ever able to take over some of the more intricate thought processes of the human brain, we might even reach that stage where the machine can reproduce itself, thus eliminating the need for human beings to push the buttons.

THERE ARE SOUND REASONS FOR PHYSICAL FITNESS

In the meantime, however, accepting ourselves as the human beings we are, there are certain things which most of us ought to be doing in order to live more comfortably, perhaps more enjoyably, and maybe even a bit longer. There are some very good reasons for us to learn to give ourselves much improved physical care.

There is very legitimate concern about the generally poor state of physical fitness among men of military age. In a world in which men have not yet learned to live together in peace, it is essential, of course, that a nation have the ability to defend itself and to survive under the most adverse conditions. Our position is weakened by the vast loss of effective manpower through poor care of our physical selves, not only because we are weak physically but also because this often leads to mental retardation.

There are sound reasons for believing, too, that many of the common complaints of modern American civilization—obesity which concerns some 30 to 40 million among us, otherwise unexplained "fatigue," and the "let-down feeling" about which so many complain daily—may be traced to neglect of our physical development and maintenance.

Assuming that physical fitness is our goal, what kind of programs must we develop and follow to achieve this? Too many physical fitness campaigns in the past have been geared to the needs of those who already are well along on the road to being physically fit. Or physical fitness has been advocated by those people who seem to think that we all need bulging muscles and taut tummies so that we might stand around on the beach in very brief leopard skins to be admired by one and all.

Physical fitness is not synonymous with calisthenics and weight lifting, although both of these are certainly excellent forms of exercise for those who enjoy them. Fitness is, rather, a matter of achieving an optimum state of well-being that enables us to live and to enjoy living to the maximum extent that our mental development and environment offer us.

Heredity, obviously, plays the fundamental role in

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THE NUTRIENTS IN MILK

Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide approximately the following percentages of the Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances (nutrients recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of National Research Council to provide adequate amounts for maintenance of good nutrition in healthy persons):

	Calories (a)	Protein	Calcium	Vitamin A	Vitamin D	Riboflavin	Thiamine (c)
ADULT MEN (Based on weight of 154 lbs., height 69 inches)	10-13%	25%	71%	15%	(b)	46%	10-12%
ADULT WOMEN (Based on weight of 128 lbs., height 64 inches)	14-18%	31%	71%	15%	(b)	56%	13-16%

Four 8-ounce glasses of milk supply approximately the following percentages for teen-agers and younger children:

Teen-agers	Calories (a)	Protein	Calcium	Vitamin A	Vitamin D (b)	Riboflavin	Thiamine (c)
BOYS 13-15 YEARS (108 lbs., 64 inches)	21%	42%	81%	31%	100%	80%	20%
BOYS 16-19 YEARS (139 lbs., 69 inches)	18%	36%	81%	31%	100%	67%	18%
GIRLS 13-15 YEARS (108 lbs., 63 inches)	25%	45%	87%	31%	100%	84%	24%
GIRLS 16-19 YEARS (120 lbs., 64 inches)	28%	48%	87%	31%	100%	88%	26%

Notes: (a) Calorie allowances vary with age and activity. These are based on needs of people with moderate physical activity. The percentage would be higher for office workers and other sedentary people. (b) There are no recommendations for Vitamin D in the diet of adults, but for children and teen-agers the recommendation is 400 International Units. Four glasses of milk (or one quart) meets this recommendation only if the milk has Vitamin D added. (c) The recommended daily allowance of thiamine decreases with increasing age, being, for example, 1.6 milligrams for a 25 year old man and 1.3 milligrams for a 65 year old man.

Other recommended daily dietary allowances, for which milk is not considered a good source, are iron, niacin, and ascorbic acid. These may be obtained from other foods. By eating a well balanced diet which includes at least two glasses of milk for adults and three to four glasses for children and teen-agers, a major step toward good health is made.

Percentages of nutrient allowances for milk used in this table have been taken from calculations made by the Institute of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

determining one's state of physical development. Assuming that a person is born with no major physical handicaps, then maintaining good general health and avoiding illness become part of a lifetime pattern that really is not too difficult to design and follow.

Food consumption becomes a very important part of the lives of people in all types of civilizations. Food is eaten not only for its contribution to the physical needs of the eater but also because of many cultural values associated with the act of eating. In American society food often serves the homemaker as the main source of her gratification, through earning the praise of her family and her guests for what she has placed on the table. Food serves as a reason for people to meet and carry on many social activities, ranging from major business deals to the exchanging of meaningful glances between young lovers.

Eating food certainly should be an enjoyable part of living in a country where we have not only an abundance of very high quality foods but also a tremendous variety of excellent and tasty foods that provide, if eaten in the right proportions, all of the essential nutrients we need to maintain good health and adequate energy sources.

We should all strive to help children learn to eat food basically to provide themselves the essential nutrients they need for good health and adequate supplies of energy to do all those things that children enjoy doing. While such training for our children certainly should be a primary national goal in developing sound physical fitness programs, we should not be at all hesitant about trying to re-educate many of our teenagers and adults to better eating habits. In spite of our plentiful food supply, there are millions of people in this country who are malnourished—not necessarily undernourished—because they have not learned how to select the right foods to provide a healthy nutritional pattern for eating.

EATING FOR FITNESS

Nutrition scientists in this country, trying to develop the best pattern of food consumption in line with the kinds of foods available, have offered a relatively simple Daily Food Guide for us to follow. The Guide suggests selecting foods from four major groups:

The Milk Group (including cheese and ice cream as well as all forms of milk): An adult should consume two or more eight-ounce glasses of milk each day.

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The Vegetable-Fruit Group: Select four or more servings each day, including one serving of a good source of Vitamin C, one serving at least every other day of a good source of Vitamin A. The other servings may be any vegetables or fruits.

The Meat Group (including all meats, poultry, fish and eggs): Choose two or more servings each day.

The Bread-Cereals Group: Choose four or more servings daily.

Other Foods: After meeting the suggested servings from these four basic food groups, the Guide recommends selecting from other food sources adequate amounts to provide enough energy to meet daily requirements. The amount of food consumed, in terms of calories, must be balanced with the amount of energy expended. There will be a gain in weight if food intake exceeds energy output.

It is very wise, also, to keep in mind that foods should never be selected merely on the basis of the number of calories in any particular unit of food. For example, we dairy farmers would be especially grateful if more people would remember why milk has been called, "Nature's most nearly perfect food," since the dawn of civilization. The chart shows that milk provides a wide range of essential food nutrients, for people of all ages. Milk can hardly be classified as a "fattening" food on the basis of its nutrient contribution to the total diet. A pint of milk, or two eight-ounce glasses, supplies only 10% to 13% of an adult man's calorie needs, but this amount of milk, as the chart indicates, also provides 25% of the recommended amount of protein—and the highest quality protein available, 71% of the calcium, 15% of the Vitamin A, 46% of the riboflavin and 10% to 12% of the thiamine. There are other essential food nutrients in milk but in less important quantities.

REST AND EXERCISE ARE NECESSARY

Good general health, prevention of illness and a well balanced diet are all necessary for physical fitness, but they are by no means the total picture. Just as pills are not the answer to all our problems, neither is it possible to "eat your way to good health," as some of the food faddists and quacks proclaim. Adequate amounts of rest are necessary if the body is to recoup itself and to function effectively. The amount of rest any of us needs is something that experience alone teaches, but rest is essential.

Finally, among the physical requirements for physical fitness—and we should not overlook the interrelationship among physical, mental and moral, or spiritual factors in contributing to good health and happiness—we come to the matter of physical activity or exercise.

The required activity need not be violent exercise, but it should, if at all possible, certainly be daily exercise. Walking at least three miles each day, over and above the usual amount of walking on the job, is one of the easiest and best ways to get needed physical activity because walking does use the major body muscles. There certainly are many other forms of exercise that help if they can be done on a fairly regular basis, not merely on weekends—including bicycling, golf, tennis, handball, swimming, bowling, etc. Even a football or basketball game can provide the right kind of exercise, provided the participants walk to the stadium or fieldhouse instead of riding in the car.

All of us, for patriotic, for economic, for purely selfish reasons, would be wise to inventory our own state of physical fitness and to resolve to achieve a high level of well-being if we don't already enjoy it. Beyond this, all of us certainly owe it to our communities and to our nation's future to give much more than lip service to President Kennedy and those he has designated to develop better and sensible physical fitness programs.

Every school child should certainly be getting encouragement and training to develop a personal, lifetime physical fitness plan. This should include knowledge about eating a well balanced diet, the need for adequate rest and encouragement of the kind of physical activity that could easily become a permanent and enjoyable part of the adult living pattern. Gymnasiums and stadiums for spectator sports are hardly enough to fulfill our obligations to our children in this area of physical fitness. In fact, having these facilities may often mislead us badly about how many of our children really are getting adequate physical training in our schools.

Above all else, we should avoid the idea that physical fitness is something of concern only to the young of our species. It is most certainly a cradle-to-grave need for all of us, one that properly planned and developed, can provide some big bonuses in longer life and more years of useful, energetic and enjoyable life.

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Don't Just Sit There—Send Flowers!

ONE HUNDRED and seventeen Detroiters, a New Yorker, and the members of the Tau Nu Epsilon sorority in the auto capital recently contributed from two dollars to twenty-five dollars each for a quarter-page advertisement in the Detroit *Free Press* praising WDTM-FM, a local, commercial "fine arts" radio station. The donors listed their names and expressed their "appreciation for the cultural values which the Taliesin Network has made its own." They commended the station for hiring Mr. Jack Hamilton, "one of Detroit's most respected newsmen," as director of news and commentary. "As the management and staff of WDTM take pride in their work," the text of the advertisement concluded, "we patrons of this venture into the fine arts of radio wish to record our pride in WDTM as a new and unique asset to our community."

There are a few excellent listener groups in the country; they have worked generally on a broad informational, critical level, mainly evaluating networks. Listeners financially support the noncommercial subscription radio stations of the Pacifica Network in New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The Detroit event is a new and noteworthy refinement in listener group activity. There may be a tide here—about to run.

What's significant is that this is a commercial station which a group of listeners is befriending—not only with praise but with dollars. Equally significant is the fact that the station management, prior to its arrival in Michigan, sought out the Listener's Lobby (as the group is known) and asked for its support "as representatives of the kind of audience they wanted." Mrs. Dvora Marcia, executive director of the group, was cautious on behalf of the members. They had supported (with funds, a "Beaux Arts Masked Ball," publicity, and sponsor campaigns) another Detroit FM station, only to see its "programming quality dwindle until it has become a two-man jazz station—which hardly justifies the term 'fine arts.'" Listener's Lobby faith, however, was founded on a highly satisfactory initial experience with CBE, a radio station of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, just across the border in Windsor, Ontario. Mrs. Marcia and friends wanted to thank the Canadian commercial station (in 1958) for its "consistently high standard of radio programing, and . . . consideration for the discriminating listener." She phoned CBE, asking it to make an organizational announcement on the air; and the original members subsequently threw a "Thank You" party for the station.

One year later, Listener's Lobby invited a CBC satirist to entertain 400 Americans in Detroit, and moved the performance to a larger hall when 1,600 seats were sold. Advertising agencies got the point, and the Canadian station's billings have remained at new levels since the event. The Lobby likes to operate with a "light touch," but it believes that "the importance of mass media leaves no room for frivolousness in the functions of either listener or broadcaster." In 1960 the group surveyed the radio listening habits and attitudes of high school students in Greater Detroit, published the findings ("Radio and the Teen-Ager") and distributed them at cost nationally. In 1961, the Lobby monitored a Detroit ABC radio affiliate, and petitioned the FCC to hold a local hearing to hear the group's request that the commission deny the station's renewal application. The questioned license has not yet been renewed. Local sponsors who pay for "higher programing standards" on Lobby-approved stations are noted in the pages of the group's bulletin as "Distinguished Sponsors."

The Listener's Lobby "fan club" believes the country needs responsible broadcasters but that these need responsible audiences. This group's approach to the challenge of developing such audiences is refreshing. They don't stop at sharpshooting "the bad guys"; they go a long way for the "good guys" in broadcasting. Their advice to possible emulators is attractive, and important if it can be generalized successfully: "You don't really need an organization to support good broadcasting. You just do it—and bring your friends along. Anyone can write thank-you letters and send flowers."

There are times and tides; and, as we know, their affinities are often propitious. Perhaps there's something to the notion that the sociological model of the mass society with its alienated, apathetic citizen may have to be reexamined in the light of new manifestations of individual energy.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Epitaph for Murray Burns

THE odd thing about plays dealing with nonconformists is that the specific things they are nonconforming to are often more interesting than the vague freedoms they treasure. Thus in his first play, "**A Thousand Clowns,**" twenty-seven-year-old Herb Gardner creates a highly entertaining group of precise satirical portraits of people who have conformed to the nonsensical world we live in. And because of these, his simple comedy about an unemployed TV writer who finds that his basic good nature and lack of alternative program lead him to chintz curtains and a job writing moronic drivel for a kiddie show seems so true, so original, and so funny that it emerges as the first real comedy hit Broadway has had since "Mary, Mary."

"A Thousand Clowns" begins by introducing us to Murray Burns, a contented bum who lives in accumulated disorder, and who is bringing up his irresponsible sister's twelve-year-old son to share his own unorthodox view of the world. Murray begins each day by shouting out of his tenement window to the neighbors such amusing imperatives as "All right, everybody onstage for the Hawaiian number!" and by dialing to find the weather, and holding an imaginary conversation with the impersonal recorded report on the other end of the line. Jason Robards, Jr., plays this jesting role jauntily, as if he were firmly convinced that kidding absolutely everything was the way to deal with the world.

Thus it is that when a social worker and his pretty psychologist assistant show up to question him about his fitness to continue as his nephew's guardian, he is unable to face this very real danger with anything but ridicule. "Does four years at NYU make a man my judge?" he asks quite sensibly. And deciding that it doesn't, he and his nephew sing and play a ukelele duet of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" to celebrate the angry departure of the square sociologist and the staying behind of his sympathetic assistant.

But this victory over the forces of society is short-lived. Murray sees that he must accept a job or lose his guardianship of the child. So he makes a trip to "downtown Oz," where his brother, a successful TV agent, arranges for him to get back his old job writing scripts for an egocentric actor named Leo who keeps trying to convince himself that his daily inane TV routine as a cheery chipmunk is a great service to society. Murray quickly realizes the impossibility of this as a permanent vocation for him, and also the impossibility of living under the weekly scrutiny of the welfare department. Yet he ultimately surrenders in what is a nominally happy ending.

While sticklers may point out that there is nothing to indicate that Murray will be able to continue his compromise very long, there is no denying the effectiveness of the humor and the truly observed characters Mr. Gardner has created along the way. Barry Gordon, as Murray's nephew, seems better equipped to face emergencies than any of the adults as he answers the psychologist's leading questions with such replies as "Yes, we play many wholesome and constructive games." William Daniels, as the diehard "listmaker," is both ridiculous and pitiful in his compulsive embracement of the square life. A. Larry Haines is amusing as Murray's "fruit-nut" brother, and devastating when he spikes Murray's argument with "What you're thinking is if I'm so smart, why ain't I poor." And Gene Saks, as the psychotic TV star with the phobia that he may not be as good as his ratings indicate, is hilarious when after a polite meeting with Murray's nephew he exclaims, "The kid hates me, I can tell!"

The two principals have harder roles, but Sandy Dennis dissolves beautifully into tears and glows warmly with humor as the overly emotional psychologist. And Jason Robards, Jr., is very much at home with Murray's benignly antisocial moments. Beyond that he has a most agreeable singing voice, and strums the uke as skilfully as Henry Fonda plays the guitar.

George Jenkins's roomy set and Fred Coe's astute directorial guidance serve this simple comedy well. And while one suspects that a more striking play could have been fashioned if Mr. Gardner had not chosen to make his conformists so benevolent and had not ended the proceedings with a basically sentimental resolution, "A Thousand Clowns" is for the most part a good-naturedly funny and an honest piece of work.

Under John Fearnley's stylish direction, "**The Oscar Hammerstein II Festival**" proved remarkably entertaining, with the late lyricist's optimism emerging as radioactively alive as the bombs he opposed. —HENRY HEWES.

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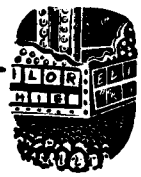

Report from Argentina

MAR DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA.

IF THE films of Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson served to put Argentina on the map, cinematically speaking, the Fourth International Film Festival at Mar del Plata, just concluded, has gone a long way to fill in the contours of its new geography. Held under the shadow of the Peronista victory and the subsequent political upheavals, it proved to be as eloquent an argument for such festivals as any I have encountered. Perhaps the very fact that there was a crisis in Argentina intensified interest in the country itself; and, quite naturally, the hundreds of film makers, critics, and journalists gathered there from around the world turned to the pictures for some explanation.

Nor did the films fail them. Only two had been entered in the competition, but every morning in theatres surrounding the Festival headquarters in the vast Hotel Provincial, there were screenings of additional features, shorts, and documentaries. A few were frankly commercial, others frankly experimental. Almost without exception, however, they emphasized the fact that Argentine youth was turning to the cinema with an eagerness, even a passion, to put on the screen the life of their country as they saw it. Stylistically, two main influences were immediately apparent—Antonioni and Resnais. (They could do a lot worse.) Thematically, one was often reminded of Fellini, and particularly of his "I Vitelloni." There was the same sense of wasted lives and thwarted hopes, of an instinctive revolt against the sterile values of an older generation.

One did not have to be in Argentina long to recognize the accuracy of these portraits. The Peronista landslide, with its opportunistic mélange of voters from the far left to the far right, was primarily a vote *against* Frondizi. Frondizi himself was described time and again as a brilliant politician who had played both ends against the middle once too often. The military, the new power there, is not trusted; Guido is virtually a cipher. Indeed, several intelligent Argentinians stated categorically that their country's politics are such a hopeless muddle that they doubted if anyone could straighten them out. Under the circumstances, any affirmation of faith on the part of the young film makers would inevitably be both specious and suspect.

A mark of sincerity of Argentina's new generation of film makers is the fact that none of the films I saw, and neither of the pictures selected for the Festival, truckled to the existing order—even though it might have been expeditious to do so, since the government, through its Instituto de Cinematografia, makes cash awards to outstanding films that often equal the entire production cost. Not surprisingly, there were complaints about this system. Several producers, young men who had sunk their own fortunes into the making of their pictures, declared bitterly that favoritism, and even under-the-table deals, often determined the awarding of the prize money. But since costs are low (most features are budgeted at from $60,000 to $70,000), chances can be taken: there is always a good possibility that the film will earn back its nut in Argentina alone.

ONE picture, shown outside of the Festival, that took this chance and came close to losing was **"Los Inundados"** ("The Flooded"), a kind of jolly "Grapes of Wrath" made by Fernando Birri and a group of young people from the film school at the National University of Litoral. Thoroughly professional in its semidocumentary handling, the picture cloaks in warm comedy the annual plight of the people of Santa Fe, on the northern coast of Argentina. Each year there are floods; and each year the politicians promise to do something about it. "We treated this in comic style," Birri told me, "not because we thought it was funny, but because we thought that this way the government would allow it to be shown." They were wrong. The film was given a B (not approved) certificate.

But in most of the Argentine films shown, and in both of the official entries from that country, the social comment was implicit rather than forthright. Rodolfo Kuhn's **"Los Jovenes Viejos"** ("The Young Old Ones"), which won the writing prize from the grand jury and the top award from the critics' jury, is a bitter description of the attempts of three young men to give meaning to their lives in a *milieu* of utter indifference. They fail, the film tells us, not because they did not try, but because their world afforded no definite goals. David Jose Kohon's **"Tres Veces Ana"** ("Three Times Anna") is no more hopeful. In it, talented Maria Vaner (who is also the star of Kuhn's film) plays three different roles in three separate short stories that, together, blame money, the housing shortage, and the emotional instability of middle-class youth in Argentina today for making of love a many-splintered thing.

Significantly, both of these are first films; yet both were considered and measured against works by such acknowledged masters as Philippe de Broca, Francois Truffaut, and Robert Rossen. Having participated in the critics' jury, I can attest that Kuhn's prizes were not the result of loud cheers for the home team.

As to the Festival itself, despite the gyrations of the political scene, it proceeded smoothly. Mar del Plata is to Buenos Aires what Atlantic City is to New York; yet the logistics of moving several hundred stars, film makers, and journalists the 400 kilometers from capital to resort was masterfully handled. Public relations people who doubled as interpreters took charge of the platoons of delegates from the various nations. Additional personnel supplied simultaneous translations via headphones whenever films were shown, and also broke the language barrier at press conferences, at the two general discussions of film theory, at delegation parties, and at the several jury sessions.

For my part, I found the latter the most rewarding of all. Our critics' jury consisted of eleven members from seven countries, most of which were represented with films at the Festival. Although there was no common language, there was a common feeling that national pride and partianship had no place in our discussions. The films were analyzed as films, regardless of country of origin. (The German juror actually apologized for the quality of the pictures entered by his countrymen.) The jury's intent was to honor not only the best, but the most promising; not merely to recognize achievement, but to encourage talent.

The awards at Mar del Plata, I feel, achieved this—and more. Out of the daily screenings came, inevitably, a better understanding of the fourteen nations that had submitted pictures. But out of the discussions came a glowing mutual respect for the jurors who, to a man, set aside self-interest, and national interest, in a search for optimum standards. And out of this mutual respect came mutual affection and good will. As the Festival was drawing to a close, I suggested to one of my Russian colleagues, Yuri Egorov, "Maybe it would be a good idea to abandon summit conferences altogether, and just have film festivals."

"Da," he said, with a broad smile and a warm clasp of hands.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Our Man in the Ozone—9. The New Nippon

TEN years ago when I steamed into Yokohama harbor on my first incursion into Japan I was certain I was making a rare port of call on a voyage of discovery. Who indeed had experienced similar thrills at such remote explorations? Halliburton in Tibet? Magellan at Pernambuco? When half a dozen newspapermen hammered at my stateroom door as we came up the bay, I was convinced that I must also seem like an oddity to the natives.

Now, coming round the world a decade later, I found Tokyo well settled in the sophistication of the jet age. The place had become an international airport for the global tripper, a stopover place for the island-hopper in the Pacific, who knows as well as any travel agent, or perhaps better, that it is two hours to Formosa, whence I had just been rushed in JAL's Convair 880, and that it's only an hour more to Hong Kong. From Tokyo it is two hours to Okinawa, an hour and a half to Korea, and four hours to Manila. If you catch the winds right, the eastward run to Honolulu can be faster than the jet flight from New York to Paris.

That interminable ride from Tokyo's airport into the heart of the city is to be shortened with a monorail, a project of that venerable fireball, Mr. T. Inumaru, the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel. How well I remember the Imperial ten years ago, when the average Westerner had to duck under the low-hung doorways and wash his hands in knee-high washbasins. The Imperial had long since added a number of modernized additions. It had also encountered a number of competitors. I put up (this time) at the Palace, a new hotel in the Marunouchi district, near the Central Station and inside the Uchibori, the inner moat that rings the Imperial Palace of the Emperor and Empress. From its windows one can look out on the waters of the moat, and on the 250-acre feudalistic castle used since 1869 when the court was moved from Kyoto. A favored view looks down on the fountain built to commemorate the marriage of the Crown Prince, and bordering the park which encloses it are the stocky new structures of the Marunouchi commercial and financial district. Huge and rather elegant, the Palace has all the fittings of the best of Western hotels—air-conditioned and soundproofed rooms, dial system telephones, double windows, conference rooms, a coffee shop, a dark and handsome bar, a nightclub, and an underground garage. Its managers run it with great care and attention to detail, polishing it and sweeping it and expecting the guests to treat it similarly. Says a no-nonsense sign in English at the front of the grand entrance, "Please Clean Your Shoes."

Impressed as I was by the Palace, I

—*Marc Riboud (Magnum).*

Downtown Tokyo, as viewed from a traffic jam—different from the East, a burlesque of the West.

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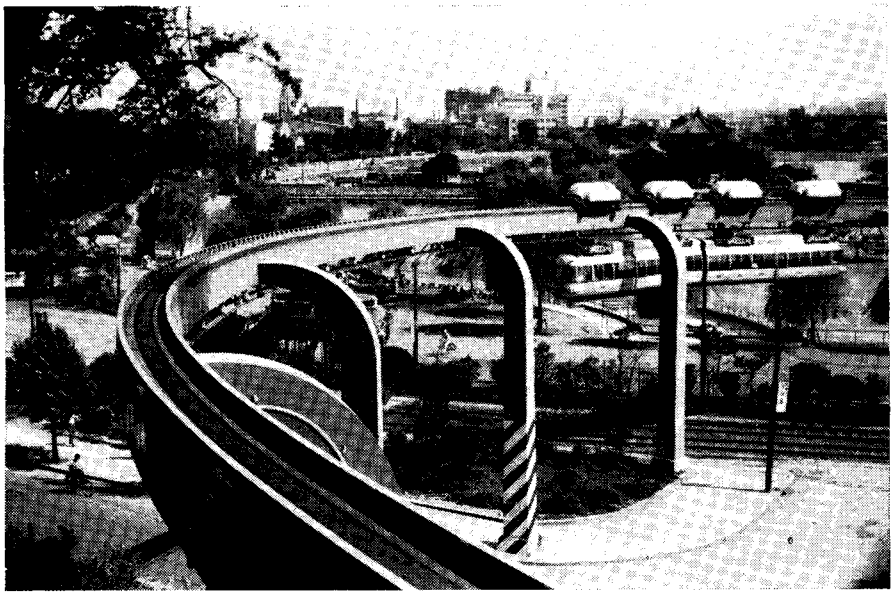

—*Marc Riboud (Magnum).*

Tokyo's airport-to-downtown monorail—all the sophistication of the jet age.

was moved to shuttle about town to have a look at the other hotels which, in my continuing dedication to the Imperial these past years, I had overlooked. The Hotel New Japan, which is introduced to Americans as the hotel in which Eisenhower would have stayed had Eisenhower come to Japan, is a 500-room phantasmagoria that is all things to all nationalities. Within its vast confines, I found a Chinese restaurant, a Japanese Sukiyaki Room, a tea ceremony room open ten to five except Sundays, a stand for selling *sushi*—that cold delight of fish, seaweed, and rice so dear to Japanese nibblers, a Turkish bath, a Polynesian restaurant, a soda fountain, a wedding ceremony hall complete with Shinto altar, and massages by toothsome misses who will use baby powder or olive oil and cream, your choice. In the basement is a new Latin Quarter, and a corner of the building is occupied with a café called the Champs-Elysées which has sidewalk tables. The splendor of the New Japan inspired me to hie off to the new Ginza Tokyu, a hotel whose lobby I found decorated with a Rube Goldberg device much used in the rural communities to frighten deer and wild boar. Water fills a bamboo tube which then drops on a rock, scaring the poaching animals. That was about the only bucolic note I found in the Ginza Tokyu, which is three minutes from the Ginza, the Fifth Avenue of Tokyo, and offers a view of Tokyo Bay and the new Tokyo Tower, an enlarged replica of the Eiffel Tower which feeds television to the city. It also sports a Chinese smorgasbord restaurant, whatever that is, and a coffee shop that is known, in the parlance of ancient Japan, as the Ginza Snack.

Tokyo, to one coming full circle around the Orient, is unlike anything in the East and is almost a burlesque of everything in the West. Reared in a copyist tradition that produced cheap cigarette lighters patterned after American prototypes, and cameras in the German mold, Japan is now adding its own embellishments to the original. If the West is enjoying a fad of coffeehouses, Tokyo can offer the Shirobasha, which has four floors, a six-piece orchestra, dark alcoves, and soft music to lull the spooners while they munch desserts and sip coffee. If the West chews Doublemint Chewing Gum, the Japanese sell Noblemint Chewing Gum. If the West likes steak, Tokyo can offer sirloins of famed Kobe beef complete with soup, shrimps, and dessert for less than $3. A haberdashery calls itself, in English, the Fresh and Fancy. A night-on-the-town tour, which costs $10, offers a sukiyaki dinner, a geisha dance, and a nightclub show. If the West is busy building freeways, Tokyo builds one too, although the night I took a ride on it, there was no other car in sight. A coffeehouse calls itself The Starfire. If the West enjoys small expensive Continental restaurants, Tokyo can offer the Crescent, which serves elegant French cuisine in a half-timbered English house lorded over by a Japanese chef.

IN the fashion of Las Vegas and Paris, Tokyo is atwitter over the new Mikado, a great barn of a nightclub whose front doors are guarded by a squad of flunkeys in plumed brass helmets and golden striped trousers. Some 1,300 tired businessmen can crowd its tables to pay a modest $5.58 per person for either dinner or supper, plus 10

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per cent tax and 10 per cent service. If you have to wait for a table, there is always the waiting salon finished in traditional Japanese style and even a room for tea ceremony, a sort of refuge from the leggy Western showgirls out front.

Although Japanese creativeness has improved considerably since its copyist days, it has somehow not been able to break away from the copyist tradition. Thus when a design was sought for a television and radio tower, the one ultimately chosen was an outright copy of M. Eiffel's celebrated effort erected for the Paris International Exhibit of 1889. Advertised as the world's tallest tower, Tokyo's version measures 1,099 feet from its base to the tip of its lightning rod, but other tower designers are quick to point out that its observation platform is a mere 394 feet off the ground. (The Seattle Space Needle has a restaurant and observation platform at the 600-foot level and the Eiffel Tower itself, now in its eighth decade, has a restaurant at the 378-foot level and an observation platform at the 900-foot level.)

Whatever its critics may subtract from it, the Tokyo Tower is enormously popular with the Japanese, who stand in queues to ride the elevators to the lookout. Once on the platform overlooking all Tokyo, the excursionists are not confined to contemplating the panorama; they may have their fortune told by a vending machine, get themselves sprayed with Miss Dior, Chanel, or a scent called Tiger, or for ten yen get both perfumed and horoscoped with particular attention to love, business, money, and desire. Best of all, they may stamp the chop mark of the Tokyo Tower in the folding album which many Japanese carry as a souvenir of their travels.

While the whole concept of the tower fills most Japanese with pride, the intention to build it, a few years ago, was met with stiff objections by the Soviet Embassy located in the Tanzawa district nearby. An enormous estate enclosed by high walls, the Embassy has always exuded an air of defiant mystery. Now that the tower has been built, anyone with the price of admission can ride up to the observation platform, drop a ten-yen piece into a telescope, and see what's cooking on the Russian grounds. Oddly enough, the Embassy is back to back with the American Club. Also on view from the top is the U.S. Embassy and, alongside it, the large building of the Hotel Okura, which is nearing completion. Off in another direction stand the red steel scaffolding of the new freeway and Tokyo harbor crowded with dozens of freighters.

Just under the tower the Japanese

Photo by Ewing Krainin

Sitting pretty in the Pink City

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play golf, the recreational craze of New Japan, on a course built on the grounds of an old Buddhist temple. With the profits it realized from the sale of the property the Buddhist congregation built itself a new temple in a new technique. The modern house of worship of this ancient religious order is flat, square, and concrete, and could pass for an apartment house in Flatbush. Another embellishment of the neighborhood is perhaps the most splendid Chinese restaurant in all the Orient. When it comes to adaptation, the Japanese do not limit themselves to Western innovations. Long ago they adopted Chinese costuming, hair styles, lacquerwork, and even calligraphy. In Hong Kong, Macau, or Formosa I recall nothing as splendid or as grand as Liu Yuan, the quintessence of all chop suey parlors, rising in gilded tiers above Shiba Park, dripping with gilded lanterns, trimmed with red lacquered fences and blue porcelain foo dogs, honeycombed with private dining rooms, and strung with an outdoor terrace facing Tokyo Tower.

Nowhere do all the conflicting cultures—Western merchandising, Japanese tradition, Western styling, Oriental heritage, and local craftsmanship—come together in more of a well-stirred potpourri than at Tokyo's department stores. At Daimaru's one morning, the department store that adjoins a railroad station, I found Japanese women in traditional obis riding up the escalators, which were monitored at each landing by other Japanese women in trim blue uniforms, rakish caps, and white gloves. The selling floors were bustling with obi-clad customers and others in Western dress, and it seemed that every third man was wearing a surgical mask which the Japanese affect when they are fearful of giving or getting a cold. Japanese samisens made of cat skin and Okinawan ones made of snake skin were on display, and so were counters upon counters of iron tea kettles. On the roof you could get a fried cruller or a steaming manju bun made of rice flour with bean paste inside. You could also nibble seaweed crackers and wash them down with a bottle of pop. Kimono-clad women with a baby tied to the back shuffled along in open sandals, some of them pausing to watch a fashion show in which hand-

—*Toge Fujihira (Monk Meyer).*

Sidewalk stall in Tokyo.

some young Japanese models came twirling out of the curtains in trim Tokyo-designed Western fashions. Buyers and observers, Oriental and Western, sat on chairs and the scene was scarcely any different from Seventh Avenue in New York or the Avenue Montaignes in Paris.

That evening I had a tempura supper with Japanese friends, all of us sitting at a counter while a fry cook dipped bits of fish, vegetables, and shellfish into batter, doling out the morsels to us in turn. There were tiny quail eggs in the salad, and soup at the end, then giant strawberries grown in the warmth of rocks for dessert; then a sip of green tea and some hurried farewells. At midnight I was in Pan American's 707, heading east over Midway on the way to Honolulu. It will perhaps only confuse you, as it did me, to try to explain that we set the clock back nineteen hours on that flight while racking up speeds of nearly 750 miles an hour. It was mid-morning when we landed in Honolulu, just five hours and forty-five minutes after taking off from Japan. Shortly thereafter, suitably done up in a sleeveless shirt and cotton slacks, I was in the coffee shop of the Hilton Hawaiian Village breathlessly awaiting the first hamburger and milk shake in a season that had been overlong with Oriental delights. Although I don't recall thinking about it at the time, less than ten hours had passed since I lifted that quail egg with a pair of chopsticks, admittedly with some show of bravado, back there in the land of the Mikado and the four-floor coffeehouse.

—Horace Sutton.

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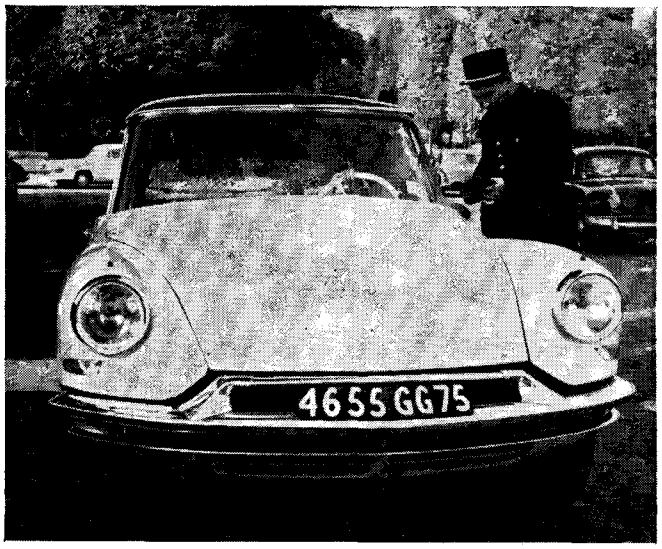

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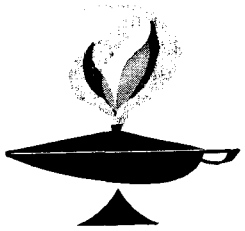

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR *retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.*

It's Never Simple

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is the former superintendent of schools in Baltimore. He is now dean and president-elect of Teachers College, Columbia University.*

HENRY ADAMS, in his "Education," calls simplicity "the most deceitful mistress that ever betrayed man." The comment is relevant now because so many of the proposals to reconstruct American education begin with the assumption that education is a rather simple business and not at all difficult to improve if only the right rules are followed.

There are advocates of the single-track approach whose prescriptions invariably begin: "All we need to do is. . . ." All we need to do is to raise standards, or be more rigorous, or recognize individual differences, or take better care of the gifted, or abolish teacher certification, or increase budgets, or trim the frills, or get back to the good old days. Of course, single-trackers don't agree on how the train should be routed, but each one sees his track as the main line.

A second group of simplifiers points out the alternatives. One alternative is always good, the other bad. In their eyes, policy is made by choosing between opposites, with few intervening possibilities. Thus we are warned against the evil of a single national curriculum and urged to retain full local control of schools. That a single national curriculum is hardly a practical possibility and that pure local control is actually to be found nowhere in the American public school system are facts of little moment. Setting up straw men just to shoot them down makes dramatic conversation, and it does appear to dispose of difficult issues — if only the issues could be so sharply defined, if only they were so plainly black or white.

Another group of simplifiers marches under a banner bearing as its device a large plus sign and the motto "More of the Same." These are the people who would improve the weak schools in city slums by doing on a larger scale what has failed on a smaller one. Thus we are to cope with cultural conflict among children by assigning more teachers who don't know what it is. In another division of this parade are the school construction authorities who insist on proven designs for schools, forgetting that the proofs of 1930 prove very little about the problems of 1960, and will be even more useless by 1980.

A fourth type of simplifier meets difficulty by discrediting the opposition. These people can be found on all sides of educational controversies. One group sees no good in anybody who may be properly called, or loosely labeled, an educationist. The whole crowd is no good and whatever any of them says is obviously outrageous because he says it. Equally prejudiced, but in another direction, are those to whom any criticism of current education is unfair and undemocratic, if not downright unpatriotic, and especially suspect if its author has ever seriously been called a scholar.

These descriptions are caricatures. I distort them deliberately to emphasize their distinguishing characteristics. But I do not mean wholly to discredit the views I have described. For although some people do over-

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simplify school problems and the ways to solve them, it is probable that every one of the groups I have cited has a piece of the truth in its grasp.

Those who argue that we have only to raise standards *are* right in saying that standards of attainment need attention. In many schools they do.

To insist that local action be encouraged is a valid and useful position. The best public schools in this country have been created not by state or federal effort but by local initiative and local freedom to exceed national norms and mandated minimums.

We do require, in virtually every school district, more of the best we now know, imperfect as our current practices may be. The only sensible course is to use what we now have while we move as rapidly as possible to improve our knowledge and extend our competence.

To be sure, some critics of the schools are selfish and others not quite purely objective. In professional education, as in other fields, interests become entrenched, and educators, as human as the rest of the race, sometimes prefer to discredit criticism rather than face it. In every group there are those who unhappily confuse dissent with disloyalty.

The point is not that the single-minded critics are wrong but that they deal with only fragments of the total situation. That is not sufficient reason, however, to ignore the enthusiast for a special interest, or the critic who aims his fire at one vulnerable point. It is the essence of criticism that it should concentrate on weakness and often make its case by overemphasis. The critic who fails to focus his spotlight is not likely to illuminate his subject or enlighten his audience. It is possible to be responsibly critical without distributing one's favors equally or alternating condemnation with praise. The critic, in brief, properly may and often must simplify his approach, concentrate his attention, forget the nice balance.

BUT the simpler function of the critic has little in common with the broader and more consequential work of the teacher, the educational planner, the policy maker, the administrator. In building an institution, in teaching a course, in instructing a single student, the oversimple approach is rarely adequate and usually wrong. For those who carry constructive responsibility in education, the road of easy simplicity is an impossible route because an oversimplified statement of the problem leads to an oversimplified solution.

The differences in opinion about education have been better covered in recent years than anything else connected with the schools. The differences do make news, and it is essential that they be accurately presented, for the major new developments often are born in controversy. But, if our ultimate common objective is to have better schools, the information available to the public must include more than descriptions of combat.

Many facts and forces that most need to be reported and interpreted are not sharply controversial. But they are important. Long after the current debates and debaters have faded away, the relatively noncontroversial aspects of school policymaking will still be with us, furnishing the setting for another round of argument, the ground on which new battles will be fought. If we understand that the quick and easy answer is almost certain to be the misleading answer we can avoid immature and premature judgments.

—JOHN H. FISCHER.

"But There Is No Peace"

PAUL WOODRING, in a long editorial called "Can Johnny Read?" in the *Saturday Review* (January 20), attempts to pour oil on the turbulent waters of the current reading controversy, a controversy which he deplores. In considering the look-and-say versus phonics argument, Mr. Woodring at times adopts a plague-on-both-your-houses tone, and at other times seems to be saying that there is something to be said for and against both sides, although, if we read him correctly, he is more inclined to uphold the virtues of look-and-say than the sins of Flesch. That our interpretation of his position may be the correct one seems confirmed by the response of *Saturday Review* readers to the editorial. Significantly, one letter came from an officer of the firm which publishes the leading look-and-say basal readers, who called the editorial "superb"; and another came from the president-elect of the solidly orthodox International Reading Association, who found it to be the "sanest and finest" article on reading of the past ten years.

Mr. Woodring's deploring of "polemics" and his insistence that reading should not be a "battleground" will certainly fall on sympathetic ears among the representatives of the status quo. The look-and-say theorists in the schools of education who train teachers and the perpetrators of those little bores, Dick and Jane and Spot and Puff and their like, do not want reading to be a battleground either. They long for a return to the times of peace, to the period when they held unchallenged sway, before that upstart Rudolf Flesch started a sniping action which has since turned into a major assault. No one is more hot for peace than your entrenched monopolist.

One can sympathize with Mr. Woodring's plea for less heat on both sides. As firm believers in systematic phonics as the proper method of beginning reading, we know, and regret, that some of those who have devised phonics systems are just as fanatical as the defenders of look-and-say are close-minded. But it seems to us that anyone who suggests, even by indirection, that the present reading controversy does not involve fundamental issues but is merely a reflection of temperamental differences between reading theorists, misreads the true nature of the controversy. There is a real war on in reading, and for the future well-being of American education, it is important that the right side win.

—MORTIMER SMITH, *in Council for Basic Education Bulletin.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our editorial cannot be construed as a defense of "look-and-say." We said that phonics "should be included in every reading program and should be commenced early." This is exactly what CBE has been saying but apparently they will not be satisfied until every other approach to reading is completely eliminated from the schools. We do not think the solution is that simple.*

Patrick Henry helped launch the Revolution with the ringing words that Mr. Smith borrows for his title, but it was a calmer man who led the troops to victory. There is indeed "a real war on in reading," but educational battles are won not by polemicists, but by less volatile men who eventually move in to reject all extremes. The solutions are found neither in surrender nor in compromise, but in a logical synthesis of the best thinking on both sides. "If this be treason, make the most of it."

—P.W.

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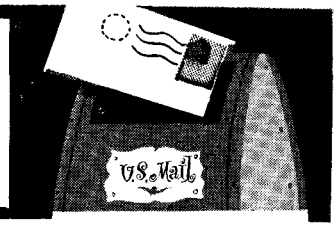
Letters to the Editor



BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

IT WAS A PLEASURE and a delight to read Mr. Gillenson's article on Brandeis [*SR*, Mar. 17]. I felt myself moving forward with its promoters and educators. It made me proud of my Jewish heritage (which I am anyway), with its liberal outlook and its insatiable desire for learning and knowledge, and the best to be had.

It also made me a little sorry that my education couldn't have been at such a university.

KAY SACKMAN.
Sunnyvale, Calif.

IS EDUCATION NEWS?

IT IS INDEED heartening to note that *Saturday Review* is interested in the education reporting of the nation's newspapers. I think the Dapper-Carter article [*SR*, Mar. 17] points out extremely well the need for more "depth" reporting on significant educational issues.

MAX PRICE,
Denver *Post*.
Denver, Colo.

SWISS SCHOOLS AND OURS

I THINK MOST of the praise you receive deserved. However, your treatment of the latest Rickover book . . . epitomizes a weakness. Why have such books reviewed by those who represent the vested interest as well as a major (and original) source of the educationist nonsense? It is nonsense, you know, despite the hearing you give it on your pages. One might summarize by saying that your Education Supplement is good when you leave the educationists out of it.

RICHARD C. REITZ,
Goshen County Community College.
Torrington, Wyo.

Having glanced through the book and read the reviews of "Swiss Schools and Ours: Why Theirs Are Better," I am looking forward to the sequel, "Swiss Admirals and Ours: Why Theirs Are Better."

ISABEL P. ROBINAULT.
New York, N.Y.

CARE AND FEEDING OF SUPERINTENDENTS

I PARTICULARLY LIKED Superintendent Harold Howe's perceptive "The Care and Feeding of Superintendents" [*SR*, Feb. 17]. A courageous and farsighted counter-argument to the obsessive demand for more and more education credits.

ELIZABETH SHAW.
Scituate, Mass.

This letter is being written to reassure Mr. Howe and others who may seek positions as superintendents in New York State that the State Education Department intends to interpret liberally the recently adopted requirements for the certification of school superintendents. Indeed, proof of this fact may be found in a review of the document containing the Regulations of the Commissioner of Education and its Interpretative Supplement.

A portion of the document reads: ". . . the 60 semester hour program (beyond the baccalaureate degree) shall include at least 24 semester hours in courses related to public school administration and supervision." It would thus appear that 36 semester hours of graduate study in the liberal arts may be presented toward meeting the requirements for the superintendency.

CARL J. FREUDENREICH,
New York State Education Dept.
Delmar, N.Y.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

DR. VAN TIL'S article, "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" [*SR*, Feb. 17] is a most refreshing and enlightening piece. It will help many of us to keep our sights straight in spite of the many clamoring distractions.

A. JOHN HOLDEN, JR.,
Commissioner of Education,
State of Vermont.
Montpelier, Vt.

I WAS SOMEWHAT disturbed by the article "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" The fathers of progressive education did, indeed, ask the right questions—but in such broad terms that questions became indeterminant. With the possible exception of Counts, the fathers withdrew to their books and their seminars where they could carry on disputational monologues as a substitute for the more difficult task of transforming ideas into programs.

CHARLES F. HOBAN,
University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I AM A LITTLE late in expressing my appreciation of the article by Dr. Van Til on progressive education. It is an excellent treatment and much needed. I notice the tide seems to be turning away from the temperamental criticisms of progressive education and toward a more sensible evaluation.

W. H. BURTON.
Corvallis, Ore.

THE ARTICLE "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" is a most penetrating analysis of "the questions that must be answered" by modern education. You and your staff are performing a positive service to children and young people and to their teachers when you seek out and publish informed expressions such as this. May we see more of these?

ROBERT R. LEEPER,
Editor, *Educational Leadership*.
Washington, D.C.

FOOTBALL AWARD

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE of Annapolis, Maryland, which in 1930 and 1931 was the national collegiate Lacrosse champion, has not scored a single point since 1939 in any collegiate sport. In that year St. John's scored two runs in a softball game against Morgan State Teachers College. We submit this as evidence of our singular athletic inferiority.

JAN BLITS,
St. John's College.
Annapolis, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To St. John's College, home of The Great Books, SR hereby awards its prize for the worst intercollegiate athletic program of all time.*

FREEDOM FORUM

THE PROPOSAL William D. Patterson makes for holding a Freedom Forum in Berlin during August [*SR*, Mar. 17] is certainly worth pursuing further.

You can be assured that a well-conceived program of this kind will receive the encouragement of this office within the University and among the thirty colleges associated in the Intercollegiate Regional Council for International Educational Exchange which is centered in this office.

SHEPHERD L. WITMAN,
Director,
Cultural and Educational Exchange,
University of Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I READ WITH great interest your editorial discussing the possibilities of a Freedom Forum at the Berlin Wall. The idea sounds great!

ROBERT J. CARROLL,
University of Florida.
Gainesville, Fla.

THE IDEA OF A Freedom Forum in Berlin this summer seems to me to be an excellent one.

DON DAVIES,
Executive Secretary,
National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards,
National Education Association.
Washington, D.C.

PATTERSON'S PIECE MARCH 17TH DRAWS HEARTY ENDORSEMENT FROM CASE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

T. KEITH GLENNAN, President,
Case Institute of Technology.
Cleveland, O.

HAVING HAD THE privilege of being at the Wall in October and meeting with students and faculty at the Free University, I know what a strategic location this would be for American students and faculty to

(*Continued on page* 78)

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THE SCENT OF ROSES

Ohio State Takes a Fresh Look at Big-Time Sports

Last fall, the Faculty Council of the Ohio State University made history by turning down an invitation to participate in the Rose Bowl Game on New Year's Day. The far-reaching implications of this decision are examined here by SR's Associate Education Editor, who spent a week on the Ohio State campus interviewing the principals to learn what the shooting was all about.

By JOHN SCANLON

THE ARTICLE on roses in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" begins with these words: "The rose has been closely associated with the culture of many civilizations. Not only is it a favourite flower but it serves as a symbol of perfection, elegance, romance and love."

For millions of American football fans, the rose has a particular significance, for once a year on New Year's afternoon there occurs in Pasadena a sports spectacle known as the Rose Bowl Game, which the Tournament of Roses Association, uninhibited by false modesty, describes as "the most renowned football competition the world has ever known."

This may sound like a typical Chamber of Commerce effusion, but to the multitudes who follow big-time intercollegiate football, there is more than a grain of truth in the statement. It is true that the Rose Bowl Game is not the only post-season gridiron pageant. There are also the Orange Bowl, the Sun Bowl, the Tangerine Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Gator Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Bluebonnet Bowl, the Prairie View Bowl, the Mineral Water Bowl, the Copper Bowl, the Rice Bowl, the Liberty Bowl, the All-American Bowl, the Crusader Bowl, the Rocket Bowl, and a few others. But these are Johnny-come-latelies. The Rose Bowl is in a class by itself. It is to football what the Kentucky Derby is to horse racing, the Davis Cup to tennis, and the World Series to baseball.

The Rose Bowl has a venerable history dating back to 1902, when Michigan walloped Stanford 49-0 in the first Rose Bowl game. The game was a great success, and netted nearly $4,000, but the following year the big Eastern and Midwestern colleges were unwilling to send a team to the West Coast, so polo was the featured sports event. For twelve years thereafter, chariot races were the main attraction. Football returned to the program in 1916, and each year since then the Rose Bowl Game has been one of the nation's top sports events. More than 1,000,000 visitors flock to Pasadena to witness the Tournament of Roses parade, and the game itself draws more than 100,000 spectators. Millions more watch it on television.

Last autumn, the scent of roses began to drift eastward from Pasadena, across the Rockies and the Great Plains, across the Mississippi and the Olentangy, and into Columbus, Ohio, home of the ninth largest state university in the country and playground of the Ohio State Buckeyes, one of the nation's top-ranking college football teams. The Buckeyes, after a shaky 7-7 tie with Texas Christian in the opening game of the season, had begun to gain momentum. They bowled over UCLA, Illinois, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, and Oregon on successive Saturdays. By Thanksgiving only one team stood in the way of their tenth

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Western Conference championship and a possible bid to the Rose Bowl—their hated rivals from the University of Michigan. Two days later, on Saturday, November 25, they clobbered Michigan, 50-20, before a sell-out crowd at Ann Arbor. Back in Columbus the citizenry came down with rose fever.

On the following day OSU's director of athletics received a telephone call from the West Coast. Would Ohio State play UCLA in the Rose Bowl on New Year's afternoon if invited? (The sacred tradition of the Rose Bowl demands that a public invitation not be tendered a prospective guest team until the host organization, in this case the Athletic Association of Western Universities, ascertains that the guest will not refuse to come.) Ohio State was given three days to reply.

Despite the secrecy which is supposed to surround such feelers, the word spread quickly and all Columbus rejoiced. Now it was official. The invitation had come, and there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the Buckeyes were about to make another successful invasion of Pasadena for "the most renowned football competition the world has ever known."

No doubt?

Well, almost none.

During the preceding three years the Faculty Council at Ohio State had been reacting rather negatively toward what it regarded as some of the commercial aspects of big-time football. Some members of the Council had begun to express fear that OSU's preeminence in football was beginning to overshadow its reputation as a center of learning. The faculty had won control over the university's athletic policy after a minor scandal in 1956, and since that time it had taken several actions which indicated quite clearly that it meant to exercise that control in the face of any kind of pressure from inside or outside the university. However, in the matter of the Rose Bowl bid, it was unthinkable that a little group of willful men would thwart the wishes of the team, the coach, the students, the administration, the trustees, the alumni, the townspeople of Columbus, the Western Conference, and the Tournament of Roses Association. As the Columbus *Citizen-Journal* observed in an admonitory editorial two days after the Rose Bowl feeler had arrived: "It would be a disappointing, cynical and misanthropic thing to refuse the culminating honor for a great team and a great season."

But on that afternoon the Faculty Council of Ohio State University defied the will of the populace and voted 28 to 25 not to let the Buckeyes go to the Rose Bowl. The scent of roses vanished from the air of Columbus, and over the city and the campus settled the acrid odor of ashes.

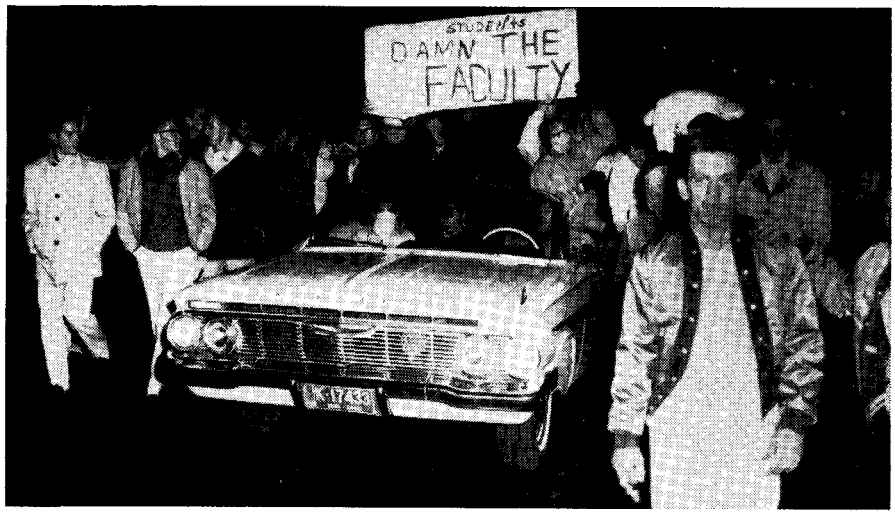
How could fifty-three people make a decision that shattered the hopes of thousands? What were the forces pushing them one way and another in the course of their deliberations? What implications does their decision have for the future of big-time football at Ohio State and in the Western Conference?

The answers to these questions are by no means simple. They are as complicated as the bewildering ramifications of modern intercollegiate athletics. The drama behind them is not as easy to understand as a TV Western, because it is not a story of "the good guys" against "the bad guys." Basically, it is a story of honest, sincere, and well-meaning men—faculty and administrators, coaches and athletes, alumni and football fans—wrestling with the problem of the proper role of athletics in an educational institution established to serve the people who support it with their tax dollars. In order to understand the complexities of the story it is necessary to know something about Ohio State, its relations with the people it serves, and the image it presents to the world at large.

Columbus is widely known as the football capital of the United States, a distinction which is the source of great pride to the Chamber of Commerce, to the townspeople, to the 22,000 Ohio State alumni who live in the Columbus area, to the additional thousands of Buckeye boosters who are not OSU alumni, to the Columbus newspapers, and to many but by no means all of the 25,000 students and 2,000 faculty members at Ohio State University. This distinction stems from two principal assets—a winning football team and one of the largest stadiums in the nation.

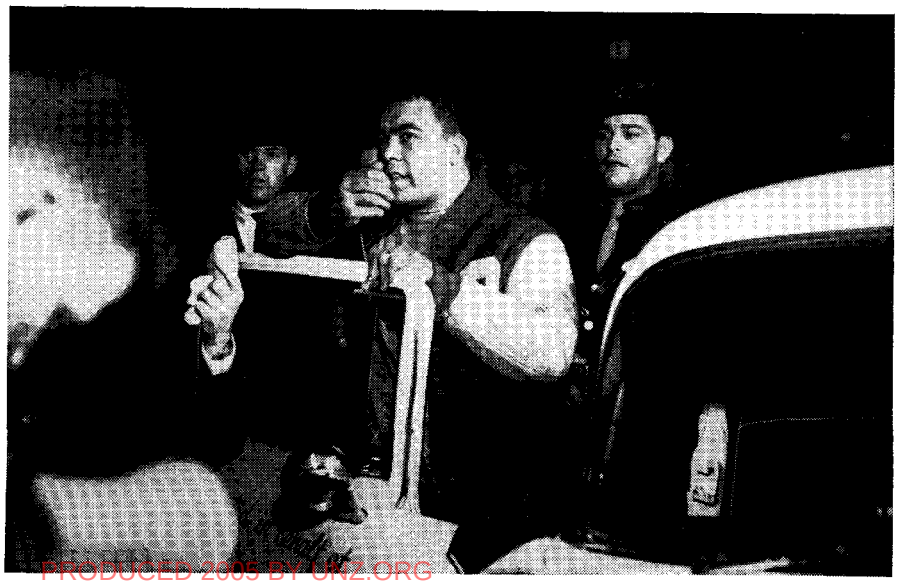
Ohio State has had a winning football team for many years. Of the 622 games the Buckeyes have played since OSU began to engage in the sport back in 1890, they have won 399, lost 179,

(*Continued on page* 73)



—*Columbus Dispatch Photos.*

Ohio State student demonstrators expressed their opinion of the anti-Bowl vote . . . and Mike Ingram, co-captain of the football team, told them to go home.



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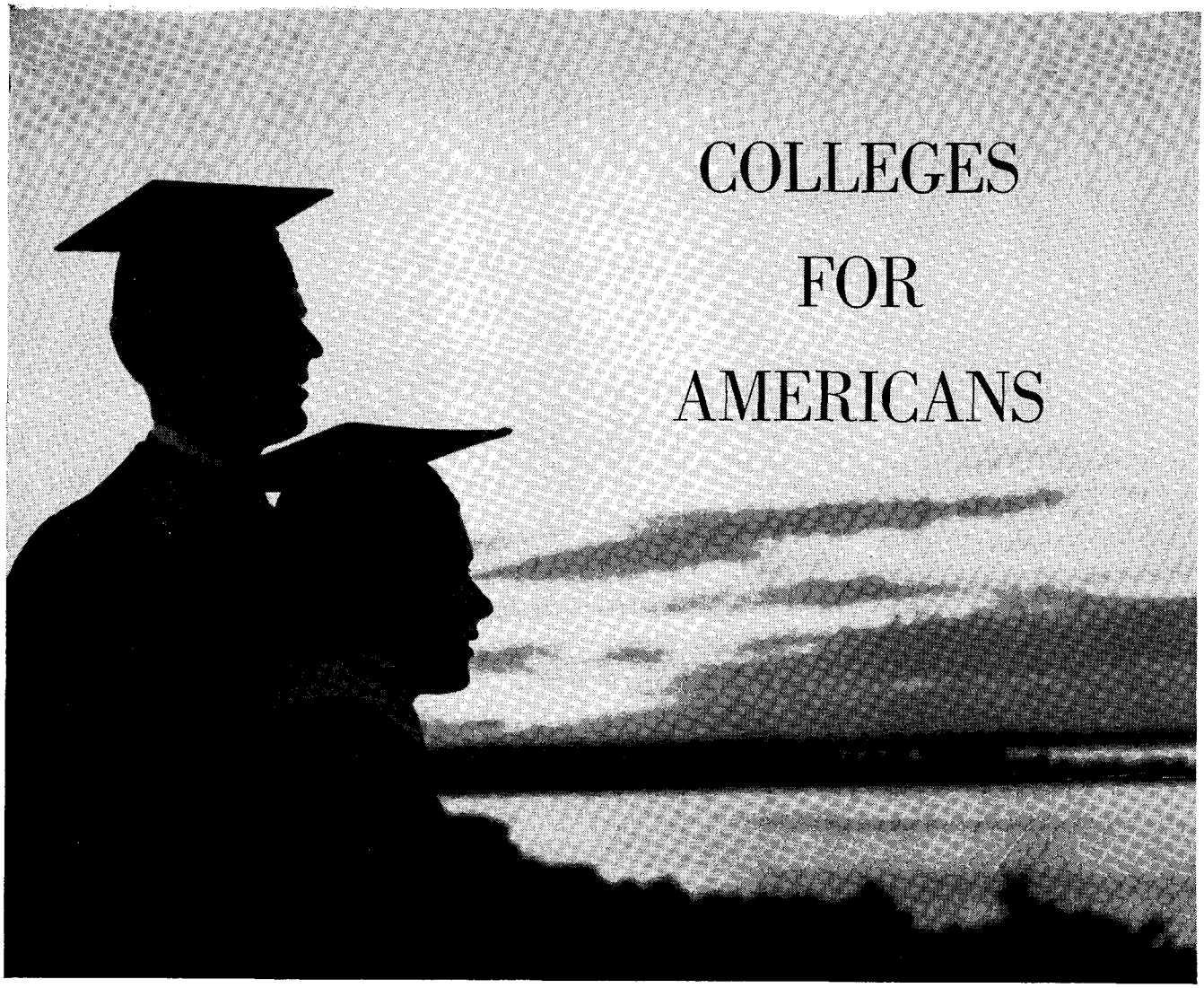

A Hundred Years of the Land-Grant Movement

By OLIVER C. CARMICHAEL, *author of "Graduate Education," former president of the University of Alabama, and currently consultant to the Ford Foundation.*

THE MOST revolutionary single development in the history of American higher education is the "land-grant college movement," initiated just a century ago by the Morrill Act of 1862. It is difficult to conceive what the United States would be like today if the land-grant college act had failed to pass or if President Lincoln had refused to sign it. Educationally, economically, and politically, it would be a different land and would occupy a different place in the international community. With all its shortcomings and the vagaries of its early history, not all of which have yet been eliminated, the net effect of the land-grant college movement, after a century, is a stronger, more imaginative, more enterprising, and more democratic America.

It would be a mistake to ascribe to this movement all the contributions of the land-grant colleges and universities because a number of universities have incorporated the land-grant program as only one of their divisions of instruction and research. Cornell University, for example, is a privately supported institution which operates its "land-grant college" under a contract with the state of New York. The University of Missouri had been in operation for twenty years, and the University of Minnesota for eleven years, before the Morrill Act was passed. Rutgers was founded in 1766 but added engineering and agriculture to its curricula in 1864. Several states added their own funds for state universities to the federal funds provided by the Morrill Act.

The essential provisions of the act introduced by a Vermont Congressman can be stated in a single sentence: "The Morrill Act of 1862 provided land grants to each state for the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the states may respectively prescribe in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life." This plan was revolutionary in three respects. It provided for instruction in subjects not previously considered worthy of university study; it was designed to reach a segment of society not hitherto served by higher education, and, finally, it involved a new conception of the role of higher education in our society.

It was not only contrary to the tradition of American higher education which was, in 1862, well into its third century; it was an even more startling departure from Anglo-Saxon theory and practice in university education which dated back to the founding of Oxford some 700 years earlier.

There were a few departments of

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engineering in the United States before 1862 but they were not of college grade. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and the Military Academy at West Point inaugurated civil engineering early in the nineteenth century but these programs were modeled after the French polytechnic institutes, not after their universities. Technical training was already being provided in Britain, by the middle of the century, but this was offered in the technical colleges primarily. The University of London had three engineering departments but these were of little or no influence on university education at that time. The polytechnic institutes in Europe were not affiliated with universities and did not offer university grade programs.

The land-grant colleges introduced a new set of courses quite different in character from those found in traditional universities and, by their example, encouraged other institutions to follow suit. The lofty conception of the ideal university as expressed so eloquently by Cardinal Newman was lacking; a pragmatic, practical type of education was emphasized. These colleges were designed to serve, not the few who wished to enter the learned professions, but the many who desired to enter "the several pursuits and professions in life." The purpose and the vision of a working man's college was their novel element, and they prepared students for a wide variety of vocations.

THIS fact has been responsible for much of the trivia found in college and university programs in the vocational and professional areas. The land-grant colleges cannot be held accountable for all the vagaries of American higher education but the fact remains that a trend which has led institutions astray was initiated by the program launched in 1862. Courses proliferated unduly and many did not represent genuine university work. This does not mean, however, that the "land-grant" development has not justified its existence. Indeed, among the three seminal movements in higher education in the nineteenth century, the program arising out of the Morrill Act has been perhaps the most significant in its effect on American life. The other two, the elective system and the conception of the modern university, have both been affected by the land-grant college development and have, in turn, contributed tremendously to it. For example, if the stranglehold of the classical curriculum had not been broken the new courses would never have been admitted. Similarly, if the modern university with its emphasis on research had not developed, the agricultural experiment station would probably never have been established.

The elective system provided the demand for new courses. The "modern university" emphasis upon research influenced the methods employed in higher learning. But the land-grant college plan introduced new subject matter and thus affected substantively the direction of university development perhaps more than any other reform during the past one hundred years. In breaking away from the philosophical moorings of the past the land-grant movement, in 1862, set sail on an unknown sea without chart or compass and has been exploring new areas of educational service for a century. All the while it has been exerting a significant influence on colleges and universities both public and private not only in the U.S. but throughout the world.

Undoubtedly the scientific, technological, and technical development of the past 100 years has been largely due to the emphasis on science and technology in American higher education, which in turn stemmed largely from the land-grant college movement. The success of America economically and industrially has inspired other nations to follow its lead in their educational programs in the scientific and technological fields. Thus the influence of the Morrill Act has been widespread both at home and abroad.

Certain questions arise when we consider these facts. Why did the proponents of agricultural and engineering education succeed in the 1860s when they had failed in the 1850s? What were the forces that gave rise to the land-grant idea? How did the act happen to get through Congress at a time when the country was in the midst of bitter civil strife and its resources already severely strained?

The interest of the federal government and the substantial land-grants were doubtless responsible for the success of the program in "agriculture and the mechanic arts." These subjects would probably not have been accepted by the faculties of higher education if there had not been the stimulus of federal aid. The fact that many of the programs originally established were set up as divisions of state universities also helped. Even with these great assets the land-grant college programs were not readily accepted and recognized as bona fide university subjects. It was well into the twentieth century before the new programs gained general acceptance. Indeed, it may be said that the full flowering of the land-grant colleges did not occur until after World War II. University emphasis upon science and technology in the past two decades has eclipsed all previous records, not only in the United States, but in universities throughout the world.

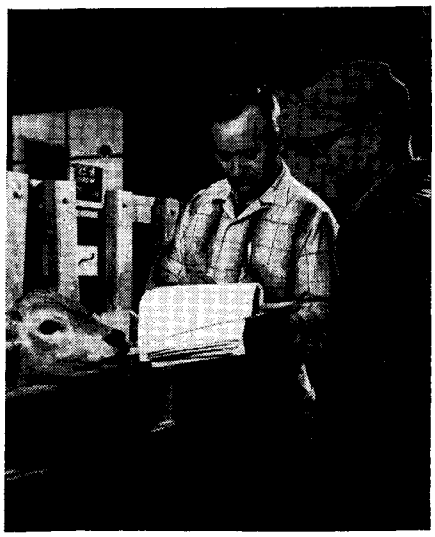
When Congressman Morrill introduced his bill, the public apparently was ready for it. The Industrial Revolution was well under way but college curricula had not yet adapted themselves to it. The Civil War had revealed the need for technological training and, for at least a decade, there had been demands for additions to the curriculum and for the student's right to select his own subjects. All these facts predisposed Congress, as well as the general public, to favor an educational program designed to produce agricultural and industrial leadership.

THE evolution of the land-grant college programs is an interesting story in itself, but too long to detail here. All the land-grant institutions had difficulty finding teachers and suffered from low standards, even lower than those prevailing in other colleges and universities. But as they grew in numbers and in support, standards were gradually raised until they are generally on a par with other state-supported institutions.

In addition to the land-grants to establish these institutions under the Morrill Act of 1862, there was a second Morrill Act passed in 1890 that made possible regular federal appropriations for the support of these institutions. The Hatch Act of 1887 provided for agricultural experiment stations and the Smith-Lever Act of 1914 for farm and home demonstration agents.

The magnitude of the service rendered under the Smith-Lever Act is illustrated by the fact that more than 10,000,000 homes were served by the

(*Continued on page* 71)



"Farm demonstration agents have access to the latest research findings of the agricultural experiment stations."

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Belle Sweet: Ralph Bunche's Favorite Teacher

Foremost among the movers and shapers in education are those teachers who make an important difference in the lives of their students. Such teachers are not rare, and it may be that they appear more often in elementary schools than in universities, but they are extraordinarily difficult to discover. Only the students know who they are and, until the children grow up and give evidence of the quality of their education, we are reluctant to accept their judgment. Socrates, who never wrote a word and never administered a school, would be unknown today were it not for the fact that a student named Plato made his name immortal.

Each year the National Education Association selects a public figure who has contributed notably to American life and asks him to name his favorite teacher. This year the selection was Ralph Bunche, Under Secretary of the United Nations and holder of the Nobel Peace Prize. When Mr. Bunche was asked to name the teacher who had done the most to influence his career he chose, without hesitation, the woman who is our selection for this month's "Movers and Shapers" column. Mr. David E. Smoker, Director of the Public Information and Publications Department of the Albuquerque Public Schools provided much of the information upon which this sketch is based.

FORTY-SIX years ago, an eleven-year-old Negro boy entered the sixth grade of the Fourth Ward School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The teacher he found there was a tiny, prim, wispy woman named Emma Belle Sweet.

The youngster was shy in his new environment, and wary of how he would be received. He had already experienced the indignities of racial discrimination in other places. In Detroit he had been refused admittance to a swimming pool. In Knoxville, Tennessee, he had been chased out of a public park. Being ordered to the rear of buses and movie theatres was an old story.

But in Miss Sweet's class Ralph Bunche found that things were different. The classroom of sixty-five youngsters was hopelessly overcrowded by modern standards and Miss Sweet herself lacked the academic requirements that are taken for granted today. But she treated all of her sixty-five young charges as equals and gave each of them a feeling of individual importance. This made a profound impression on the Negro lad, and he still remembers it today. At a reception for Miss Sweet held at the United Nations Headquarters Building last January, Mr. Bunche said to reporters, "She influenced me decisively at a formative stage in my life. For the first time I found someone who treated me just like everybody else."

Miss Sweet's reply was, "Well, you have to remember that Albuquerque was pretty much of a frontier town in those days, and in many ways still is. On the frontier you accept a person for his individual worth. It's what he does that matters." And she added, "The teacher has to have a sympathy or understanding for her students, either through her own experiences or the ability to put herself in their places. I recall Ralph only as one of a group. However, I do remember that when I gave the students the opportunity to pair off for study, it was often a contest to see who would get to sit with Ralph, so he must have been recognized as a good student."

—*Wide World.*

Belle Sweet and student—"For the first time I found someone who treated me just like everybody else."

Emma Belle Sweet (her friends call her Belle) was born in Holton, Kansas, in 1879 and grew up in the days of the closing frontier. In 1882 the family moved to the New Mexico Territory and settled in the mountain village of Las Vegas Hot Spring, now called Montezuma. Three years later her father was drowned in the flood-swollen Gallinas River while attempting to free a log jam and after that her mother supported the family by taking in boarders.

Belle attended ungraded one-room schools in which the school term often was limited to three months. But she enjoyed school. She says, "At first I didn't know we were competing for grades—I was just doing what I wanted to do—learning."

Her education was interrupted in 1892 when the family—which now included a step-father, George D. Hendricks—moved to Los Cerrillos, a gold-mining town that has since become a ghost town. Then they moved on to Dolores, where Belle began her long career as a teacher at the age of fourteen. In a one-room adobe building she set up a private school for the town's seven primary-age youngsters. The room had a dirt floor, two station-

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ary windows, and a little three-cornered fireplace for heat. Two wooden boards, painted black and nailed to the door, served as the blackboard. Each child had to furnish his own desk and chair and most of them brought coffee boxes and fruit crates for this purpose. These boxes created some instructional problems. One boy said he knew the alphabet but when Miss Sweet tried him out with books she found he couldn't identify the letters. She discovered that the boy's Arbuckle Bros. Coffee box had been opened at the wrong end and in using it to review his ABC's he had learned them all upside down. For her first year's work as a teacher Miss Sweet received a total of $21, paid by the parents as tuition.

After four years of teaching in Dolores, using a variety of buildings that at times included an abandoned saloon and an upstairs room over the general store, Miss Sweet went to live with relatives in Las Vegas and returned to the eighth grade to complete her own education. She then studied in the "Normal Department" of the fledgling University of New Mexico in Albuquerque where she completed her high school work while preparing herself for a teacher's certificate. She taught in the third grade in Sante Fe, then in Raton, and in 1913 became a teacher in the Albuquerque public schools, where she taught until her retirement in 1947.

Meanwhile, she attended summer schools and took correspondence courses and in 1928, at the age of forty-eight, received her bachelor's degree in education from New Mexico Highlands University with a major in psychology. "They had quite a discussion about whether they dared graduate me," she says. "They discovered that I didn't have any credits for supervised practice teaching."

During her thirty-four years in Albuquerque schools Miss Sweet taught in the fifth and sixth grades and then in junior high school, where she specialized in geography. She also taught a core program which integrated several subjects, but was not satisfied with the experience. "The core program never did work out right," she says.

The record book for her 1915 class of sixth-graders lists the name of Ralph Bunche. It shows that he was a good student but apparently not always well behaved, for Miss Sweet gave him only a C+ in "Deportment." (Dr. Bunche attributes this grade to "a wagging tongue and a penchant for throwing spitballs.")

Belle Sweet was a "no nonsense" type of teacher who made her children work and held them to high standards. But, she says, "I loved all the boys and girls. Even after school was out, I always had time for them." Her former students bear her out. Dr. Bunche says, "Of all the teachers I had—from elementary grades through my graduate work—Miss Sweet indicated to me and the other students that she conveyed a human interest in each of us. She was a very fine teacher; but perhaps more important, she was a wonderful person. I discovered in Miss Sweet's class that there is something more important in education than teaching, and that is the relationship of one human to another."

Another former pupil, the Reverend Russell Goff, who is now Miss Sweet's pastor at the Parkview Baptist Church in Albuquerque, recalls her as "a teacher who approached her profession with precision. She wanted her students to learn every detail of what was being taught and not to be slipshod. She didn't have what I would call 'flashy' qualities. It was with a longer association that you came fully to appreciate what a wonderful teacher and person she was."

Mrs. Margaret Easterday Oakley, herself a retired teacher, was another member of Miss Sweet's sixth-grade class. Mrs. Oakley says, "Belle was always anxious to help each of us, and if we didn't understand something we didn't hesitate to ask her. She was a prim and proper kind of teacher, but in her calm and quiet way, she inspired in each of us a desire to succeed. I don't think she ever raised her voice in the classroom. How she managed it I don't know, but she had time for each of us." Other former students make similar comments.

Miss Sweet, who will be eighty-three this year, lives by herself in Albuquerque. The living room of her home is lined with books and she continues to do a considerable amount of reading. She is an amateur genealogist bent on tracing the history of her family, which came to the American colonies before the Revolution, and she has a Certificate of Merit awarded by the Institute of American Genealogy.

Rock collecting and polishing, stamp collecting and her pets, round out her hobbies. She also remains active in church work.

Since returning home from her trip to New York she has spent much of her time receiving calls from former students and other friends, and reading letters from well-wishers all over the country. Of the award she says, "There are many fine teachers who deserved this award more than I did. Not every sixth-grade teacher was so fortunate as to have a Ralph Bunche as one of her pupils."

New Books

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS SPEAK OUT. *By David Mallery. Harper.* 171 *pp.* $3.75. A national sampling of high school students voice concern about shortcomings in the high school and offer their own remedies for them.

THE UNIVERSITY AND COMMUNITY EDUCATION. *By Kenneth Haygood. Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults* (4819 *Greenwood Ave., Chicago* 15, *Ill.*). 57 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Adult education is viewed in the light of university involvement in community affairs.

VIEWS AND PROSPECTS FROM CURZON STREET. *By Percy Wilson, C. B. Basil Blackwell* (*Oxford, England*). 113 *pp.* $1.75. England's Senior Chief Inspector of Schools discusses educational trends in his country.

THE YEAR BOOK OF EDUCATION 1961. *Edited by George Z. F. Bereday and Joseph A. Lauwerys. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 503 *pp.* $10.50. A collection of essays on educational practices throughout the world today.

VACATIONS ABROAD. UNESCO. (*Available from Columbia University Press.*) 161 *pp. Paperback.* $1.25. Eight hundred sixty-one institutions and organizations in sixty-eight countries have contributed information on study tours, summer schools, and camps, to enable young people to combine their holidays abroad with study and educational travel.

HELPING YOUR CHILD SUCCEED IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. *By Marshall C. Jameson. Putnam.* 191 *pp.* $3.50. Down-to-earth answers to the many questions parents ask about elementary schools.

THE MODERN FAMILY GUIDE TO EDUCATION. *By Benjamin Fine. Doubleday.* 649 *pp.* $7.50. An up-to-date reference book for the layman that covers virtually every facet of education.

PERSONNEL POLICIES FOR PUBLIC EDUCATION. *By Francis Keppel. University of Pittsburgh Press.* 50 *pp.* $1.50. The 1961 Horace Mann lecture at the University of Pittsburgh, by the dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

THE WORLD ROLE OF UNIVERSITIES. *By Edward W. Weidner. McGraw-Hill.* 366 *pp.* $6.95. (To be reviewed next month.)

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Is the Library the Heart of the College?

By H. L. SUTTON, *librarian, Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa.*

IN TWO recent *Saturday Review* articles discussing college students' reading, the role of the college library was mentioned—once, in half a sentence. Various curricular and extra-curricular means of stimulating reading were discussed. Yet, except for a nod toward the library's "centrality," little was said of the major source of student reading beyond the textbook.

As a man who, in college, fell in love with libraries and decided to devote his life to them, I was professionally offended and personally miffed by this oversight. I was *not* surprised. Ignoring the library as a stimulating means of teaching is not uncharacteristic of some college teachers and administrators. They piously mention the library as "the heart of the college," but by inaction in course planning and teaching they demonstrate that the library is an appendage—and not too important an appendage at that.

Why should this be? The student learns fast in college. Often, he soon learns that a real interest in books does not pay off. This results in a college-trained citizen who is helpless when he walks into a library seeking information. He is overawed by long ranges of card catalogues. He knows few of the major reference books. To extract information from periodicals is largely beyond him. Such a man's ignorance is the result of never having been guided as a student into meaningful use of the library.

He even hesitates to question the librarian. An image of the librarian floats before him—prim, grim, and female, with square glasses and a tight knot of hair at the back of the head. He was not forced into enough contact with librarians to discover that they are human beings of greater than average warmth and friendliness.

Forced? Yes, for college library books make up the bulk of non-textbook student reading, and up to 90 per cent of library reading is course-related. College is hard work; and American college students, like most Americans, are practical people. They are not going to read or use the library if they are not required to do so.

Our college-trained citizen worked in college as he was directed. The college simply did not educate for independent thinking as its catalogue said it would. Too many college courses are lecture-textbook courses with an occasional term paper thrown in. In the worst of such courses, the textbook is some hack academician's digest of other men's research. In lectures, the professor further digests the textbook. The student does not have to digest; he simply memorizes. Parroting back the lectures on examinations will get him an A. Many a smart student never even buys a textbook. Reading it would be extra-curricular—a distraction from the memorizing job at hand. If a "research" paper is assigned, the student regards it as busy work, little related to his course and of minuscule importance to his grade.

In my first two undergraduate years I had to withdraw books from the university library twice. In four years at the same university my wife did one library paper and one exercise with abstracts. In our combined years we actually withdrew fewer than twenty books from that magnificent and forbidding repository of knowledge.

The war and other disasters interrupted my college training. As a gray-haired junior at Kenyon College I was finally forced into real, into meaningful use of a library; and I fell in love with it.

Of several teachers who plunged me willy-nilly into the library, two stand out in my mind—two great teachers, Dr. Charles Monroe Coffin and Dr. Richard Salomon, the German Platonist. They plunged me into a sea of books; the librarians taught me how to swim. I soon learned that there were reference books, selective bibliographies, and periodical indexes. I really learned to use the card catalogue. I learned how books are grouped by the classification system. I had to learn these things to fulfill the professor's demands.

I also learned fast not to miss any crucial piece of writing when preparing a paper. This I learned the hard way. Oral reports were always a part of Professor Coffin's literature courses. I remember with cruel vividness my report on Milton's "Comus." I had prepared from a dozen sources, including that "queen of literary indexes" the "International Index," which I had discovered with delight. Yet when I needed it one volume of that index was in use. To my later regret I skipped that volume.

As I finished my ponderous and pretentious report, a student with a malicious gleam in his eye waved his hand. "How about that article by Tillyard?" he began. My heart sank. I had missed this article, and it was very much to the point.

At the coffee break (this was a night class) Professor Coffin abandoned his grade book on the desk. I sneaked a look into it. My efforts had earned me only a B—and for good reason. I had failed to consider a crucial opinion. I will always remember the "International Index."

While writing a paper for Dr. Salomon on the relatively obscure theologian Bishop Reginald Pecock, I discovered a reference book. Pecock's leading biographer had written the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to which the librarian had led me. In the article were the names of his friends and enemies with (q.v.) following the names. I discovered (q.v.) meant that all of these men were subjects of articles in this multi-volume dictionary. As I turned from article to article, a whole century came alive before my eyes. I was fascinated by this "dictionary."

The class period after we had turned in our papers Professor Salomon stood plucking his iron gray mustache and peering down at us sadly from deeply pouched eyes.

"Chentlemen! chentlemen!" he said. "Would you kindly return your books to the library? Without your books how can I check your footnotes?"

Later I saw the professor at a twelve-foot table in the library, almost blocked from view by mounds of books he had stimulated students into using. For several days we had before us the view of the dedicated teacher. A good cigar clenched between his teeth, he checked sources and scrawled comments on the papers, his eyes getting redder and pouchier by the hour.

Yes, I was forced into the use of the library. Yet was my generation of Kenyon graduates really adequately trained in this area? I doubt it. In two years, I got ten times the training that my wife got in four years at a great university. Yet, my library training was, to a degree, accidental.

I missed many rich resources in Ken-

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yon's fine library. My capacity to use the card catalogue was barely adequate. My bibliographic knowledge was narrowly specialized. I'm afraid many of us were not led into a broad knowledge of books and libraries.

No one had planned our education in the use of books. President Chalmers and his faculty had set up a fine curriculum; devoted scholars were there to teach. Our basic education was planned, but our training in the use of books and libraries was left to accident. Good training is seldom achieved by happy accident.

Knox College is also a fine college with high standards and devoted teachers. Yet Patricia Knapp in a study of library use at Knox discovered that books were not being used. There was a low correlation between scholastic standing and library use—only a .238 correlation between the number of books withdrawn from the general collection and grades in course. Many students made insignificant use of the general collection—48.51 per cent withdrew no books from it during an entire quarter! What happened to the grade averages of these students? Not much. The distribution of grades among students who used the library and those who did not varied little.

In the few years since Miss Knapp's study, Knox College has made every effort to shift teaching toward a more meaningful use of books—with impressive educational results. An index of this may be that per student circulation has almost tripled in this period.

I suspect that Patricia Knapp's study, "College Teaching and the College Library," has something important to tell most college trustees, administrators, librarians, teachers, and interested citizens. It is available through the American Library Association, 20 East Huron Street, Chicago, Illinois.

This study confirms the current validity of earlier studies, notably Harvie Branscomb's "Teaching With Books," published twenty-one years ago. Branscomb's study showed that up to 66.9 per cent of college students made negligible use of their library. He found that the average undergraduate withdrew but twelve books a year, hardly enough to do more than one respectable research paper. Non-book users had virtually the same grade averages as the rest of the student body! Even in humanities courses! In short, a pattern of higher education that discourages student reading has long been with us.

What is the cause of this persistent educational pattern? What could be (I do not say will be) done about it?

First, the fault lies with academic librarians who have been neither energetic nor effective in pointing out the educational role of books and libraries. Some have been reluctant to "invade" the province of the teacher. Some have given up.

Recently I mentioned Miss Knapp's study to one of our most distinguished academic librarians. "You're worried about that?" he said. "Come off it, Sutton. Don't you know by now that we run our libraries for ten per cent of the student population?"

THIS may be realistic, but it *is* a council of defeat growing from years of frustration. As one who was once part of the ninety per cent, I know it does not have to be so.

College faculty members are also sometimes ineffective in guiding their students. Many were, themselves, trained inadequately as undergraduates. How could they, without assistance, plan assignments that would force students to exhaust the resources of the library?

College administrators are perhaps most responsible for persistence of this poor training. They are largely ignorant of the accumulated research made by such people as Patricia Knapp and Harvie Branscomb. They do not understand that the use of, and respect for, books can be taught only in a living learning situation. They do not realize training in the use of books and libraries must be carefully planned.

What then, is the solution?

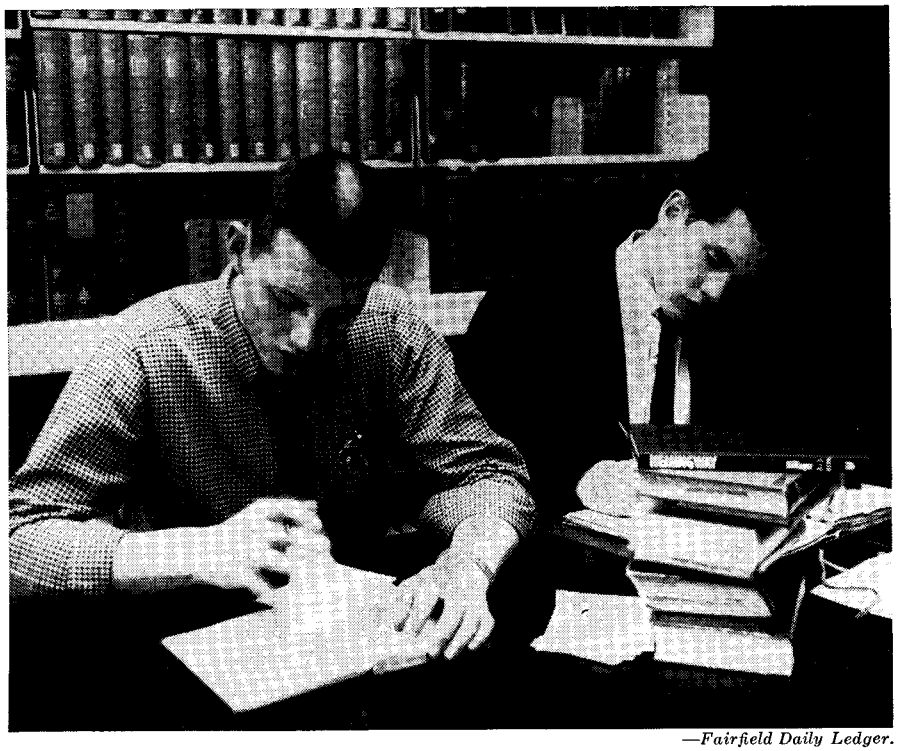
A few weeks ago I went before the Faculty Senate of Parsons College with what I thought, and what my Library Committee thought, was one solution. I had been buttonholing individual professors for months. I had sent out a barrage of statistics. The Library Committee had made a formal report. I was still uneasy. I knew how deep-seated the problem was, and how resentful professors can be of an invasion of their teaching prerogatives.

In a series of resolutions we proposed a solution that is essentially quite simple: Find out what is needed! Include it in teaching! Find out what *all* of our graduates ought to know about the use of resources; then incorporate these skills or resources in, and I quote from the resolution, "some three courses (required of all students) wherever the departments concerned see these skills or resources to be of *greatest teaching value*" (my italics).

I made the resolutions and waited for the explosion; instead the resolutions passed unanimously.

I had underestimated the courage and devotion of the Parsons College faculty. If librarians were to speak out, I suspect many faculties would show themselves equally devoted and courageous.

The American academic library is rich, complex, beautifully organized, and magnificently alive. I believe that no student, once he has been lured, forced, or directed into a full participation in this life, will ever forget the experience. But the main thing that is needed on every college campus is the consciousness that a shockingly large number of our students are not touched by this life. When this is known and understood. I am sure that administrations, faculties, and librarians will work together to make the library the *real* heart of the college.



—Fairfield Daily Ledger.

"A shockingly large number of our students are not touched by this life."

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The Magic World

By DOROTHY WEISMAN, *director of the Marble Hill Nursery School in New York City.*

YOUNG children are devastating creatures; they demand, they function on impulse, they tell the truth and expect the same, they insist on loving, they wield magic power, and what is worse than all of these, they play! They play with deadly seriousness and, often, violence. They play with utmost concentration. They play with a primitiveness too familiar for comfort and a pleasure too sensuous for acceptance. Daily they walk the paths of a magic land we cannot enter, and, by so doing, arouse in us both nostalgic envy and resentment.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the years of early childhood are often ignored, or that attention is given in condescension or hostility. It is not surprising that schools for young children are not understood. But it is time for some of the ignorance to be dispelled. It is time for those concerned with the education of the young to open the doors of their awareness to the education of the youngest.

Early childhood education deals with the foundations of learning. Like foundations of anything, there often seems little resemblance to the end product. What similarity is there between the stone piles under an apartment building and the family living space above? What likeness is there between a handful of chemicals and the poetry of color that is fireworks—between a hard, dry seed and the fragrant beauty of flowers in full bloom? The noise, movement, and mess characteristic of a good nursery school or kindergarten, understandably, seem little related to the intellectually and socially mature adults we hope to develop. This is so primarily because the learning process and child nature are imperfectly understood.

There is a tendency to consider the early steps of learning as separate and different from the end product. Or, in another sense, it is as if we saw babyhood and adulthood as planets, spinning in different orbits. To the extent that one sees childhood as a closed world to be passed through and left behind as quickly as possible, one will be blind to its persistence in adulthood —and will often fail to see the wisdom and clear thinking that can characterize childhood. It becomes easy, therefore, to downgrade early education as something for children, with no relevance to the total experience of learning. In fact, all is a continuum. Things of value are achieved even at early stages, and experimentation exists even at maturity. We lack the deep acceptance of change and flow that betokens true love of learning and of child life. We drive ourselves—and our children—in furious pursuit of a distant goal and do not sufficiently treasure the process of getting to the goal which is the essence of education.

For example, one goal we might agree on in the education of children is the ability to make connections, to see relationships. The path on which children travel toward connective thinking will be full of error, misinterpretation, incomplete thoughts. There seems a big difference between the four-year-old who sees the various parts of a story as unconnected and the mature scientist who combines his separate observations into coherent theory. But the scientist could not have developed without much experience with error. And one important function of early childhood education is to provide opportunity for error. It is the teacher's job, of course, to structure her program so that a student's errors neither disrupt the total learning in the room nor cripple his own self-esteem. There must always be opportunity to repair. But error there must be. Through continuous failure and continuous discovery of solution, a student can develop an open creative attitude toward learning and problem-solving.

It is for this reason, among others, that a nursery school emphasizes materials which, by their very nature, encourage experimentation. Paint, clay, water, collage materials, sand, blocks free of color and design, all inherently allow for many ways of achieving success. There is no one way to paint, no one way to build; the student must, of necessity, think his own way through the problems of creativity.

A child standing before an easel playing with brush and color is having an exercise in freedom of choice, in manipulating the world his way, in experiencing sheer sensuousness, unsurpassed for bringing him stimulation, joy, and ultimately, deep emotional release. It is similar with clay and sand and blocks and every material which, in its nature, doesn't present a preconceived content and method of play and needs the participant's projections in order to come to life.

It is self-evident that such materials will "hold" a child; he is held, largely, by the stories he invents around his creations—in short, by himself. To the extent that a material has structure and imposes limits, a child is required to adapt to reality and to make his constructions conform to the needs of his world. To the extent that a material is "bland" or unprogramed, or "raw," a child, out of the rich, deep well of his own fantasy, is encouraged to invent new ways of overcoming problems. To the extent that a nursery school stands for both—the joys of fantasy set in a framework of clear, undistorted reality —it encourages creative thinking.

There is a third characteristic of a good nursery school, by implication a goal of all early childhood education. This is a respect for all forms of achievement. The space allowed for each area of play exemplifies this respect; each receives equal consideration of the needs inherent in the nature of the activity. Books need good light, privacy, space for display. Art work needs access to water, sturdy and washable tables and easels, protection from interruption. Music needs space in which dancing can be done and storage space for instruments. A good nursery school or kindergarten will so arrange its space that the very room will speak to the children of love and consideration for many fields of endeavor.

In short, a good nursery school is an experience in the liberal arts. To the extent that it does its job, it encourages breadth and depth of thinking. A child may uncover truth at the easel and beauty amidst the blocks. His intellectual discoveries will be infused with the emotional color of his whole personality. He may learn as much forbearance, acceptance of difference, and respect for limitation from working through a difficult problem at the workbench as from actual social play with other children. There is no one path to wisdom; who is to say where one will find the keys to the kingdom?

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A report to parents, teachers and school boards on the advantages of carpet in schools from Bigelow, makers of fine carpets since 1825.

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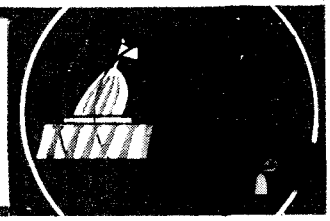
While School Keeps



INNOVATION IN EDUCATION usually comes piecemeal. Specific changes in teaching and learning, or in organizing and administering instruction, turn up in particular schools—or even in individual classrooms. For a variety of reasons, sweeping changes throughout an entire school system seldom appear. The practical problems for teachers and administrators are formidable. Ideas for new departures are usually sparked by specific local or regional problems. And financing for experimental changes is more easily secured from either public or private sources for particular "projects."

In an effort to put the whole range of constructive innovations that have developed over the past decade to work in the interest of better schools, the Ford Foundation has made two grants to local school systems. Newton, Massachusetts, and Norwalk, Connecticut, both of which have long been actively experimenting with new departures, will apply the accumulated knowledge and know-how in system-wide programs from kindergarten through the twelfth grade.

Team teaching, flexible scheduling, nongraded instruction, variations in class size, advanced placement, independent study, flexible admission standards for kindergarten, interchange of teachers from grade to grade and school to school, and expanded use of electronic aids are among the many innovations that will be tried. Neither school will attempt to incorporate all; each will choose those best suited to its special needs. Hopefully, this comprehensive effort to seek new solutions to education's ancient problems will teach us much about how—and whether—large-scale change can improve learning in the schools.

COLOR TELEVISION promises to contribute materially to better and more efficient medical education, according to the staff of the University of Michigan Medical Center, which has been experimenting with closed-circuit instruction since 1958. Among the advantages reported in a recent issue of the *UM Medical Bulletin* are the ability to magnify details of diagnosis and treatment, which eliminates the necessity for small group repetition, and the capacity for reproducing in color both healthy and diseased tissue, and the changes that occur. At present the Center has two operating rooms, four amphitheaters, four additional classrooms, and a regular TV studio equipped to originate programs for the use of students, faculty, and professional visitors. The versatility of color TV in medical instruction has convinced staff members that it should be used more widely.

SCHOOL FAILURE, dropout, and delinquency form a chain of events that often begin with failure to learn to read. If a child doesn't learn to read in the early grades, chances are he will never catch up. If his reading is poor, he tends to lose interest in school and is likely to quit as soon as he can. Then he becomes a candidate for trouble.

In an effort to break this chain of events before it starts, a new project at the University of Chicago's Social Psychology Laboratory is attempting to teach underprivileged children to read at the age of four. According to Professor Fred L. Strodtbeck, director of the project, 50 to 70 per cent of the first-graders in the low-income test area fail in reading, compared to about 15 per cent in middle-class areas. And the best time to teach a child from a deprived home to read, he says, is before he enters school.

The report of a summer pilot project for the study among pre-school children notes that, "The most striking finding of the study has been the extent to which assumptions underlying the teaching of symbolic material to middle-class children appear . . . inapplicable to children from relatively deprived, lower-class background." The project is designed to provide the knowledge, understanding, and motivation that more fortunate children get from their homes. This pre-school experience is desirable for children from normal homes, the study concludes, but for the deprived sector of our society, it is absolutely essential.

NEWARK (N.J.) COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING is pioneering an effort to stem the trend away from engineering education for new students. On Washington's Birthday, a school holiday, 450 local high school juniors were invited to the campus to take a first-hand look at engineering and the career opportunities it offers. Their day started at the Newark Museum, where twenty-five displays of engineering projects, ranging from electronic devices to rockets, illustrated the research and technical methods engineers employ. Special color films showed development stages of new aerospace equipment and communications systems. And a panel of leading engineers in the area discussed engineering opportunities in a variety of fields and then participated in a question-and-answer period with the students.

HIGH SCHOOL MARRIAGES are on the increase, and they pose problems both for the school and for society. Neither has found a satisfactory solution. In 1950, 32 per cent of all brides and 7 per cent of all grooms were under twenty years of age. By 1958 these percentages had risen to 39 and 12 respectively, and more recent reports indicate they are still rising.

Studies show that teen-age marriages produce more children, more annulments and divorces, more school dropouts, and more unhappiness than marriages among adults in the 25-29 age group.

The problem for the schools is complicated; involving parental and community attitudes. Married tenn-agers often need effective guidance, but school boards and administrators usually turn in the other direction. School action, typically, is designed to "protect" unmarried students from their married colleagues rather than to help those who need it.

Many schools drop students immediately upon marriage; others force girls to stop school when they become pregnant or when the pregnancy becomes obvious. Some exclude married students from extracurricular activities; others send them to evening school instead of the regular session. A few communities have set up marriage education programs in which other institutions cooperate with the schools—and a very few schools make no distinction between married and unmarried students.

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the schools are contributing directly to the high rate of failure and unhappiness among married teen-agers when official action clearly indicates that the fruits of man's most normal and beautiful impulses—marriage and pregnancy—are to be avoided, hidden, and penalized.

An informative round-up of court decisions, professional opinion, and school practice is given in a recent Research Report of Science Research Associates, 259 East Erie Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

—James Cass.

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This is the first volume of its kind ever published—an up-to-date, factual and illustrated guide to the world's principal universities. Pan American Airways, working with the cultural counselors of host nations, has determined the schools best fitted to accept American students and make them feel at home.

Information is concise. Maps and photos show locations of the universities and what they look like. It is a hard-cover book, about to go into its 3rd edition in convenient pocket size, with 526 fact-packed pages.

The Authors

There are many, including: Dr. James B. Conant, former President of Harvard; Thomas C. Mendenhall, President of Smith College; Dr. Kenneth Holland, President of the Institute of International Education; and Senator J. W. Fulbright.

The Facts

Chapters include, among other items, a detailed outline of the steps to take in choosing a foreign university; foreign travel and education; possibilities for fluency in a foreign language; and a listing of U.S. colleges now offering programs for undergraduate overseas study.

New Horizons in Education covers subjects needed for planning a course, a semester, a year, or a complete education abroad

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- Location and history of the university
- Size of student body. Men, women, or co-ed
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- Language of instruction
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Equally important, *New Horizons in Education* answers such basic queries as:

"Can I get U. S. credit if I take a course in Spanish at the University of Madrid?"

"What kind of living conditions will a girl student find at the University of Florence?"

"If I haven't the credits to get into State next year, will the work I do at a French university fill the gap?"

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In this concise book you will find the facts needed to estimate the cost of a higher education overseas. Prices of meals, lodging, tuition, and extras are given in easy-to-understand U.S. dollars and cents. You'll find universities listed which charge no tuition at all. You'll find others where the price for student meals is less than 50¢ . . . or where a comfortable furnished room can be had for $20 per month.

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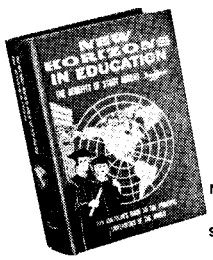

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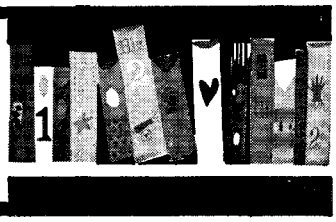
the Editor's Bookshelf



MUCH OF THE CREDIT for the success of the Philippine Republic in making the difficult transition from colonial status to that of a self-governing nation must go to the universities. At a time when many other colonials were denied higher education, and those in in some colonies got no education at all, thousands of Filipinos were being prepared for positions of leadership as statesmen, engineers, lawyers, physicians, and military officers. When independence came they were ready to take over.

Santo Tomas, in Manila, is older and larger than Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. The University of San Carlos, founded in 1595 in Cebu City, is older still but it has not been in continuous operation. Manila's Far Eastern University, which dates only from 1928, now has 42,000 students while the still newer University of the East, established in 1946, has 36,000. The publicly supported University of the Philippines is larger than many of our state universities.

When I was in Manila during World War II most of the universities were war-torn wrecks. Santo Tomas, which the Japanese had used as a concentration camp, was not destroyed but the faculty had been scattered. After the war ended, high priority was given to rebuilding the universities and starting new ones, and today only a few nations of the world provide higher education for a larger proportion of their youth than do the Filipinos.

"Higher Education in the Philippines," by Arthur L. Carson (a publication of the U.S. Office of Education, OE-14,065, Bulletin 1961, No. 29, 251 pp., for sale by the Superintendent of Public Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, $1), is an account of the growth and present status of Philippine colleges and universities. Mr. Carson begins with an excellent short history of the islands and the people, proceeds with a chapter on the history of Philippine education at all levels, and then goes into detail about many aspects of higher education in the republic today.

The Philippine Archipelago has a larger area than the British Isles and is the home of 27,000,000 people. When the islands were colonized, in 1565, Philip II of Spain, for whom they are named, gave instructions to his governor to avoid the excesses which had been committed by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, and the result was that missionaries played a larger part in establishing Spanish hegemony, and military leaders a smaller one, than they had in the American colonies. But, upon the ancient Oriental culture of the islands was superimposed three centuries of Spanish rule, followed by a half century of American control, and five years of Japanese military domination, before the islands again became independent.

During the Spanish period the Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and other orders established excellent universities in the islands but these did not rest upon a firm base of elementary and secondary education. This deficiency was repaired by the Americans who established public schools and sent many American teachers to staff them between 1898 and 1941, by which time the Philippine universities and normal schools were producing most of the teachers needed. The number of native Filipino teachers rose from 2,000 in 1900 to 43,000 in 1940.

The Japanese period, 1941-45, is one many Filipinos would prefer to forget. Yet educational traditions were not lost even during those difficult years.

The greatest problem faced by Philippine educators is a diversity of languages. Inhabitants of the 2,400 islands speak 150 different dialects and at least ten distinct languages. Most of the newspapers and magazines are in English, which has largely replaced Spanish as the language of educated Filipinos, but there are also a few newspapers which are published in Chinese, Spanish, and Tagalog, the native language of the area around Manila.

A law requires all elementary and secondary schools and all teacher-education institutions to teach a Filipino language based on Tagalog. But English is also taught in most schools and appears to be the principal language of instruction at the higher levels (although Carson is not entirely clear on this point). However, colleges and universities are dependent, in large part, on imported textbooks and reference books and most of those used are in English.

The increased use of English in the islands has strengthened ties with the United States. Although there were always many Filipinos who understandably resented outside control during the colonial period, and at times revolted against it, the Filipinos today are our staunchest friends and allies in the Orient at a time when friends are badly needed.

This fact makes it important that Americans understand the Philippines and adds to the significance of the book. In writing it, Mr. Carson has demonstrated that a government document can be well-written and highly interesting as well as informative.

"COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES have hidden their own problems and deficiencies behind a barrage of criticism of the high schools. But their own sins are catching up with them, and the day of reckoning is at hand. The demand for post-high-school training by American youths and their parents, which will produce an enrollment of at least 7 million if not 11 million by 1970, together with mounting demands on the public and private purses, will force some hard decisions concerning the broad pattern of American higher education. This is the subject of this book."

With these words Professor T. R. McConnell of the University of California, introduces his new book, **"A General Pattern for American Public Higher Education"** (McGraw-Hill, 198 pp., $5.95).

College officials, as well as parents and prospective students, have been warned repeatedly of the deluge of students about to flood the halls of ivy. Last fall a reaction began to set in when some of the less prestigious colleges still found it difficult to fill their dormitories, but to conclude from this that the warnings were unnecessary is to misinterpret the statistics. It is the postwar babies who will flood the colleges and these are not yet of college age. Most of the students now in college were born in the early Forties when the birth rate still was low. When the 4,000,000 children born each year during the 1950's come of college age it will be a different story.

If half of them go to college there will be 8,000,000 students in college by 1970 and there is every reason to

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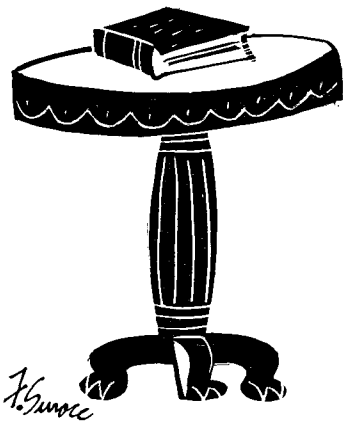
believe that more than half will want to go and expect to go. A broad-based survey conducted in 1959 for the Ford Foundation showed that 69 per cent of the parents of children under eighteen expected their children to go to college.

Some will be disappointed because parents are prone to be over-optimistic about the potentialities of their offspring, but there is no good reason to doubt that the percentage of the age group going to college will continue to rise. It has risen from 4 per cent in 1900 to 8 per cent in 1920, to 15 per cent in 1940, and to 40 per cent in 1960. Throughout all these years, fears have been expressed that too many students were seeking a college education and demands have repeatedly been made that standards be raised to keep some of them out. Many colleges have raised standards, but the demand for college education and the demand of employers for college graduates continue to rise.

They will go to college, but where? And what will they find when they get there? These are the questions to which Dr. McConnell addresses himself. Many privately supported colleges still believe they can solve their problems by raising entrance standards, but public institutions cannot solve their problems so



easily. McConnell says, "In all parts of the country, public higher institutions are under pressure to devise 'master plans' for future development, rational and efficient schemes for meeting mounting enrollments."

In too many cases, however, the "master plans" that emerge are for a single institution, or at most for a single state. The result is much duplication of effort. Dr. McConnell is convinced that "the necessity for general planning has reached the point where unliteral action is inexcusable. An institution of integrity will make decisions concerning its future with full reference to a larger pattern of responsibility and opportunity. . . . In some educational enterprises, nation-wide patterning and support are probably essential."

—P.W.

BOOK REVIEW

After Two Decades

"The Guinea Pigs After Twenty Years: A Follow-up Study of the Class of 1938 of the University School at Ohio State," by Margaret Willis with a chapter by Lou LaBrant *(Ohio State University Press, 340 pp. $5.95), is reviewed by Frank G. Jennings, editor-at-large of the Saturday Review and an author and teacher.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

SOME teachers dream a dream tinged with terror and hope: to be allowed to learn what kind of adults the children they taught became. Here is a report of that dream realized, as it was bound to be, for the present-future was locked into a group of children in the fall of 1932 when the University School of Ohio State University opened its doors. This school was to be different. It was a six-year junior-senior high school. It had a talented director, Rudolph Lindquist. It had educational goals that were clearly defined. It provided a loose confederation of intelligent and talented teachers with the freedom to realize those goals in appropriate and effective ways. The school had the additional good fortune (though some might question this) of becoming operative at the beginning of the Thirty Schools Experiment (also known as the Eight Year Study). By joining in that experiment the school was able to assure its graduates that there would be college places for them when they graduated (oh, simpler past!). Finally, and perhaps because of all these factors, the school was—save the mark!—*progressive*.

In "The Guinea Pigs After Twenty Years," the evidence is abundant that the children have become successful adults—all of them. And from the evidence supplied—via liberal quotes from interviews, via statistics and reports of achievement, via evidence of life styles and attitudes toward the world they live in—they are all interesting and attractive persons. Miss Willis and Miss LaBrant assume the scholar's necessary modesty, as well as the teacher's deferred pride (for both of these excellent women were teachers of the Guinea Pigs), as they report on what has happened to their former pupils.

Who were their pupils? They were middle-class, Middle Western children with a range of abilities to be found in any moderately favored suburban school today.

The Guinea Pigs, for so that first class was named, took matters into their own hands. They chose, as their graduation project, to make a gift to the school. The gift was a mirror in the form of a book. They—all fifty-five of them—contracted with Henry Holt & Company to write the book. Not a teacher helped or hindered them. Holt sent an editor to see to it that the manuscript was exclusively the work of the students. It was; and it was published soon after they graduated in 1938, as "Were We Guinea Pigs?" It was a noble and a useful gift. In fact, the existence of that book prompted the writing of this one. Drs. Willis and LaBrant have depended upon it to a considerable extent in making the present study. But the word "study" is not a fair term for what we have here. There is more excitement in the pages of "The Guinea Pigs After Twenty Years" than you will find in many a hard-wrought whodunit. Teachers of all persuasions can read it with profit. The amateur critics may find themselves usefully instructed. Today's parents can learn at close hand what it is that American education tries to do for the children.

What happened to the Class of 1938? Some may say that they were given the full "progressive" treatment—core-programs (bringing together English, social studies, and related activities), pupil-teacher planning (what shall we study next?), parent-teacher interviews, pupil-teacher conferences, cumulative records, individualized reading programs, and no report cards. They were weaned from their egocentric childhood behaviors and nourished on a strong diet of democratic living and working.

How did they perform later? That is the story of "The Guinea Pigs After Twenty Years." Almost every one of the fifty-five became, in terms of his own ability, a successful person. Few of them are conformists, few are overly aggressive, and yet most are ambitious for themselves and their children. All are useful members of society. More than this no teacher would ask; but there is more. The guinea pigs contribute to their communities at a higher level than their fellows. Sixteen mem-

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bers of the class have published work. Another has a novel now in the hands of a publisher. They all read more than the national average. They all earn more than the national average. Thirty-four of the fifty-five graduated from college. Seventeen received one or more honors in college. Twelve took masters' degrees and four took Ph.D.s. One is a minister who is executive secretary for a council of churches. Another is the head of a guided-missile research company. Two are scientists doing fundamental research and teaching in college. Three are listed in the current edition of "American Men of Science." Two others are college teachers and another is a successful artist. Seventy-three per cent entered the Army as privates during World War II. Only one remained at that rank at time of discharge. Forty per cent became commissioned officers and fifty-three per cent became noncommissioned officers. All in all, quite an impressive record.

These people were taught the Method of Intelligence, the way of recognizing the existence of a problem, its character; then trying out a series of possible solutions, testing to see which works best and checking back to be sure to understand what was done and why it came out the way it did. They were taught the Nature of Proof in which mathematics was related to the realities of the world in which they lived. Finally, they were taught the complex beauty of communication, of language in all its forms, a living through words. They were taught that words relate to things but are not themselves things—that words can be trusted when they are mastered—that language on lips or on paper can be controlled to produce beauty and accurate reference and that when it is otherwise used, or misused, the distortion can be recognized and corrected.

It is tempting to quote liberally from the interviews. Mainly, they are the words of moderate people, but they are, to use a bit of our current jargon, self-directed people. Most of them seek for, and have gained, happiness. And this they generally define modestly—achieving in work and in relationships with family and neighbors some satisfying relationships—participating, modestly, in the affairs of the community—being concerned with the growth and cultural and intellectual development of the children. But more important than all of this, or perhaps important because of all of this, these people have the capacity and the courage to take this life as it is. For example, asked if they would choose to live in some other age, some typically replied:

". . . I take what I have. I taught my children that fences were something they could play *within*, not barriers that they couldn't go *beyond*."

". . . I think the age is fascinating and challenging."

". . . I think this is a fascinating time to be living. If anything perhaps [I'd like to live] a little bit later because I want to see what's going to happen."

Mental health as it is now generally defined seems to characterize most of these people. When asked what kind of activities give them the greatest sense of personal worth and achievement almost all of the men spoke of some aspect of their work. There doesn't seem to be a Babbitt among them. They like what they are and what they do.

"The Guinea Pigs After Twenty Years" is a book that the nonprofessional reader might be inclined to pass by after a quick leafing through—there are tables and appendices and the usual scholarly apparatus—but do not be put off. This is a record, although a modest one, of some of the better performance American education is capable of. And although the University School was and is a special case, what it reflected during the days of the Thirty School Experiment and what it represents even today, is some of the genius of our currently maligned professional educators.

Finally, what kind of education is here exemplified? Whether hackles rise or not, this *is* progressive education. It is not easy. It takes teachers of more than ordinary talent and zest. It takes time. It is expensive. It is hard and glorious work. As one of the Guinea Pigs put it, "The progressive system with units and democratic planning of what to study next can work well with extremely good teachers, but it can be a dreadful mess with an ordinary teacher."

The Misses Willis and LaBrant were not then and are not now "ordinary teachers," nor were their colleagues in the University School, but they are the models we need. Our survival depends on them—no less.

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Land Grant

Continued from page 59

home demonstration agents in 1961. The farm demonstration agents were equally widespread. These agents have access to the latest research findings of the home economics faculties and of the agricultural experiment stations, as well as the agricultural faculties of the sixty-nine land-grant colleges and universities serving the continental United States, Hawaii, Alaska, and Puerto Rico. The effect of these services on the standards of living of millions of Americans is beyond the reach of one's imagination. In assessing the factors that contribute to the high living standards of Americans, this factor is usually underrated or ignored.

The struggle to establish and maintain standards characterized the first three or four decades of the land-grant college movement. In the beginning there were few people qualified to give instruction in either agriculture or engineering. The faculties had to be developed on the job. The result was that in the early years the quality of work, particularly in the independent institutions, was poor. This added to the difficulty of building prestige for the new program. In many instances the vocational and technical curricula were substandard and the nonprofessional courses little, if any, better. In some sections of the country it was a half-century before the program measured up to the low standards of other institutions of that period. However, in a few instances the independent land-grant institution outstripped the state university in number of students attracted, in range of curriculum, and in quality of work.

With the improvement in standards, growth in prestige, and increase in enrollments, the independent colleges began early to aspire to university status. Indeed, the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, which was established by statute in 1870 and gave its first instruction in 1873, changed its name to Ohio State University only five years later (1878). This trend has continued until now some forty of the sixty-nine land-grant colleges in operation are universities. The original Morrill Act which provided specifically for "scientific and classical studies" laid the foundation for a broad university program and thus encouraged this trend. In the past decade Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Alabama have substituted *university* for *college* or *institute* in the title of their land-grant institutions.

The federal fund grants now constitute a very small fraction of the support of the land-grant colleges and universities. For example, in 1954 the total of federal grants under the Morrill, Hatch, and Smith-Lever Acts amounted to $50,487,737, while the aggregate budgets of these institutions, not including buildings, amounted to $840,482,000.

In those states which have a land-grant institution separate from the state university there is frequently a struggle over the amount of state support each shall receive. Often the land-grant college has more grass-roots support than the university, partly because the former has more contact with citizens of the state through the farm and home demonstration agents, and partly because its program makes a wider appeal to the citizens generally than that of the state university. This gives the land-grant college or university great political strength, which is no mean asset in dealing with legislative budget committees. The appeal of the land-grant program is also effective in the recruitment of students.

Any account of land-grant colleges would be incomplete without a brief look at the contributions which they have made to scholarship, to American higher education, to economic progress, and to American democracy.

Their chief contribution to scholarship has been in the field of applied science. Some basic contributions to the life sciences may perhaps be ascribed to them but land-grant programs have been mainly concerned with the applications of scientific knowledge. This has proved a highly significant contribution. It has meant greater realism in scholarship. Metaphysical speculation, which dominated the universities of the Middle Ages and later, had still not lost its hold upon scholarship in the early nineteenth century. The emphasis upon the application of scientific theory to practical affairs did much to bring the scholar out of his ivory tower and into the market place. While basic scholarship may have suffered somewhat from the diversion of the scholars' energies from pure science to its applications, that was probably more than offset by the gains that were derived from it. It affected the outlook of the general public as well as the scholar and in the long run may have strengthened basic science. The test of the usefulness of knowledge has doubtless had some adverse effects upon scholarly pursuits. It may have contributed to the weakness of fundamental scholarship and of pure science, but it is more than likely that it has helped rather than hindered basic investigation.

WHILE no one can say with certainty what the effect of emphasis on technology has been on the progress of science, this much is certain: It has had a profound effect upon the economy of the country and upon the standard of living of the American people. With the advance of automation the effects of technology will appear still more evident. For the first time in history a nation is able to produce more than it needs. The economic and industrial power of the United States is without a peer in our modern world and without a precedent in history. This is due to the advances of science and technology which were, to a marked degree, stimulated by the land-grant college movement.

The effect of the land-grant movement upon the educational system has been no less profound. It was designed

Top Ten Degree Producers

Land-grant universities are younger than many of their sister institutions but they have caught up with, and in many cases surpassed, the older universities not only in current enrollments, but in the total number of degrees they have granted. Of the ten universities that have conferred the most degrees since their founding, the five identified below by an asterisk are land-grant institutions.

Institution	*Number of Degrees Earned*	*Date Established*
*University of California	257,899	1873
Columbia University	250,973	1754
New York University	193,667	1831
University of Michigan	170,196	1817
*University of Illinois	153,644	1867
*University of Minnesota	140,530	1851
*University of Wisconsin	138,861	1848
Harvard University	138,412	1636
University of Pennsylvania	129,578	1755
*Ohio State University	117,424	1870

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to democratize higher education. In reforming the university curriculum, by adding a vast number of new subjects, it made higher education attractive to a large segment of the country's population who previously had no interest in it. This accounts largely for the growth of college and university enrollments, which increased twentyfold between 1850 and 1900, when the census showed only a threefold expansion, and tenfold between 1900 and 1950, when the total population only doubled.

The emphasis upon practical education initiated and stimulated the growth of vocational education and training. Our far-flung vocational educational program appears to have been largely inspired by the new type of college that had its origin in 1862. This development has had its drawbacks. It has been responsible for a kind of chaos in the public mind, which has, in many ways, retarded educational progress. The American public has often confused *education* with *training* and frequently has wanted the latter when it needed the former. This is one of the reasons for the sad plight of liberal education today. Parents who insist that four years in college have been wasted, if they have not prepared Johnny or Mary for a vocation, are victims of the widespread confusion which prevails.

Thus, while the land-grant college movement did much to democratize education at all levels, it introduced, at the same time, some serious problems. There is confusion not only in high schools and colleges but at the graduate level as well. This is illustrated by the trend toward granting more and more Ph.D.s for work in applied science fields, whereas a few short years ago the highest degree was granted only by basic science departments or in collaboration with them.

THE land-grant program not only contributed to the democratization of American education; it was essential to the democratization of America. So long as higher education was beyond the reach of the "industrial classes," because it had nothing to offer them, there could be no genuine democracy. In other words, so long as the classical curriculum dominated the university program true democracy was not attainable; this the legislator from Vermont seemed to understand.

As they enter upon their second century, the land-grant institutions are riding the crest of the wave of popularity, as indicated by the place of science and technology in the modern university curriculum. Their future will depend upon the kind of leadership they command. If it is imaginative, realistic, and dedicated, aware of certain obvious weaknesses, alert to the changing needs of society, and determined to build upon the sound elements in the foundations already laid, their prospects are bright.

A central problem of higher education in the decades ahead will be that of reconciling its aim with the traditional purpose of the higher learning, whether its subject matter and methods are traditional or novel. That purpose, "the pursuit of truth," is still the goal of true university education that should be sought not only by the land-grant institutions but by all other universities.

The American Revolution in Higher Education

"In broad perspective, the so-called Land-Grant Colleges are a part of a democracy's logical development. These institutions of higher learning were the inevitable result of a free country attempting to find and then to assert itself. In the history of nations, it might well be claimed that no other country could have produced the Land-Grant Colleges. No other country had been so free from the political and economic conditions which had bound educational institutions for centuries."

• • •

"These colleges became the highest attainment, in the words of historian Carl Becker, of that kind of 'impudent freedom' which breaks from all tradition and acquires peculiar characteristics and functions. The type of control, the nature of the curriculum, the standards of admission, and the guiding principles of educational organization became a symbol of the fruits of democracy.

"Until the mid-nineteenth century, educational institutions had been regarded as the conservative backbone of society. With the passage of the Morrill Land-Grant Act, a new nation asked its colleges, instead, to perfect the ability to adapt higher learning to a changing time, to keep just a little ahead of society, and to make the liberal approach a sound method in all practical matters."

• • •

"The Land-Grant colleges now enroll almost one out of every four students pursuing an undergraduate degree. They confer approximately 40 per cent of all doctoral degrees. Many a Land-Grant college has made possible an educational career for a qualified but financially less able boy or girl. Far fewer American citizens today would have a college education had it not been that the Federal Government gave the impetus and the states accepted the challenge."

• • •

"What were once American 'democracy's colleges' have become the pattern for higher education in many struggling republics attempting, as this nation did 100 years ago, to find and then to assert themselves. What was once a contribution to America is now an even greater contribution to the world. The Land-Grant pattern has been copied in India, Iran, Ethiopia, and throughout Central and South America. But a Nigerian educator has added a note of important caution. He warns the Americans not to 'have too many fingers in our pie.' He asks for the privilege of adopting the spirit of the Land-Grant system, not necessarily the form, and for the privilege of making their own mistakes. Justin Morrill would have been in complete sympathy."

• • •

"Those who continue to claim that Federal aid means Federal interference have not studied their history well. In the past one hundred years, there has not been a single instance of a serious attempt by a Federal bureaucracy to dictate policy in opposition to state determination. This year marks the one hundredth anniversary also of the establishment of the United States Department of Agriculture. That agency at the national level and the Land-Grant colleges at the state level have had frequent differences of opinion but never serious and debilitating disruptions of their many cooperative programs.

"One wishes that the same could be said of the state governments in their relationship with the colleges. The history here is not as tidy. Time and again the individual Land-Grant colleges have had to fight off political interference on the part of a state legislature or a less-than-highly-motivated governor."

—EDWARD D. EDDY, JR. *President, Chatham College, in an address at West Virginia University.*

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Scent of Roses

Continued from page 57

and tied 44. This represents a winning percentage of .677, which sports writers regard as a pretty fair lifetime average. OSU has been rated the national champion four times in the last twenty-five years, and in a poll of press association sports writers taken two years ago it was ranked sixth among the most successful big-time college teams over the past quarter of a century. It has sent four teams to the Rose Bowl, winning three times and losing once, and in 1957 the Buckeyes received the Grantland Rice Award, one of the most coveted trophies in intercollegiate football. In the all-time Western Conference standings, dating back to 1890, Ohio State ranks second only to Michigan, having won 167, lost 84, and tied 18. (Buckeye fans will tell you that the only reason Michigan ranks first is because it has played more conference games than OSU, having been one of the founding members.)

THE principal ingredients of a winning football team are good material and a good coach. Ohio State has both. It is able to recruit an abundance of the best players from high schools throughout the state, and its coach, Wayne Woodrow ("Woody") Hayes, is one of the best in the business. Under his guidance the Buckeyes have attained a degree of success never before attained in the history of OSU. In his eleven years at Ohio State he has won seventy-two games, lost twenty-three, and tied six. This represents a winning percentage of .743. He has taken two winning teams to the Rose Bowl, won four Western Conference championships, and in 1957 was named College Coach of the Year. His only losing season at Ohio State was in 1959, when the Buckeyes won three, lost five, and tied one.

The Ohio State stadium towers over the campus much as the Empire State Building dominates the New York skyline. When a visitor beholds it for the first time he is immediately struck by its awesome majesty, and he is not surprised when he later reads in the OSU football information booklet that it is "a symbol, not only of Ohio State athletics, but of the University itself." It is a double-decked, horseshoe-shaped structure of concrete and steel embracing a ground area of ten acres, or roughly twice the size of an average city block in midtown Manhattan. It is one-third of a mile in circumference, and the height of its outside wall is ninety-eight feet, or just about the height of a ten-story office building.

The history of the stadium is almost as impressive as its size. It was built forty years ago after a gigantic fund-raising campaign that produced 13,000 individual gifts totaling more than $1,000,000, most of which was raised in central Ohio. Thus, in a very real sense, Buckeye boosters have had a proprietary interest in Ohio State's football team ever since they built the stadium with their own money. The stadium has a rated capacity of 79,727 (with field bleachers and stands at the open end of the horseshoe), but it has been filled to overflowing by an average of well over 82,000 fans for every home game in the past ten years. More than twelve and a half million people have watched the 218 Buckeye home games played in the stadium since it was built.

The Western Conference, to which Ohio State was admitted in 1913, is commonly referred to by sports writers as the "Big Ten," but its official title is "The Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives." One of the oldest of the intercollegiate athletic conferences, it grew out of a meeting of the presidents of seven Midwestern universities held in Chicago on January 11, 1895.

The Western Conference has no formal constitution. It is governed "by precedent and by such resolutions as are passed from time to time." The present rules are set forth in a sixty-six-page booklet titled "Handbook of the Conference." The first sentence in the section on Membership and Representation says: "Only institutions having *full and complete faculty control* of athletics [italics supplied] may hold membership in this Conference." But then, in the next sentence, the "Handbook" goes on to spell out what this means: "Faculty control is considered to be exercised at a member institution whenever authority is vested in an institutional agency composed entirely of faculty members or in which faculty members are in a majority."

Up until five years ago, faculty control of athletics at Ohio State was vested in an Athletic Board composed of six faculty members *appointed by the President*, two alumni members chosen by the alumni association, and two student members chosen by the Student Senate. In the eyes of many OSU faculty members this did not add up to "full and complete faculty control." Moreover, since the OSU faculty representative to the Western Conference was chosen by the administration-oriented Athletic Board, some faculty members argued that the Ohio State faculty had no voice whatever in Big Ten affairs.

Some Ohio State faculty members also were unhappy about what they regarded as a tendency on the part of the Big Ten and the OSU coaching staff to glorify intercollegiate athletics

What experiences in thoughtful reading are we offering first-graders in reading?

To become competent, thoughtful readers, children need to be taught from the beginning to find meaning in what they read.

Let's see how this can happen with a first-grade story:

In the opening picture the children see Jane playing with a big ball. It bounces up onto the roof and sticks in the eaves trough. "Did you ever bounce a ball out of reach?" the teacher asks. "How do you think Jane is going to get her ball down?" Jane's solution, they see, is to call for help from Dick.

Jane said, "Jump, Dick.
You can get the ball down."

But the stick Dick has isn't long enough, even when he jumps. He calls Sally.

Dick said, "Come with me, Sally.
I want you to help me.
We can get the ball down."

Sally said, "Oh, Dick.
I can not help you.
I can not get the ball down."

Sally is smaller than Dick or Jane. The teacher asks, "Do you think Sally was surprised when Dick asked her to help? Can you read what she said to show how surprised she was? How do you think Dick plans to have Sally help him?" What Dick does, the picture shows, is to hoist Sally onto his shoulders. Stick in hand, Sally flips the ball down with glee.

Sally said, "Look, Jane.
See that.
I did get the ball down!"

Dick said, "No, Sally.
You did not get the ball down.
We did."

Can you hear Dick's tone of voice, his emphasis on the word *we?* A first-grade child can hear it if his reader and his teacher have helped him understand how to use the context as well as the letter-sounds to get the full meaning of the words.

This simple reading experience has helped children identify themselves with characters in the story and enjoy its outcome. The experience included reading the lines accurately and reading between the lines—making inferences, sensing emotional reactions, seeing what cooperation can accomplish. This is the kind of thoughtful reading children will be learning to do in the Sixties.

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at the expense of the intellectual side of a college education. They felt that participation in the Rose Bowl Game had assumed disproportionate importance, and that many athletes in Big Ten member institutions were rapidly losing their amateur status. (In Columbus, for example, the Chamber of Commerce had volunteered to find jobs for football players whose financial resources were inadequate to cover the full costs of attending Ohio State. This arrangement was no secret around Columbus and was generally accepted and condoned by OSU and the Big Ten, even though it was much more extensive and highly organized than similar arrangements at other Big Ten universities. There were about seventy-five or eighty of these jobs, at fifteen hours per week, paying $100 a month for ten months, or roughly $1,000 a year. The Chamber of Commerce policed the arrangement with the cooperation of the employing firms, but abuses were bound to crop up—and did.)

Growing increasingly uncomfortable at some of these developments, the Ohio State faculty finally decided to take matters into its own hands. On June 7, 1955, the Faculty Council set up a committee "to study, report upon, and make recommendations to the Faculty Council concerning the administration and conduct of intercollegiate athletics at The Ohio State University." This seven-man committee, headed by Professor James F. Fullington of the English department, began its study in the winter of 1955. Its report was ready in the spring of 1957 but because of the press of other university business the members of the committee did not actually submit it to the Council until six months after the final drafting.

During this interval, three important events affecting athletics at Ohio State occurred. The first was that the Western Conference—in the face of increasing abuses of the "jobs for athletes" arrangement at OSU and other member institutions—adopted the principle of outright grants in aid to athletes, based on a uniform formula for determining financial need. The second was that the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the Western Conference put Ohio State on probation for three violations of the "amateur" rule. (The charges were that the football coach administered a private emergency aid fund to members of the team, that athletes had received pay for work not performed, and that scholarship aid was illegally granted to a basketball player.) As a result of the penalty, which was incurred in 1956, no Ohio State athletic team was allowed to participate in any post-season competition. This penalty affected not only the football and basketball teams, where the violations had occurred, but other OSU teams which were innocent of the wrongdoing.

THE third event was the election of a new president, Novice G. Fawcett, who took immediate steps to guard against repetition of the offenses which had led to OSU's probation:

1. He appointed an associate director of athletics whose primary duties were to supervise all grants in aid to athletes under the new Big Ten rule and to keep a sharp eye on any remaining off-campus job arrangements for athletes.

2. He established a central University Scholarships Office to supervise all OSU scholarship programs and created a new cabinet post, Executive Dean of Student Relations.

3. He had a personal chat with the football and basketball coaches "to secure their individual pledges to full compliance with rules and regulations, in spirit and letter, including NCAA, Western Conference, University and department regulations." (The basketball and football coaches acquiesced.)

Fawcett had moved so quickly that Ohio State's probation had already been lifted before the Fullington report was submitted to the Faculty Council.

The Fullington report hit the Ohio State campus with the force of a twenty-megaton bomb, and its blast area extended outward to Columbus, to the campuses of the other Big Ten institutions, to the headquarters of the Western Conference in Chicago, and to OSU alumni chapters scattered throughout the country.

Its principal recommendations, adopted by the Faculty Council and later approved by the Board of Trustees, now form the basis of intercollegiate athletic policy at Ohio State. They were:

1. That the existing Athletic Board, whose faculty members were appointed by the President, be abolished and replaced by an Athletic Council whose faculty members would be elected by the Faculty Council.

2. That the new Athletic Council, subject to the general authority of the President and the Board of Trustees, be charged with the development of policy governing intercollegiate athletics, *as the agent of the Faculty Council*, and that its decisions be subject to review by the Faculty Council.

3. That the Athletic Council choose one of its faculty members as Ohio State's Faculty Representative to the Western Conference.

4. That the Athletic Council ask the Director of Athletics to present to them a realistic and enforceable plan for direct financial aid to athletes.

When the report was released to the public on November 13, 1957, the Columbus newspapers headlined the recommendation concerning open financial aid to athletes. But the real significance of the Fullington report was that it took control of athletics at Ohio State away from the administration and gave it back to the faculty.

Meanwhile, the Buckeyes were busy on the playing field sewing up their ninth Big Ten championship. In the fall of 1957 they won nine games, lost one, received the Grantland Rice Award, and were invited to play Oregon in the Rose Bowl. The invitation was accepted, and plans were made for a truly impressive invasion of Pasadena.

The official football party—consisting of forty-four players, eight coaches, three trainers, the team physician, two equipment custodians, two student managers, and two publicity men—left

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"As a beloved American tradition, as an annual expression of the cultural and lighter side of our nation in pageantry and sport, it should never be threatened from without or within.

"So long as there is a Tournament of Roses, so long as there is a Rose Bowl Game . . . so long will there be a free United States."

—From the official souvenir booklet published by the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Association.

Role of a State University

"No state university achieves and retains a level of true greatness unless it links itself closely with the lives of its citizens. Today there exist no boundaries or barriers between the University and the people of Ohio. Indeed it is the genius of the state university that it is a part of the common life of the citizenry—not apart from it."

—President Novice G. Fawcett in the descriptive booklet "This Is The Ohio State University."

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early by chartered plane. Following, in a special train, were members of the Athletic Board and their wives, university officials and their wives, members of the athletic department and their wives, and members of the Board of Trustees and their wives. In another special train, chartered especially for the trip by the Oldsmobile division of General Motors, went the 150-member Ohio State marching band, accompanied by the cheerleaders and a host of chaperones. (At two stops along the way the band, as a gesture of gratitude to GM, played "In My Merry Oldsmobile.") The Alumni Association chartered special trains for its members, and about 4,000 students also made the trip—by plane, train, bus, and automobile.

It was a gala excursion. The Columbus Chamber of Commerce gave the football team a "Christmas away from home" party on Christmas Eve, complete with gifts for each member of the squad, and Oldsmobile took the band on a sightseeing trip to San Francisco. To make the joy complete, Ohio State beat Oregon, 10-7.

The game was also a financial success, but not much of the proceeds trickled down into the Ohio State treasury. Gate receipts amounted to nearly a half-million dollars, radio and television rights brought in another half-million, so the total "take" was close to a million dollars. But after all deductions—including rental of the Rose Bowl, the shares of the two conferences, and the expenses of Ohio State's official representatives—OSU's net proceeds from the Rose Bowl Game of 1958 amounted to $15,522.03.

In 1958 the Pacific Coast Conference dissolved and five of its members formed a new organization called the Athletic Association of Western Universities. This association set out to negotiate a new Rose Bowl contract with the Big Ten. The Athletic Council of Ohio State voted for renewal of the Rose Bowl contract, but the Faculty Council, asserting its review authority, instructed the Athletic Council to reconsider. The Athletic Council again voted in favor of renewal, whereupon the Faculty Council said no. This created a 5-5 deadlock within the Big Ten, because four other member institutions also had voted against renewal. The AAWU tried again in 1960, but the deadlock still prevailed and there was now no contract for the 1961 Rose Bowl Game. A peculiar sentence in the Big Ten rules saved the AAWU from an embarrassing situation. The section on Schedules says quite plainly: "Post-Season competition in all sports is prohibited." The last sentence in the paragraph, however, says: "Nothing herein shall apply to the Rose Bowl Game." This allowed Minnesota to play in the Bowl Game as an independent agent. However, the Big Ten decided that each member institution should share in the proceeds.

On December 13, 1960, the Faculty Council of Ohio State, acting on a recommendation of the Athletic Council, voted 21-20 to accept OSU's share. The result caused bitter feelings among the faculty, and the Faculty Council was accused of hypocrisy by the student newspaper, the Student Senate, and by the Columbus newspapers. (Ohio State received as its share of the Rose Bowl "take" $25,000, which was more than it had netted from its 1958 trip to Pasadena. This gave rise to a faculty quip that it was more profitable for Ohio State to stay home and let some other Big Ten team go.)

The next major test the Faculty Council had to face came in October of 1961. The Big Ten was proposing to modify its athletic scholarship rules —first by eliminating the "need" clause which had been adopted five years earlier, and second by raising the academic requirement athletes must meet in order to qualify for grants.

THE Faculty Council at a regular meeting voted 31 to 13 to ratify the Big Ten proposal. Jack Fullen, secretary of the Ohio State Alumni Association and editor of its publication, *The Ohio State University Monthly*, which had been generally sympathetic with the Faculty Council's efforts to keep football from overshadowing the academic reputation of the university, immediately wrote a blistering editorial entitled "Summa Cum Shame" in which he denounced the new plan as a "Free Ride" and accused the faculty of "quack piety."

(Academic scholarships at Ohio State average about $350 a year, and recipients, to remain eligible, must be in the upper third of their class. Under the new Big Ten plan (which goes into effect on June 1 of this year) athletes at Ohio State are eligible to receive $1,300 a year in outright grants—enough for board, room, tuition, and other fees —if they maintain a 1.7 average in their freshman year, 1.8 in their sophomore year, 1.9 in their junior year, and the cumulative average of 2.0 required for graduation. Under the Ohio State grading system, 2.0 is equivalent to a C.)

The echoes of the "Free Ride" controversy had scarcely died away when the Faculty Council was summoned into session for the fateful meeting at which it was to decide whether or not to let the Buckeyes play in the Rose Bowl. On the day before the meeting, the Athletic Council had met to consider the Rose Bowl offer, and had come up with a recommendation that

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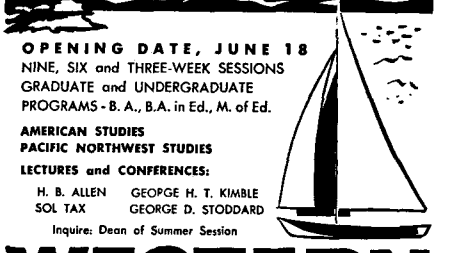

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many members of the Ohio State faculty thought was reasonable—let the team go to Pasadena, but treat the Bowl Game just like any other regular-season game away from home. No university-sanctioned mass movement of students. No commercial sponsorship of the marching band. The official Ohio State party to include only the normal complement of university officials who attend regular-season games away from Columbus. No member of the football squad or the band to be excused from more than one day of classes. All classes to be resumed according to the official university calendar, on Tuesday, January 2, at 8 a.m. (Some faculty members felt that this last stricture was a bit unrealistic, because it would have required students attending the game either to fly back to Columbus on New Year's night or take an unexcused absence.)

This, then, was the proposal before the Faculty Council when it assembled at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of November 28, 1961.

WHEN members of the Faculty Council gathered in the lounge of the faculty club to begin their deliberations they were totally unprepared for the scene that greeted them. Word of the meeting had spread quickly, and the lounge was packed with faculty members, students, reporters, and news photographers. In the back of the room was a battery of television cameras, and a local radio station had sent one of its news commentators to broadcast bulletins on the course of the meeting. President Fawcett had to caution reporters and photographers against invading the area set aside for members of the Council.

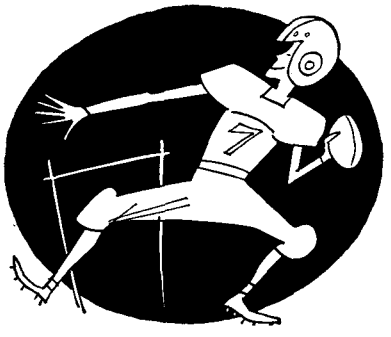
It should be noted at this point that the Faculty Council at Ohio State is a representative body in the true sense of the word. It has fifty-seven voting members. Thirteen of these are *ex officio*, representing the administration. They include the president, the secretary of the university faculty, the dean of the graduate school, and the deans of the ten colleges that make up the university. The remaining forty-four are members of the faculty elected by their colleagues from the following academic areas of the university in the proportions indicated: agriculture and home economics, six; physical and biological sciences, six; social sciences, six; engineering, six; language and humanities, six; education and psychology, six; medicine, two; dentistry, law, pharmacy, veterinary medicine, physical education, and military, one each.

There is not room here to report in detail all the arguments for and against Rose Bowl participation presented at the meeting that afternoon, but at the risk of oversimplification they can be summarized as follows:

►Those against the trip were largely concerned with uneasiness about the public image of Ohio State University as a football school, with the academic disruptions that might result from a repetition of the gala excursion of 1958, with the fear that Buckeye boosters were really in control of athletic policy at OSU, and with the feeling on the part of many faculty members that football players were given preferential treatment over academic scholars. (Associate Dean Richard H. Armitage of the Graduate School, who is a specialist in Spanish, summed up the feelings of many of his colleagues when he said: "Give me eighty $1300 scholarships and I'll recruit the best Spanish students from Ohio high schools. Provide me with unlimited facilities and I'll deliver a Spanish team that will beat the University of Buenos Aires, the University of Mexico, and the University of Madrid in four years.")

►The arguments in favor of the trip to Pasadena reflected the feeling on the part of many faculty members that there was nothing wrong with having a winning football team, that participation in the Rose Bowl Game would enhance the reputation of the University in the eyes of the people who support it, that the Athletic Council's proposal contained plenty of safeguards against commercialism, that athletics at Ohio State were not overshadowing the academic achievements of the Universiy and that the Faculty Council should not deny the football team the honor it had so richly deserved. (Athletic Director Richard C. Larkins, who is held in high esteem by the faculty and had been singled out for commendation in the Fullington report, gave voice to many of these arguments in his remarks.)

After the arguments had been presented, President Fawcett asked the assemblage: "Are you sure you've said all you want?" When no further discussion was forthcoming, he called for a vote. A motion was made and seconded that the vote be by secret ballot. This disappointed the newspaper, radio, and television reporters, but it pleased the members of the Faculty Council.



While the votes were being counted, the press photographers and TV cameramen were busy recording the scene. (President Fawcett had to caution one enterprising photographer who was looking over the shoulder of one of the tellers.)

When the count had been completed, the secretary of the Faculty Council handed President Fawcett a slip of paper and the President asked for attention. "There were fifty-three ballots cast," he announced, "twenty-five yesses and twenty-eight noes."

The meeting had lasted a little less than two hours, but it established one precedent and set the stage for another. Ohio State became the first Big Ten team ever to refuse a Rose Bowl bid, and Minnesota—which later accepted—became the first Big Ten team to play in the Bowl two years in succession. (The previous contract had forbidden repeat performances.)

Student reaction came quickly. By 7 p.m. a crowd of several hundred had formed. Signs saying "Never Were So Many Saved by So Few" and "Damn the Faculty" were waved aloft. Then the crowd, picking up reinforcements, marched on the faculty club and the President's home chanting "We want the Rose Bowl!" President Fawcett, Vice President Heimberger, and Alumni Secretary Jack Fullen were hung in effigy. (Fullen was accused of sabotaging the Rose Bowl bid because he had written several anti-Bowl editorials in the alumni monthly, and had been engaged for a long time in a bitter feud with football coach Woody Hayes, but Fullen did not attend the Faculty Council meeting and according to several members of the faculty his influence on the vote was exaggerated by his accusers.)

After the demonstration on campus, the students decided to march on downtown Columbus, nearly three miles away, to make their views known to the Governor. The march was peaceful, and Columbus policemen cooperated by blocking off cross traffic at major intersections. When the students reached the State House, they found that the Governor was out of town. Disappointed, they milled around the State House grounds for half an hour, singing football songs and waving their signs. Then they dispersed and straggled back to the campus. No injuries or arrests were reported, even though the crowd numbered more than 2,000 by the time it reached downtown Columbus.

In the meantime, news of the Faculty Council's vote had been flashed all over the country by the press association reporters covering the meeting. Coach Woody Hayes heard it in Cleveland,

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where he had gone to address the annual meeting of the local alumni club. Although bitterly disappointed, he reacted calmly. He told reporters that no football game was important enough to cause a cleavage within Ohio State University, and that he respected the integrity of the Faculty Council members even though he questioned their intelligence in voting the way they did. Dr. Les Horvath, a former football great at OSU, heard it on the West Coast. He was quoted as saying: "The Ohio State faculty are a bunch of jerks."

The word also had spread throughout the Columbus area and President Fawcett's home telephone rang incessantly throughout the night. Many of the calls were hostile, and some were obscene. The reactions of a majority of the more responsible elements of the community were summed up by the Columbus *Dispatch* in an editorial entitled "Rose Bowl Disappointment," published the next afternoon. "The Faculty Council," it said, in part, "took a very narrow view, in our opinion, in depriving the team, the university and the public which has an abiding interest in the university of the satisfaction of Ohio State's participation in a nationally-recognized prestige event. . . . The disappointment comes as the finale of one of the finest football seasons here in the Columbus community which has fostered college football as one of the finest traditions of academic life and nurtured the facilities which make it possible. Really, what did the denial accomplish? Will Ohio State University be any better off as a result? Only in a few narrow, overly sensitive minds, perhaps."

Many of the Ohio State students, as well as many members of the alumni and other Buckeye boosters, refused to believe that the Faculty Council vote was final. There was still hope, they felt, that the faculty as a whole might overrule the Council, or that the Trustees might step in and veto the Council's action. But according to the Big Ten rules "a member institution becomes ineligible for membership if its governing body fails to respect its delegation of control over intercollegiate athletics to that institutional agency to which it has delegated control." This meant that if the Faculty Council's decision were overturned, Ohio State would forfeit its membership in the Western Conference. Neither the OSU faculty nor the Trustees wanted even to contemplate such an eventuality, so the Council's decision stood.

When the students learned that all hope was gone there was another demonstration. This time it was not the good-natured outburst of the previous night. It began to develop ugly overtones. The glass door of the faculty club was broken, and dirt was thrown on the floor of the vestibule. Some 1,500 students staged another march on downtown Columbus. Firecrackers were exploded, windows in a few houses along the way were broken, and passing cars were stopped and rocked. After a brief sit-down at Broad and High, the main intersection in town, the students demonstrated in front of the State House again, and returned to 15th and High Streets, at the edge of the campus. There a bonfire was lit and the crowd began to get unruly. President Fawcett issued a warning that stern disciplinary action would be taken if the demonstration continued, and Mike Ingram, co-captain of the football team, was asked by one of the deans if he would do what he could to quiet the crowd. Ingram, who had taken no part in the demonstrations, took the microphone of a police cruiser parked at the scene and urged the students to disperse. There were a few scattered boos, and Ingram got mad. "The team did all the damn work," he said. "If we can accept the decision, you certainly can. Now go home." That ended the demonstration.

In the meantime, reporters from the Columbus *Dispatch* telephoned members of the Faculty Council in an effort to find out how they had voted. Two days after the meeting the paper published the names and addresses of those who it presumed had voted "yes," those who it presumed had voted "no," and those who either refused to reveal their vote or who could not be reached. The following day, after a State Senator complained that professors were spending large amounts of the taxpayers' money for "junkets," the *Dispatch* published the names and salaries of Faculty Council members who it presumed had voted "no," together with the amount each had spent on official trips away from the campus. This infuriated many of the Council members, including some who had voted in favor of going to the Rose Bowl. (One of the latter called it "damned irresponsible journalism.")

Buckeye boosters deluged the University with letters of protest against the Faculty Council vote for weeks after the meeting, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to unseat Jack Fullen as alumni secretary, but gradually tempers cooled and an observer who visited the campus four months later found no evidence of lasting scars. From the comments made by the principal protagonists in the drama it seems clear:

1. That the Faculty Council has won undisputed control over athletic policy at Ohio State, and firmly intends to keep that control even if its decisions fly in the face of popular opinion.

2. That the Council will continue to oppose OSU participation in the Rose Bowl.

3. That a new Rose Bowl contract between the Big Ten and the AAWU will be signed. (Minnesota, after its 1961 Bowl appearance as an individual institution, switched its vote and thus broke the 5-5 deadlock.) But the Ohio State Faculty Council will insist on retention of the "escape clause" which permits any Big Ten member in-

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stitution to decline an invitation to the Bowl without forfeiting its Conference membership.

4. That the Faculty Council is not likely to take any action regarding acceptance or rejection of OSU's share of the 1962 Bowl game proceeds, because the general feeling is that this is a matter for the Trustees to decide. (All net revenue from athletics at OSU is pledged toward repayment of bonded indebtedness on the athletic plant.)

5. That the Faculty Council's opposition to Rose Bowl participation does not spell the end of big-time football at Ohio State—at least for the foreseeable future—because the University still owes two million dollars on a recently completed sports arena and field house, and relies on football to provide the revenue necessary to pay off this debt. ("After we're out of debt," a faculty member observed recently, "we shall see.")

But what about the public image of Ohio State?

Members of the liberal arts faculty feel that the Council's vote vastly improved the university's reputation as an academic institution, but faculty members in the so-called land-grant areas of the university (agriculture, home economics, physical education, veterinary medicine, and so forth) are not so sure. Neither are some members of the administration. In their view, Ohio State as a tax-supported land-grant institution has an obligation to serve the public and to satisfy its wants. They feel that this was one of the main purposes of the Morrill Act, under which the land-grant institutions were established (see the article by Oliver C. Carmichael on page 58), and they see no reason why a winning football team should dim the luster of Ohio State University. They argue that even in the ivy-covered institutions of the East winning football teams are not anathema, that Harvard rejoices when it beats Yale, and that Princeton mourns when it loses to Dartmouth.

However, after listening to all the arguments on both sides and reflecting on the fact that football is a $2,000,000 a year enterprise at OSU, the visitor cannot help pondering the relationship of the Ohio State controversy to a much broader problem cited in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" article on "Athletic Sports" (United States section): "In most of the large colleges of the U.S. . . . football is made to show a profit. When this consideration, respecting not alone football but any other sport, receives an emphasis that makes it paramount in the shaping of an institution's athletic policies, the result is a commercialism which no amount of faculty control appears powerful enough to abate."

Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 55

gather for serious discussion on the shocking implications of the "wall of shame."

VIRGIL M. ROGERS, Dean,
School of Education,
Syracuse University.
Syracuse, N.Y.

I WOULD BE HAPPY to promote such a project among our own students and faculty, and feel quite sure there would be considerable interest at Hofstra.

RANDALL W. HOFFMANN,
Dean of Students,
Hofstra College.
Hempstead, N.Y.

MY ONLY RESERVATION about the plan is the possible danger that, in spite of the best intentions, the whole affair might become so emotionalized as to be subject to the manipulations of an eloquent leader who could easily convert it from a giant teaching machine to a grotesque propaganda jamboree. This, I suspect, is a calculated risk that must be taken.

DONALD W. ROBINSON.
San Jose, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR readers overwhelmingly endorsed the proposal to hold a Freedom Forum in Berlin, offering constructive suggestions and cautions for ensuring its success. As a result, the volunteer committee is now working to complete preparations. When the Forum is formally organized, SR readers who wrote in will be advised.*

SPLIT INFINITIVES

"DICTIONARY" JOHNSON once would have beamed—or thundered—approval of Ralph Martin's plea about preserving the purity of the English language. But Dr. Sam learned better: "Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, will require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify" (Preface to the *Dictionary*).

I recommend to Mr. Martin, H. W. Fowler's delightful little essay on the split infinitive in "Modern English Usage" and Bergen Evans's enlightened discussion of that locution in "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage."

CARLTON H. LARRABEE,
Professor of English,
Fresno State College.
Fresno, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Fowler says, "The English speaking world may be divided into (1) those who neither know nor care what a split infinitive is; (2) those who do not know, but care very much; (3) those who know and condemn; (4) those who know and approve; and (5) those who know and distinguish."*

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(Continued on page 80)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 79)

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(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Arrangement of the parts of anything, so as to produce an effect.	17 37 89 143 156 50 127 148 188
B. Pertaining to geological history bet. the Permian and the Tertiary.	132 97 87 76 84 115 31 161
C. Specifying the "twilight" that begins or ends when the sun is six minutes below the horizon.	51 155 80 171 13
D. In a direction from pole to pole.	95 60 81 68 2
E. Apparition.	72 124 183 175 142 177 158
F. The heart that "sometimes makes heaviest mourning" (from "Bingen on the Rhine").	16 110 106 107 135 61 154 119
G. Damages to persons, feelings, interests, etc.	90 9 43 178 64 99 71 123
H. City where the Viceroy of India used to live; now the capital of the Indian Union (2 wds.).	28 165 70 86 8 172 67 104
I. English town formerly noted for chinaware, now yachting center.	109 88 139 65 189 114 15 170 131
J. Platonic ideas.	141 79 166 5
K. Where sweets go (3 wds.).	167 1 179 140 108 62 53 18 47 30
L. Found in Montana and Wyoming, the largest known carnivorous dinosaur.	182 93 145 59 134 100 130 41 63 163 77

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. An urchin.	112 162 181 147 21
N. Pull out again plants not wanted in the garden.	6 57 66 122 149 45
O. What you have after a hundred per cent return (3 wds.).	69 7 137 185 49 27 180 160 91
P. Ancient fortification against the Welsh, from British rivers Wye to Dee (2 wds.).	20 24 75 120 34 10 103 111 85
Q. Languages.	58 186 138 46 26 40 19
R. Charles Frohman called death a beautiful one, when he was about to go down with the Lusitania, 1915 (to a survivor).	38 128 4 144 105 96 153 187 133
S. Site of literature's "stately pleasure dome".	184 73 150 102 113 44
T. Linguistic scholar.	116 152 136 94 55 12 32 35 83 101 92
U. Describing Richard Le Gallienne's "iron lilies of the Strand".	29 82 3 176 14 151
V. December 31 (2 wds.).	74 22 117 36 48 125 129 164
W. Urge strongly by words or advice.	52 121 168 25 98 42
X. All stirred up.	54 23 159 173 11 126
Y. Artificially combined.	157 118 33 39 146 169 56 174 78

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 K	2 D	3 U	4 R	5 J	6 N		7 O	8 H	9 G	10 P	11 X	12 T
13 C		14 U	15 I	16 F	17 A	18 K	19 Q		20 P	21 M	22 V		23 X	24 P		25 W
26 Q	27 O		28 H	29 U	30 K	31 B	32 T	33 Y	34 P		35 T	36 V	37 A	38 R	39 Y	40 Q
41 L	42 W		43 G	44 S	45 N	46 Q	47 K	48 V		49 O	50 A	51 C	52 W		53 K	54 X
55 T	56 Y	57 N		58 Q	59 L	60 D	61 F	62 K		63 L	64 G	65 I		66 N	67 H	68 D
69 O		70 H	71 G		72 E	73 S	74 V		75 P	76 B	77 L		78 Y	79 J	80 C	81 D
82 U	83 T	84 B	85 P	86 H		87 B	88 I	89 A	90 G	91 O	92 T	93 L		94 T	95 D	96 R
97 B	98 W		99 G	100 L		101 T	102 S	103 P	104 H	105 R	106 F		107 F	108 K		109 I
110 F	111 P	112 M	113 S		114 I	115 B		116 T	117 V	118 Y		119 F	120 P	121 W	122 N	123 G
	124 E	125 V		126 X	127 A	128 R		129 V	130 L	131 I		132 B	133 R	134 L	135 F	136 T
137 O	138 Q		139 I	140 K	141 J	142 E	143 A	144 R	145 L		146 Y	147 M	148 A		149 N	150 S
151 U	152 T	153 R	154 F	155 C	156 A	157 Y	158 E		159 X	160 O	161 B	162 M	163 L	164 V	165 H	166 J
	167 K	168 W	169 Y		170 I	171 C	172 H	173 X	174 Y	175 E	176 U		177 E	178 G	179 K	
180 O	181 M		182 L	183 E	184 S		185 O	186 Q	187 R	188 A	189 I					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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